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AND THE WAR

ALL · KELLY

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CARLYLE AND THE WAR

Carlyle and the War

BY

MARSHALL KELLY

CHICAGO

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1916

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PREFACE

If, as was my wish and endeavour, this book had been published in England, I should have written no Preface to it. Now, however, in putting it before the American public, some word of preface does seem desirable.

For the title, 'Carlyle and the War,' this, to thoughtful readers, should at once be sufficiently significant. But these readers will know too well how lamentably ignorant of Carlyle the general public is; and they must have constantly reflected how impossible it would have been for the delirious defamation of the German, which now stuns every ear, to have again found credence had his words been hearkened to. Carlyle was the greatest man of the nineteenth century. And he knew Germany, German character, and German history, as no other Briton has ever done; in his 'History of Frederick the Great,' especially, rendered such True Report thereof, as it is indeed something more than lamentable should be so little known or remembered, as it is altogether disgraceful to the American, as well as to the Briton, who attempts to judge of these matters, that he is not familiar with. For each present Event is but a part of the Past and of the Future; and this War is no accidental eddy, but very evidently an issue of the great world-currents.

Nor is it only, or even mainly, in regard to Germany that Carlyle's life and teaching is of such importance here. Quite as much in the Democracy issue: Wherein he so nobly upheld what is verily priceless in Democracy, even as he banned what is vicious.

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But, above all that, Carlyle was one of those Seers who are for all time and all men; who taught and exemplified the imperishable moral grandeurs of man's soul and his eternal duties. He lived in what, in the sorrow of his heart, he deliberately named the Latter Days of England, her 'penultimate ages, or times immediately before the last'; wherein he warned her that, if she did not repent and turn from the course she was on, nothing save destruction could lie before her. England has not repented, nor turned from the course she was on. Neither merely continued on it; but, in the height of a blind and prideful enmity, has turned to wreck herself upon the Nation he revealed the natural peer of whatsoever was noblest and best in herself. And, in the fateful days we live in, Carlyle's words come home again to us as those of a man once more sent of heaven to a People wedded to delusion, with the offer of redemption to them: Whose words must remain for the world, though the People, as usual, would not hear.

I, who here speak to you, am a Briton, long confessedly a follower of Carlyle's. And, in looking at the Present with my own eyes, giving such account of *it* as able, I have referred to him where the Past is concerned; largely, also, appealed for Justice in his name, and called on the alone real *aristoi* of Britain to rouse themselves, if they would not see their country consummate iniquity beyond all hope.

The non-British reader will do well to remember that I wrote primarily to Britons and for Britain; that, had it been otherwise, the manner of my address would have been different. Since a man may speak to his fellow countrymen as he would not of them, much less at them. I am sensible, too, that there is some change in this respect toward the latter part of the book. Namely, that when

it became apparent to me that British popular obsession had reached such a depth, it was only in America I could hope for a hearing. I gradually, without thinking of it, wrote more to the American, less to the Briton.

For the Briton, I repeat, I have no explanation to offer: He may take the book as it stands, and make of it what he can. In other words: He, if not possessed with the mob's fanaticism, will need no explanation; whilst, if so possessed, he will listen to none.

The American is supposedly neutral. Now, in the current dialect, this Neutral covers with a gentle forgiveness whatsoever damns the German, yet finds whatsoever speaks well of him, condemns the British, too partisan for Yankees' equity to relish: I am afraid I cannot help this sort of American either; have little respect for the 'dispassionate' pleadings pleasing to one who *so* levels at the truth.

There are Americans of another sort. And I can well believe that some of these may wish that I had written in a different tone. It is just admitted that, if American, I had done so. No word here was written in any wish to stir up American feeling against England: I have never, either, reckoned that there was any peril in that direction. America's danger has been, and is, to plunge into a war she has no call to take part in from Anti-German bias. I have written simply to try to make the truth more evident; and, if this involve the declaring of guilt, and terrible guilt, in the British, I cannot help it, Gentlemen.

Among the German-Americans, and German sympathisers in America, there is one point of view very prevalent just now, which is perhaps natural and pardonable, yet surely very erroneous. I mean that of looking upon Sir Edward Grey as chief author of the war, and a sort

of surpassing Iago, who, at every step, purposefully plotted for war, and had the diabolical satisfaction of seeing all the puppets dance according to his prearranged programme. A simple enough seeming case can thus be made out; but, truly, one only suitable for the nurseries. We have to do with actual flesh and blood; and these arch-fiends, with their super-human foreknowledges and cunning which makes mere mortal shudder, are creatures of the fancy. Neither is it by any means a simple case, but a highly complex! To be studied and meditated with earnestness and in a wide humanity, would we really see anything of it at all.

Briton, Frank and Russ, with all the world to help, and damn the German cur, is the Mob-cry of the hour. But Briton with German had been a better bond for peace in Europe; and, if America is ever to be a Mediator, she will need to cease *her* swelling of that Mob-cry. Will need to search a little for the Almighty's justice: Whose judgments are, for certain, abroad in the world to-day as of yore.

MARSHALL KELLY.

August, 1915.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PROEM	1– 10
I.	CONCERT OF EUROPE	11– 22
II.	OSTENSIBLE CAUSES	23– 56
III.	BALANCE OF POWER	57– 73
IV.	SYSTEMS OF ALLIANCES	75– 95
V.	THE COMBINATION AGAINST GERMANY	97–121
VI.	REAL CAUSES	123–299
	Preliminary	125–131
	1. Trial of Strength	131–159
	1a. Militarism	159–170
	2. Democracy *versus* Autocracy	171–183
	2a. German Kaiser: British King	183–224
	2b. The Liberal Ministry	224–254
	2c. Carlyle	254–262
	3. Mendacity *versus* Veracity	262–283
	3a. Common Guilt of People	283–295
	3b. Dubieties and Certainties	295–299
VII.	ISSUES	301–327
	Conclusion	327
	SUMMARIES	329

PROEM

CARLYLE AND THE WAR

PROEM

It is loudly asseverated that the British Empire is of one mind in regard to this war against Germany; and, by the arithmetical count of heads, it probably is so to an overwhelming extent, as it has long been in other matters. But one wonders how many, or how few, there may be who reflect, with a depth of stable conviction altogether diverse from the popular unanimities, that the British are in this war, as in so very much else, acting in an express defiance of the teaching of the validest Sage and Hero-soul that has lately lived among them. Yea, in a witting defiance of the clearest revelation of indubitable facts, made by the Best of themselves in their midst, vitally connected with this very matter; which it preëminently behoved the British to have learnt and laid to heart, as basis and guide for their whole relation to Germany. Few, indeed, I fear, are those who know thus, if compared to the millions neglectful; yet possibly more numerous than those denying millions dream of, and certainly, were it unit against the rest of the race, of more weight in the final count. These, in their musings on the war, its Causes and its Issues, will have their rock-based Certainties; also their profound Dubieties; their confidence in Eternal's justice, and joy in iniquity's overthrow; their submission to His decree, however terrible the desolation, however complete and hide-

ous-seeming the triumph of Ill. Silent for the most part, and waiting the Event unforeseeable. For the nation does not ask their counsel; spurns it if offered; and follows, as most chosen of the Lord, the Demagogues which at each moment best mouth its own impious will. Moreover, so long as anything like a flaming success shall crown its effort, no contrary word will be listened to. Should adversity befall, it might prove otherwise; and in either, or in any, case we have and shall have our thoughts and our duties both during and after: Thoughts and duties which might perhaps gain a little in clearness if earnestly imparted, deliberated of.

To start with a small Certainty, surely shareable by many complexions: This attempt, of the Newspapers and Parliamentary Leaders, which has been and is all too successful, to work the whole nation up into a state of foam-lipped furor against the Germans, cannot conduce to wisdom in the council or valour in the field. This is not just indignation, and no profit can lie in it for Man. Neither strength to us, nor danger to the German,—save as the human may be sore bested by numberless pack.

Brutal barbarian and modern Hun, ruthless in savage atrocity; Military Autocracy, domineering of temper, bent on self-aggrandisement, destructive of freedom and seeking the tyrannous; most to be dreaded embodiment of Satanic power, whose threatened encroachments all the nations of the earth should gather together to stem, fairest of the justice-loving unite with darkest minister to cut down and destroy:—Surely there are men in number, true British, indeed, who have an assurance, not to be shaken by any amount of rabid clamour, that such current imagination of the German bears no manner of resemblance to the German of fact; men who could fight to some purpose in a cause that was just, unmoved by campaigns of per-

suasion far removed from all spirit of justice; who, demanded to draw in this quarrel, thrust the blade further home in its sheath, with some uttered or mute *Videat Altissimum*, shamed of their country's deeds, appealing to their captain's Captain. Yea, mindful of, and worthily obeying, their earthly captain also, he, the greatest, noblest, justest of all modern men, Carlyle: Who bore witness of mightily different tenor to the German, his history, military and other organisation, and whose witness they know to have been true. Wide and stable testimony by constant brother man, lucent with true heaven's inspiration; somewhat more sufficing than the Devil's Head in phosphorus —drawn, alas, upon no dungeon's walls,[1] but gleaming hideous in souls mendacious walking freely in the daylight, profane in insolent denial of the Seer whom the Almighty sent to *them*. To us at least; not to them, unless penitent; and may we be worthy to say to us.

His testimony, testimony to Briton and German alike, was true: That we know. Has it any way ceased to be presently applicable? Demagogues and mob that plunged into this war of their diligent seeking, lips babbling of endeavours for peace, build on no such hypothesis; for they have denied him always throughout, and root still in belief of the lies he left naked: Their new false imagination is the outcome and successor of the old false. But we, we know that much has changed since he declared the truth of the Past and his own time; that the Present, sure descendant and inheritor, is not the same; and, whilst ever endeavouring to the better understand Carlyle's spirit, far be it from us to assume that we possess it, or could tell

[1] Carlyle likened Voltaire's *Life of Frederick the Great* to a picture of some flaming Devil's Head done in phosphorus on the walls of a dungeon, by an artist whom you had locked up there over night,— not without reason.

what he would have thought and done in this new time and circumstance. Our part to look, with such eyes as we have, and try to learn what the justice is, or may be; in reverent loyalty to, instead of insolent rejection of his so much more cosmic wisdom,—which also never supposed it could fathom all, but, resolute in insight given, rested in submissive faith. Thus, though, for other Certainties, we may know completely both that no British nation which had hearkened to Carlyle's word could by any possibility have got into this war, and that all the nation's articulated pleas of justification for having got into the war are charged with a spirit very perverse, yet, among the great Dubieties, we must own that it nowise therefore necessarily follows that Britain's action is devoid of the least just basis, cannot have mutely in it any instinctive bias which is in accord with the deeper verities. Carlyle himself repeatedly defined the French Revolution, mutinous, anarchies sequent, raging at King, as a search, most unconscious, for true king. If that blind grope, cleaving to its very conscious Bedlam Faith, do meet the Sane and hurl itself unitedly, in league too with its own chiefly anathematised worst representative of the ancient exploded, upon such Finder more victoriously progressing toward solution of the problem it still welters in,—Why, if so, the attempt is a damned one; if successful, will prolong the rotheap's slow moulder; if unsuccessful, precipitate the attempting nation's own collapse, unless it can desist in time, learn, through defeat manfully accepted, where to turn for its own salvation also. *If so!* There is Dubiety. For the victorious Solver, or the veracious progenitor living toward his realisation on earth, rooted indeed in the true of the Past, must be of the Newborn, broad-based in progressive humanity and ruling in very wide grasp; abhorring all closure, and never imagining that the sword

can keep peace, bring beneficent victory, unless wielded in valiance long suffering as severe. One knows not surely how much, or even whether, such element is really in the quarrel, though in negative sort its presence there he vociferously asserted. But we must leave this till later, here only forecasting of drift.

Empire of one mind, they say; and one among you evidently does not rejoice altogether! Some of the Colonies, too, have not supported quite *gratis,* if they have been accorded a desirable safety to thieve so. Yet the solidarity of the Empire, taken alone, is a fact of much significance; more grateful, it may be, in many respects, to the unrejoicing unit than the outraged reader would be willing to credit. You can, then, still stand shoulder to shoulder unitedly, sinking all minor differences for the major, and front the world a Nation: It was not seriously debatable, at least for the start and in a cause popular successful, though clamour of civil war imminent, only cut short by the outbreak of foreign, may to some Austrian heads have seemed an item that helped to render the moment opportune. In the name of humanity, let us hope that *that* consideration had no weight with Liberal Ministry hoping fresh lease of power by enterprise abroad? In wantonness, it were to me wholly incredible it had *any;* in foregone persuasion the war must come sooner or later, I have no clear confidence the home crisis was without influence in decision, then let it come now. When a nation cannot stand united against outer world, all is over with it; and even the capacity to do this did hang uncertain through the middle of last century. But that doubt has passed for a while, though sure to return if the boasted union be not in true faith for the just. England is no Poland, whose grandees can be carried in ambitious neigh-

bour's pockets; Faction has not reached that height among us; it cares for nothing else; and the once perilous indifference of mother to her colonies has given place to a warm reciprocity. Name the common bond of Empire nothing save a mutual recognition of profit by the union, you know the hypothesis untenable: For no faithless egotism is ever competent to steadily live as one of a whole, to perceive with the least constancy that its profit does lie in such union. And the loyal coöperation of all ranks here at home, staunch support of distant sections of the race, is a thing that certifies the existence of a priceless fund of virtue; which man would fain see directed on blest enterprise, then founded for hundredfold increase, not squandered in impious to its own wreck also. It cannot certify the war just, nor even honestly believed so. Neither can it bring victory in spite of Heaven, if possibly in its greater condemnation.

It is true that United Action is solely permanently possible in a seeing faith and for the just; that final ruin to a nation, once established in great possession, scarcely ever comes till it have lost the power to front the world a unity, fallen wholly internecine. Why, then, should Mr. Churchill speak as if defeat in this war must disrupt the Empire, sweep England into the past? It does not argue much of a manful conviction of justice in entering it, of faith in the quality of the unanimous British response he glories in, would persuade the Yankee to second, as himself next on the world-devourer's list. We, too, may be aware of enormous perils; yet, if *this* danger do exist, know for certain that it cannot have come by the war, but must have been long already extant; self-gendered, and waiting only for some crisis to be precipitated. Pugnacious Winston's trepidations, fears of social institutions, so darling to him, getting pulverized by mailed fist, do not

augur well of his faith in their being inspired by the spirit which endures forever, conquering and to conquer. Perhaps a gentle modesty, natural to the godly? Such as shrinks from asserting that deity inhabits the poor house its hands have laboured to build. And, should the Germans prove victorious, would bow mute before the confirmation by Heaven of all that he had chiefly hated? Though we have not observed him much remarkable for sentiments of that description. Surely one could believe it very possible for a soundly based Solidarity to come through in a gained strength, whatever the issue. If defeated in what seemed just, to accept the worsting without too deep an abashment. If overthrown in unjust, dire indeed must be that depth of rottenness which cannot confess penitent, anew make honourable front, no citadel left. Yea, this applies to all; and, for God's sake, clear yourself of this inflated, most vulgar, Proclamation of Magnitude, which meets you on every side. Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, all the vocal tribes, announcing with wide throat: The hugest thing that ever yet befell. Thucydides commences his history by similar insistence the war he is going to chronicle was the greatest ever known, foreseen so by himself; meaning thereby mere size and number, just as these moderns do. What wretched pettiness and suicidal *nothing* his *great war* was we know: Forfend the omen! Let us leave all that. It does not emanate from gravity, nor indicate staid noble consciousness of weighty fates in balance. Nations, and the World, have stood worse shocks ere now; time was, too, when it was thought that Man could stand unmoved should the mountains melt and stars tumble from their courses.

It is not to be forgotten either that a People may ponderate irresistibly in a right direction when they do not *see* at all, when their spoken reasons are beyond comment.

Carlyle found this to be eminently true of both Briton and German. It is, in fact, as he taught, partly true of all veridical men whatsoever; no utterable intelligence worth much that does not rest on dumb bias, on a totality of instinct whereof the clearest intuition can only render very fractional account. *Partly* true because veracity, unable to say why, prefers silence to babblement. But, where that silence is, the fools will babble with so much the less hinderance; and thus it often haps that, with so composite an entity as a nation, the act is really done by those who never gave a reason; merely apparently prompted by the baseless and iniquitous pleas put forward as its explanation, justification, condemnation. It may even be safely affirmed *usually* done so, though never happily when so. But united action can temporarily be from all manner of causes; very terrible deeds done in popular delusions more wide embracing, more spontaneous in their Solidarity, than have ever been exampled by concordance in a god-commanded duty. Again, though unions informed by mere egoism are transient enough, there are others, informed by a false faith, maintained in blind obstinacy, which are capable of long continuance, which grow ever the madder, the more fiercely determined in insistence, the more wrongful the faith, the greater defeat they meet. This, too, is a thing the world has witnessed many times; and nothing the English have ever exhibited, or, one hopes, ever will exhibit in that bad sort, has equalled the toughness of the Jews when their destruction came. Whole towns committing suicide rather than yield, so that even their enemies could take no pleasure in it. They too swore (and have continued to swear) that their faith was true, themselves the People; but it availed them nothing. Marry, they met an earthly power more powerful than themselves. Do you suppose that it would have

availed them had they been huge Empire, so preponderate in number, strength, and vast resources that they could have crushed all opposite? They could only have filled the cup of their iniquity the fuller.

But, although the case of an already great nation, still sound within itself and progressing in manhood, overthrown by hostile league may never have been seen yet, it is obviously just as possible as the similar destruction of an individual, if unreckonably rarer.

Concerning the question of war or peace in Europe, apart from this or that nation: Great hopes were entertained of the effects of more general culture, more rapid means of transit, in bringing about a closer intercourse, better mutual understanding, and the century of peace, so called, may have seemed to strengthen promise. Goethe hoped so after the last general war, and Carlyle shared in the hope in his earlier years, not in his later. With the why of that latter fact before us, the hope is not one that I, personally, have ever shared at all. I have no belief that wars will ever cease; absolutely none that culture and ease of interchange can in themselves do anything considerable to so much as hinder them. For long one could believe them the more likely the nobler the forces at work, and Peace Movements would never deign to speak of at all; unctuous futilities not issuing from the sterling of any race or persuasion. Universal reawakening of a sufficient leaven in every rank of every nation to the infinite nature of duty; profound gravity in each unit, earnest for his soul's salvation, and irradiating the whole mundane with ethereal light; hearts set on eternal being, and chiefs of the State elect for highest manhood:—this, and nothing short of this, could ever put an end to Wars, and only then if so established dominant every vicious con-

trariant could see the hopelessness of combat without trial.

Among Peoples unleavened by intelligence of the highest; still mumming with extinct religions long after even the Jesuit profession has fallen flaccid; pledged universally, in a spontaneous enthusiasm, to political faiths that are baseless, sordid absurd even where pure, doubly accursed where mendaciously compounded with the maintenance of a nominal sovereignty in ancient relics, and malignantly hostile at the least hint of a sovereignty actual; genuine only in the terrene; and whose best zeal, devoted to sociology projects, is unsound, sincere for easement alone; neither privately aspiring to the infinite nor in public resolute for the inexorably just:—Among such, the outbreak of general war is not surprising. For the unscrupulous greeds remain, and are not controllable by a lying spirit; the Bedlam Faiths themselves very ready to plunge headlong. *Fear* of catastrophe, also, could never avert it: The noble, recognizing dread possibilities, may take wise measures shall prevent, or mitigate them: but the devices of ignoble men, if they do stave for the instant, can only worsen the ultimate. Devil's diplomacy, deliberately plotting for war, has not, I believe, been the prevailing phenomenon in recent years, rather strenuous endeavours to preserve Peace by whatever arrangement the Big Bullies could contrive to agree upon, the so troublesome Small be compelled to accept: which is the first thing we have to look at.

CHAPTER I CONCERT OF EUROPE

I

CONCERT OF EUROPE

It may be as well to note here that the subject matters of the first four chapters of this book, which are to be labelled respectively *Concert of Europe, Ostensible Causes, Balance of Power,* and *System of Alliances,* are so intimately connected that the four are almost as one.

It is very lamentable and terribly significant how widespread and genuine a persuasion has got abroad, even among the good people, that this Concert of the Powers was a sort of a sacred thing. Colours of the vulpine do often succeed in deceiving as they wittingly propose; and a righteous indignation at the vulpine, when their true motives are disclosed, may be justified. But the concurrent belauding as holy a base policy whereof the motives have been correctly announced augurs a pravity which, if it come to know truth, can have no title to be indignant, must rather confess its own guilt. Yet even here, however stern a man's recognition of the sin, he knows the too commonly irresistible influence of a general consensus in perverting those of a bias truly virtuous. Some sixteen years, or so, ago, one time when reports of Turkish atrocities in Armenia were causing such emotion in England that many were crying for armed intervention, I remember being urged to read a speech of Lord Rosebery's. A judicious wet-cloth, of course, but equally *of course,* since by British Liberal Statesman of this epoch, not a speech astutely contrived to simply dissuade from enterprise in-

convenient for Ministry occupied in concerns privately more profitable to its members; on the contrary, the sincere utterance of a man self-sympathizing with the emotion, wishful for the Turks' correction, yet arguing: Husht! Dread sequel if we stir alone; in the Concert solely is there safety and salvation. And, with such unction did he perorate, the Public, in awakened sense, holily restrained its rage for its salvation's sake,—and possibly the Turk's, not quite the Armenian's. I refused at the moment to look at the thing, pained with emotions of another kind; so far as the urger knew, never looked at it; yet did, as you see, afterwards read, in resolute suppression, and for more exact knowledge of its guessed tenor. 'You should read that, my son; that is a speech everybody ought to read.' About the same time the same woman said to me, upon laying down a book entitled *Fire and Sword in the Soudan,* 'I suppose he could not help himself, but I cannot feel any respect or sympathy for that man,' the author, one Slaten, to wit. Very gently said, but she couldn't; yet thought the Rosebery address delivered in right spirit for the pulpit. How many have met the like! How many have thought the like! Too many that have innocently drunk in a belief this Concert was a sacred thing.

Yet the case of that Turkish instance was, if possible, even grosser than the subsequent Balkan ones. A dark, brutal, wretch, whatever ill he do, let no man hinder, lest his coveted den breed contention. The devil to be kept afoot in some measure; prudently maintained in possession of Eden, because the godly might fall out with one another, were so lovely a spot left free to their entry. If a murderous thief have money in his pocket, or the bank, let every constable be wary; never dare to run him in, unless the Judges are agreed on how to share the spoil. In Decorum's name, what is a little outrage in the streets

compared to quarrel on the Bench? The results of that are too frightful to contemplate. Hasty zeal would defeat its own end, destroy the very means of bringing offender to judgment; for without a judicious unanimity no lawful verdict were obtainable. Lawful verdicts are frequently unobtainable, sometimes too obtainable; and justice never reached *so,* yet capable of being done and left for verdict. Methinks, if man might seriously question Have I real errand to correct this particular and so distant abuse? the question shall I wait on Concert with the covetous to do it? would be out of his debate. And yet I honour policy, and know the multiple involute of practical fact. There, however, it is clear, had the dubitating (and dubious) Knight Errant stood wholly out, the covetous neighbours, with or without some brush of comparatively trifling battle, would long since have contrived to share in some tolerable manner; the Balkans in whole have settled themselves the better without the meddling of such a disinterested Umpire.

Truly, Prince von Kaunitz Reitberg's text, that Great Courts should understand one another, then the Small would be less troublesome, has found fat mother to breed in, and grown enormously since his day; ever the more pronounced virtuously assured of morality, up to the very moment of catastrophe from the start inevitable for it. For it? Perhaps not. The text may be meet enough for unscrupulous voracious fellow; have a real truthfulness to nature there, be well allowed by heaven, and run on to happy fulfilment so far. Voracity may be perfectly veracious; and I never blame a shark for swallowing small fry with his utmost gusto. The sight of half a dozen sharks gracefully manœuvring in Concert, for the more dexterous satisfaction of several appetites, may also have its own seemliness, the gastric desires of highest mortal

confess a certain sympathy. But for creatures that have once guessed themselves made in their Maker's image, to whom a sense of the infinite of right and wrong has announced that the gaining of the whole world could not profit if achieved in treason to that image;—for them to take such text as maxim for International Policy——! Why I do not know that they ever did it; only the sharks having heard tell of them, then find it expedient to deliberately cloak greed in show of holiness, and imagine they can work injustice the more securely by professing care of equity; whilst a huge medley of others add their votes, variously persuaded that this *is* the solution: For whom catastrophe is inevitable; because they build on no truth, neither on appetite or intelligence, but on a lying compound, beast man and god alike disown, which nothing in nature will support.

May not a Small nation have just or unjust cause of quarrel, reasonable or unreasonable claim or pretension, as much as a Great? And what valid title can the Great ever have to step in and say: We will decide your disputes and your claims and in all things you shall do as we bid?—O damned canaille, jealous of classes superior, yelping distracted at each hint or suspicion of one law for Rich and another for Poor, sworn all as one man that *that* shall be the rule in law International! Your skins are precious to you and your corpora stink.—In the ideal possibilities, where the Great loved the truth and sought to do justice alone, court of their convening might be a godly tribunal, very blessed to see upon earth; and, whatever security their power gave to its meetings, lent to enforce its judgments, most sure it is that the consideration Great or Little? would weigh pure zero in determining right to a seat on the bench? Is this the thing we have seen? No; nor so much as endeavoured toward. But,

in clear sight of utterly diverse fact, the beneficence that would attach to this has been pretended for that diverse,—which, also, as shall shortly be referred to, could have had an honest place. Conclave of the Powerful assembled to find how their own mutual jealousies set on edge by debates 'mong the less,—glowering one at another Take that side, if you dare. By God I'll take this you do.—may reach compromise without wager of battle, the Small be compesced into accepting the awards so arrived at; and is one of the most unblessed things very certainly seen upon the earth. Yes, this is the thing we have seen these last thirty years and longer, growing ever the more confident to its inevitable result. Parties there have been in England and elsewhere, very vehement for the justice, or what they thought it, yet even these have all subscribed to the prime need of Concert; admitted it were better that wrong should be done than peace 'tween the Mighty put in danger of rupture. Here, at any rate, no shadow of a plea can be found that these things were done by closeted few, the nations not witting. What the articles agreed upon each time were, what dextrous management was exercised to reach them, may be an esoteric mystery; but what spirit wrought has been broadly visible and universally sanctioned. In England most eminently. Speeches upon speeches in Parliament and out, without respect of party; all the newspapers in leading articles; and table talk in each private household;—the argument has been everywhere the same. I know no instance of National Policy so overwhelmingly endorsed, in full sight of its true essence; up to that last speech at the outbreak, when Sir Edward Grey,—he would not have had the Peace of Europe jeopardised for *Servia*. Aye, Sir Edward has been very consistent in this, and outspoken; long since and constantly made it evident as could be 'twas funda-

mentally accepted in his Policy the weak must go to the wall rather than important persons suffer; merely Quixotic to hope otherwise. Of course! And God forbid he'd mammer scrupulous on such a point. Then, if the case of *Belgium* touch you nearer, step forth pure champion of the Small, in righteous zeal. The soul of man is sick at the sodden hyprocrisy; could find the deeds smell sweeter if done in conscious perfidy of the cunning. And the newspapers hope that, when the war is over, the Concert may be re-established in such firmness any little nation attempting to draw free breath shall instantly be throttled impotent: They must never be allowed to provoke such disasters again. It does not strike you that they have just as good a right to bustle in the world as any of the Big? That, if the Big fall a-quarrelling in sequel, the crime is their own wholly; the true peril in their disposition so to do, and unremovable while that remains?

None worth the name of man but must know beyond all question that the sole thing which can give a nation right to set up for Judge in another's quarrel is the resolution to do justice in it. *Court convened to arbitrate on matters in dispute and primarily devoted to the maintenance of peace among the Arbiters!* Could there be a thing more impious than this? What amazed execration would greet it, if proposed for settlement of the least sixpenny matter between private litigants! Yet seen International applauded with unction by every man, woman and youth; anathema only for any not zealous for such first aim, the very need for which invalidates for umpire's seat and of necessity turns the Court into one for iniquity's sanction.

Such has too terribly been the fact, and damnable. Yet we said that a fact very diverse from the professed Be-

neficent Arbitration could have honestly been. It is obvious that parties extraneous to an original dispute may have interests of every degree of gravity affected by that dispute; may confer together for peaceable solution of those interests; if unable to reach it, may choose mediators; and, if still at a deadlock, an umpire. Likewise that parties extraneous to the original dispute and to the cross interests of the secondaries directly affected may have interests of every degree of gravity affected by division among the secondaries, and so *ad infinitum*, till there be in reality no party without interest; and conference for peaceable solution the more desirable than ever: In which reckoning, it may be worth remarking that the jumping of a flea is, in logical sequence, at all times competent to set the whole world by the ears; and wisdom, accordingly, somewhat chary how it claims interest affected. Clearly enough, the sole valid basis for those Conferences among the Great Powers upon Balkan affairs was adjustment of their own differences arising through interests affected. Every man knows that nothing else ever called them into existence; that they were always in reality convened to, if possible, prevent quarrel among the Great, not for unbiassed decision in equity by them of disputes among the Small; that the pretence of a God's vice-regency by Major in Concert over Minor inclined to division was a pretence palpable, which fear alone ever led any to accredit holy. If those Conferences had been informed wholly by a spirit of greedy cunning, each party diligent for private end, they might have had their dog's day; and noble statesman kept rigorously out: For that is the law; you are not bound to have a finger in every pie; and, if you cannot interfere for good, shall not interfere at all, but leave the coil to its strugglings and such issue as the high o'erruling Providence may have for it.

If honest (and thereby alone truly valid) the Conference must have Justice for its first aim every whit as much as Court of Arbitration; and steady refusal to force that on the less which nothing save the jealousies of the Great demand. Noble Briton, entering such Conference, might indeed have prayed heaven to grant him a tactful sagacity, fine delicacy of manipulation and a solid understanding of the doable, much more and primarily to grant him insight into the veritable right and wrong of the matters, well knowing that nothing built on miss of this could have a chance to stand, that completest Concert attained in defiance of this would infallibly prove exceedingly disconcerting. He would have utterly abhorred the accursed doctrine of the Great's right to interfere because Great, and rejected all plans based on such a supposition. Would have known, too, that if the strong hand can sometimes parcel States, it is forever impotent to create one: That can never be done at external dictation: what nation is to be a nation must spring by nature's generation, spontaneous in a self-vitality, self-fending, self-coherent, being and expanding by its own innate powers. Ah, me! This manufacturing of States, autonomous Albanias, what not, Belgium itself for that matter, with their frontiers marked, constitutions supplied, and kings (God save the mark!) all ready chosen for them, according to model pleasing to the grandiose disposers:—it awakens thoughts we must not go into; and, any time, I would rather leave the blindest rages free to their havoc than be one in framing such a mock settlement, fraught with far deadlier havoc.

Yea, noble Briton, unable to do or to obtain justice for the Small, had sooner left them to try their own strengths than been a party to unjust compulsions. If he could not defend them from wrongful aggressions, restric-

tions, had sorrowfully stood aside, sooner than lent these his sanction. And if he could not have found acceptance as mediator between the Big concerning their interests affected, had similarly left them to fight it out, rather than won the crown as Peacemaker by Concert in sacrifice of the Lesser's rights. In all ways, he had stood for Justice, wrought for it, and, in such resolution, had seen the justice in some measure, as without it never; whether active or passive, had found a manful course. But, with Peace the first aim, all was naturally very different, and honourable action never possible. Man authentically actuated by that aim only is in practical deed a powerless entity. Peace! Peace! For God's sake, Peace! Lest *I* get involved, might seem contemptible too;—but not to most, when cried by a man very able to fight, and adding—at any cost to those little nuisances. Had Sir Edward Grey wished peace for peace's sake he had been a nullity and thing helpless to further the least agreement; had he cared particularly for justice he might have found himself an alien spirit, still more futile to preserve peace this day; but, being heartily desirous to prevent war for reasons highly intelligible to the rest, he often did patch up matters by expedients of the moment, each time worsening the fact and rendering ultimate rupture the more certain. My fleets and armies are in readiness and I can be truculent enow, but, Gentlemen, War for *such* a *casus!* Come, hit on some reasonable apportionment of shares, or all forego. And then to some the *casus* was not so distant, insignificant, as to him. And when did a heaven blessed Amity result from the like of this?

Concert of Europe, how these latter decades has this been impressed on us! The just of every nation eyeing in silence, with reflections too awful for utterance. Plat-

form and pulpit, every shade of opinion, zealous in sacred insistence, breath bated in fear: O ye nations called Small! God damn you be quiet, lest the Peace of the Great be disturbed. Was there ever a doubt that the Lord of Eternity, so besought to preserve them from quarrel, would answer the Great by letting loose all their furies to ravin the worse for every stave till the morrow?

CHAPTER II: OSTENSIBLE CAUSES

BEING A CRITICISM OF BRITISH WHITE PAPER 'CASE'

II

OSTENSIBLE CAUSES

It is naturally the custom of a nation's Leaders, when they announce war on its behalf, to make some sort of public statement of the Causes which have determined them to take so grave a step; and the rarer case that the true causes are so much as touched upon in such Ostensible account of them. Very often the reasons given are so totally inadequate (to say naught else) you might marvel how any one could put them forth as explanation to be credited; why the Peoples so addressed do not instantly reply: We will not hazard life or limb for these hiccups. Yet it is not the Peoples' custom to answer so; they usually accept the reasons given as affording convincing grounds for deeds and sacrifices so daringly disproportioned it looks an inconceivable credulity; by many of the more philosophic, regarded perennially as a sort of bedlam possession. And no doubt it considerably is so; yet far from wholly. Blind stampede and wild unreason of mob, with brute love of war, fascination and glamour of exploit, ever is in it; yet also greatly more. Even the enthusiastic chorus, reiterating the helpless reasons offered as beyond gainsaying, springs not altogether from simpleness, nor readiness to seize excuse, but from an instinct of a vast unspoken behind, at least belief there must be this. Yea, without conviction, persuasion, or imagination of a true *infinite* at stake, which in the name of manhood commands no cost be weighed, the nations never fall a-battling. Idea

of a supreme Duty, whether radiant in clear intelligence, turbid confused, or diabolically opposite, is always there; and even the cunning who seek to provoke wars for their own ends, cannot do so unless this be in some way excited: Its presence is a necessity; but, if not intelligent, it can be traded on. The very day before war was declared between Great Britain and Germany newspapers were declaiming it an unthinkable absurdity, monstrous to suggest; and next day were for it in whole heart and so much of soul as they may be supposed to possess. Nor is that phenomenon purely one of the weathercock, the essence of whose utility is well known to be instant amenability to wind, however changeful; a better ingredient in the recognition that division, the least word of debate, is perilous in such circumstances, and a loyal trust in the leaders requisite for nations' being. Would that men knew it equally in peace, for it is equally true then; and reflect on the really awful responsibility they owe for their choice of Leaders. Exceedingly foolish, superficial is the notion too, that wars are ever caused by trifles; the wiser know that the causes are always fully adequate, perfectly proportioned in fact, could mortal trace them. No mortal can trace *them,* and the proclamation of Ostensible is never blameworthy because *that way* 'inadequate'!

Granting that the Ostensible rarely touch upon the Real, they remain noteworthy, were it only as indications of the degree of intelligence. They may be subterfuges wittingly concocted by wile, or stolidities of inarticulate honesty that cannot speak its meaning. Neither is it to be ever forgotten that the highest true could as little really name his cause. Cause fully declarable were by the hypothesis, shallow and trivial. For, never is it the thing predicated, but the enormous sequels which hang by it; and comprehension of these intuitive tacit in faith. Nevertheless the

Leaders ought to know to some extent, and who has the intuitive perception does; never will the reasons rendered by these be contrary to the fact, however limited in account of it. Well, the British Ostensible Causes are set forth in a certain White Paper familiar to all men, and to which the leaders refer as authorized statement of their 'Case.' While Sir E. T. Cook has volunteered an elucidated abbreviation fearlessly entitled *Why Britain is at War*. No man's breath appears to have been taken away; but, for my part, my audacity would not reach to this. How we picked quarrel; or how we closed with the offer of it; or how we were forced into it; these are Madams (if you know your Kingsley) you may hope to scrape some acquaintance with in those pages of My Lords Ambassadors' despatches; but, as to bosoming with My Lady Why, 'tis to be doubted she is not quite so free a wench. Happily there is no question that the paper, so far as it does go, is authentic; and as we say, interesting chiefly as showing degree of veracity.

For absence of wile will not make a thing honest; deliberate wile can be truer than a systemic mendaciousness, which, never expressly uttering falsehood, yet speaks and acts habitually from assumptions that are baseless. It is not true, for instance, that you sought peace with your neighbour if determined on war unless he behaved himself according to a prescription drawn up as suitable to your needs and conveniences merely; no industrious zeal, most passionate pleading to persuade to keep within the bounds set, will prevent your being, in that case, most essentially the Aggressor. And the knave who made the prescriptions purposely to provoke war might readily stand in closer contact with truth than the wight who expected to preserve order by publicly announcing a law of conduct for those wholly without his jurisdiction. If we have only

privately registered the rule, too, and, half conscious of its presumptuous absurdity, shrink from declaring it till the last moment compel, his pleading may easily be the more passionate, so that he sit down in tears to cry Pity! God witness I did all I could; but his workings are pitiful, can only prove the more disastrous through 'good' intentions less subtle *perfide* then simply disjoined from fact's realm.

Of the Austro-Servian matter with which this White Paper so confidently referred to as exhibiting Britain's 'Case,' commences, we have not much to say: The Justice of the dispute was confessedly no cause of Britain's action; and I, personally, could not hold myself competent to speak a word on *it:* do not know that at all. This, however, I do know: namely, that, whether the launching of her Ultimatum by Austria was wise or unwise, its wording prudent or imprudent, if the charges made in it were true, then, certainly, Austria had valid ground for most drastic action; and nothing save the complete submission of Servia could have given her security against a continuance of the alleged offences. Alleged offences which if true were wholly intolerable, inexcusable, and very great forbearance—godly insufferance or fractious compelled—shown in enduring them so long. And, if one own to something more than scepticism of Austrian political integrity generally, that would only make one the more insist on no hindrance if she had right in a particular instance. Every fair-minded man must have felt that if these charges were true, not necessarily in each detail specified but generically in whole spirit imputed, then Austria had full title to chastise with the armed hand; and would rather have guarded her from interference than been a party to it. Therefore, whosoever in any way challenged her action could only in probity

do so if justified in calling the truth of the charges in question. Peculiarly futile was it to run up crying Delay! for God's sake, delay, and moderate your tone, when it was obvious that if the charges were true the time for delay or moderation was long past. If Britain, idle knight-errant with no business of her own to look after, wished to act on that score she should have acted years before. Alas! we all know she had; and added vexation enough, not so Quixotically neither for the wound as expediently for far other objects. Sancho's stomach made one sufficing trial of his master's Balsam, wambled at the mere snuff ever after: Can you wonder, then, if Austria at length grew squeamish of Grey Powder for every ill she had a mind to mend?

When Servia, after shuffle and enquiry round, replied to the Ultimatum, our Sir Edward swore he'd never seen a nation make a more prostrate salaam to truculent Bashaw. To which I fear the answer is: It had much of that character, and was a thing of paper; very fit to rank among Ostensibles. And, showing more suppleness in performing a required kowtow than sincerity in penitence, gave properly no assurance of a better loyalty in future deed. Nothing in that nominal submission offered hope of stable working; and, of course, it is one way evident that, once things had reached this pass, nothing short of the almost miraculous could. Since, if the charges were untrue the party who made them was bent on mischief and would take no answer; whilst, if true, the party of whom they were true would have needed to do a considerable conversion before becoming able to make reply of such radically different tenor as could have seemed to Man a ground to try anew upon. I think these are facts, and in Sir Edward Grey's despatches there is not the slightest recognition of them: Which, whether he believed the first al-

ternative or the second or the more probal compound of both, there assuredly should have been. Intense pleading there is in those despatches. But it is all prompted by absolutely self-interested motives; flows not from care of Austria's welfare or of Servia's, but of our own skin's solely; owes its fervency to the heart text: Mercy on us! Hold your hand, you, bow down t'other, both accept shadow for substance, lest your differences breed a brawl of wider compass wherein *we* should not 'scape. It was Sir E. Grey's duty to look after our interests; and, if he meddled in this foreign matter, the first law for *that* was to see the facts of *it* and conform to them; there could be no hope in resource which flew in the teeth of them. But the dread of cataclysm misled, as fear ever makes men traitors to themselves and all mankind. Moreover, it was no case of a normal integrity erring in one instance, but of a quite habitual attempt to build on the untenable, to safeguard by methods essentially mendacious, howsoever, persuaded of needful expediency or claiming regard of common welfare.

For for Great Britain, on her own initiative, uninvited, to write *any* despatch to Austria on her Servian affair was in reality an indefensible proceeding; and every man knows that Britain herself would be the last to suffer the like from another. Had any nation presumed to offer us advice in any of our numerous disputes with little states or big, what sort of answer should we have made? You all know it: A peremptory injunction never to repeat the like insolence under penalty. It is, indeed, a flatly impossible position this, that self-fending independent states shall be perpetually prevented from managing their own disputes without consult of neighbours. A thing justly intolerable to the states so checked. And, on the other side, however prone the big may be to bully, to enchant the arm of

power from its natural exercise is sure to prove a cherishing of license. When done, as here on the plea of You mustn't, lest we others get to loggerheads, reduced to the extremity of impious absurdity. Doubtless the far-seeing, equitable, sagacious Ruler would recognise the existence of such mad notions in his neighbours' heads and weigh them; but he above all others would know the notions to be baseless delusions, vicious in origin, pernicious in act; would proceed on his own business none the less, whether in wary evasion or open contempt. The more ordinary, so beshouted to stop, would, if he deigned to look over his shoulder at all, merely rejoin: You will fight with each other, say you? That is surely your affair. I wish you good luck, and may God salve your wits, for they need it more than your wounds will.

Most clearly, to continually prevent the settlement of disputes is to create a danger immeasurably greater than any their fiercest let could have brought about; and if others get to quarrel in sequel the responsibility thereof rests on their own heads. Austria has to answer to God for the justice of her war upon Servia; but not *therefore* for the European War.

According to the White Paper, Germany's Ostensible attitude toward this Austro-Servian matter was that Austria had the right to manage in it as she herself thought fit, and no other a title to interfere: This was, in fact, the only right attitude, unless you were constituted Judge of the dispute, or had good grounds and duty to challenge the justice of Austria's action; and if, as one hopes and believes, the Ostensible was so far the Real, there is not a word can be said against it. The one straightforward, manful course there was for third parties not directly concerned.

Britain, whatever her thought or resolution for subsequent developments, possible, probable, or certain, ought thus far to have taken the same; and had she done so, there would have been a different tale to tell in the subsequent developments. Simple refusal to be a Busybody. Nor need such passive rôle, in case liable to grow complicated, be a whit the less simply this because he who takes it is, as he should be, alive to the complexities also, ready for action in them, if they do result. Sir E. T. Cook, seeking the sinister, full of a preconceived belief of it, repeats with exclamation mark, her minister's statement that Germany very well knew what she was about in so 'Backing up Austria'; said 'backing' consisting in what the English call a traitorous refusal to unite with them in forbidding Austria to manage her own concerns. Has it really, then, become a sin to a Briton that a man should know what he is doing? It often almost seems so. *The* most dangerous crime, at least, and surest mark of nefarious proclivity to say one thing and not mean another; safety and virtue alone in those transparent mendacities —whereby our Faith and Polity are kept secure from ravin and inspiration alike. And which, since all men see through them, cannot surely be hypocrisies? For my part, I devoutly hope that Germany did know what she was doing, though the sequel have proved beyond mortal's forecast. Let her have courage; for, if so, the ultimate issue may likewise prove beyond mortal's hope. But Germany was the only one that took this course; and took it, we will hope, in a courageous simplicity. Quarrel not with the word; or do so to your heart's content. Took it, we will hope, in faithfulness to the fact; and the more awake to and prepared for the probable consequences the greater credit to her. Boundless clamour there at once was and continues to be that she took it in duplicity; clamour origi-

nating in presupposition to that effect, and up to the present not, that I know of, supported by a shred of evidence. For the notable thing to me in these despatches is that those of the German bear the impress of veracity; they alone are not condemnable on *self-evidence,* but cohere together consistently throughout as the words of men that, in spite of limitations, did essentially mean one thing before God and the same thing before men; which is not true of those of any of the others. Of these others so far as we may meetly speak:

The Russian ground was different; had nothing to do with the damned plea of Peace! Lest *we* quarrel; based itself on claim of weighty interests directly affected, in short, of being a party to the dispute and not an outsider at all. Even without this, and in a total disregard of the justice of the dispute, it could have a certain validity: Two fall ajar; a third says Let them fight it out; a fourth No, I'll join in: All these might find solid foothold in the wide realm of nature's truth, intelligent or lustful; but he who cries, and in the name of an intelligent humanity cries, Stop! Stop! you over there, lest I and others, leagues distant from you and unconcerned in your debate, should fall out with one another.—What ground has he to stand on? Vacuity. A very meddlesome fellow, you would say, and one seeking a currying with a diligence not easily matched. But for the Russian; if his intervention was primarily directed against Austria only, which of us is there can say he had no right to appear on the field and try what he could do there? One does not know. Moreover one allows to the half-barbarous, inarticulate, a sort of brute right to *try* propensities—no curtailment of another's right to drub him well for trying them and so teach the animal becoming manners—such as, to those

who have ever known higher law, one could by no means allow.

But, as far as this Austro-Servian matter went, there it should have stopped. Nothing in it was cause of the spread of the war beyond. That Balkan troubles would issue in war between Austria and Russia was probable, or as good as certain; but, if other nations made alliances which would bring them into conflict in that event, they have themselves alone to thank for it.

The question, therefore, here arises Did Germany's Alliance with Austria necessarily bring her in if Russia came in? If the answer to that be affirmative, Germany smarts for having made such alliance. The answer has been universally concluded affirmative; yet only in those mad assumptions of international compacts whereby, in infallible sequel, every flea's jump was to set the world on fire. Concluded affirmative? Yes, and with equal readiness *negative,* according to which assumption suited the righteous British arguer's mood at the moment. If the terms of the *Triple* made the answer affirmative, how stands Italy out, and *un*heaped with opprobrium by a Britain so virtuously indignant at treaty breakers? You know very well that the use you make of this is based on the assumption the answer *is* negative. Sir E. Grey's pleadings, reported in despatch forty-six (see later page 40), also presuppose the negative, though the Briton there arguing that, by the International Compacts, Germany was not bound to support Austria if attacked by Russia was simultaneously allowing that France was bound to support Russia if attacked by Germany! So far as this question, of Germany's alliance with Austria compelling her support against Russia, *is* shrouded in doubt, the uncertainty is due to the inextricable interlacements and difficulty of separating one

thing from so many other simultaneous. What slender testimony the White Paper offers is against an affirmative: Germany would not mobilize if Russia only mobilized in South, i. e., against Austria alone.[1] And, in truth, there is again no evidence that Germany would have entered if a reasonable assurance existed that the war could lie between Russia and Austria merely; on the contrary, the evidence is that she would not, but knew this too hypothetical a case to dwell on.

Assuming the negative, namely no treaty-bond, as the British did when it suited them, Germany were only condemnable for her armed intervention if: 1. She had no title by the complexion of the present case. On which Britain argued: Please don't have any; *because* France, with confessedly none, must be allowed to have full (see pp. 40-2. 2. If Russia was verily not meditating hostility to her also. And the poverty of these White Paper despatches for throwing any certain light on *that* point is too palpable; they are here too exclusively Ostensible! We do not, however, require any despatches to tell us that many and weighty matters existed between Germany and her huge Eastern neighbour, nor that she would in any event be very closely touched by a war between that country and Austria. That her sympathies, apart from all her Alliances, would in general be with Austria rather than Russia, and that her interests would similarly cause her to lean the same way are likewise foregone conclusions. It may be added, also, that such bias was in the main accordant with justice and the true everliving interests of man, though of this we have more to say under *Alliances.* In the particular instance, by the evidence before us, such as it is, there is no ground to doubt that Germany sincerely wished peace between Russia and Austria, much

[1] Despatch No. 43; also 108 and 121.

more sincerely than we wished peace with her; nor that her action was in essence defensive against Russian Aggressive; some momentary gleam of a possibility of standing out, if properly guaranteed, swiftly swallowed in the certainty that no guarantee would be given. A passing thought of guarantee from Russia saving spread of war, standing in strong contrast with France's eager prestatement she would *take* none from Germany! A request for self-security vastly different from the demands which Britain subsequently made of the German! Who never said to Russia: You, offering not even the colour of violence to me, seeking my friendship rather, shall only engage with your foe on terms of my dictating; whether vanquished or victor shall, in conclusion, go home again with nothing save your labour for your trouble: He has not yet reached these depths of sanctimonious effrontery. Then, leaving the assumption of no bond or predetermination and granting that Germany had made express treaty to support Austria, or from the start of the Servian dispute, was resolved to support Austria if interfered with in that, who is there can say she was wrong? Britain, of all nations on earth, by her own conduct in the further developments here, has the least tittle to breathe a whisper in criticism of such determination to support a neighbour.

With Germany involved, the war could still have remained in the East; nothing save France's action brought it into the West. But, before proceeding to that, look at these despatches pleading for peace between Austria and Russia, for Germany not to support the former.

For the first: They are all identical in spirit with those pleading for peace between Austria and Servia. The one argument submit *that* dispute to the Power's decision. And

we have already said enough of that; need not express our pious thankfulness that, whatever followed, this was *not* again done. Russia would have been willing for it, and it is made guilt in the two Teutonic nations that they were not. The four to whom the decision was to be left were Britain, France, Italy and Germany. Three of those four had already pronounced adversely to the Austrian: much fairness did the Slav show! Leave it to the Powers again, who have so often happily damped it down before and ever to spring in renewed vigour to-morrow. The Chairman Power glorying in utter contempt of the justice of the quarrel; the minority of one alone having ever expressed the least care for this. It is Germany's steady refusal to be again a party to such godless futility that is the one thing the human mind can dwell on without loathing. Help me to save the peace, said the Briton. With all my heart; and earnestly did her endeavour to further reason among the parties, ownful of unreason in her ally, too, yet aware of the iron limits. Britain wished peace by patching up the matter anyhow, lest fire kindled scorch her own pretty complexion: Germany wrought for peace on solid basis, prepared to take the issues of it proved unattainable solid: Which is really the criminal?

For the second: If there be any truly *British,* in the grand old sense when the word was synonymous with soul of fair play, straightness in dealing, generous frankness to foe as to friend, and, however completely now shut out from smallest voice in their nation's deeds, one cannot but believe there still are such men, these, in their study of our White Paper, must early have been struck with a certain thing, which, as they realised its proportions and significance, might have filled them with amazed horror and indignation, had their knowledge otherwise gained of modern British statesmanship left room for amazement or

special indignation at any trick it played in slippery cunning or course it pursued openly in persuasion of magnanimity devoid of integrity. What I refer to is the proposals made by Russia, France and Italy that Britain should declare her solidarity with the two former, unite with them three, or two, in *menace* of Germany; and the way those proposals were listened and replied to by Britain. The proposal is first made strongly in despatch number six and *repeatedly* after. Pray announce your determination to fight along with us, if Germany persist in countenancing Austria; and, in the face of such a threat, she will at once cower out; it will be in the interests of peace that you should do so. Sterling Briton, thus addressed, had, in tone of sleeping thunder half awakened, answered: Silence, sirrahs! And immediately informed the German of the Proposal: There, sir, friend or foe, know by this your neighbour's tempers, what sort of impartial hearing they are prepared to give your Ally's case. And do you suppose the German did not know the proposals had been made; what sort of answer they actually got; find himself enlightened, if further enlightenment he needed, as to British sincerity in sequent suggestions made to him? Pinchbeck Briton, all gold to the eye, did not fall in with the proposals, much less answer as above. He received them in very friendly manner; courteously explained his discreet opinion that the interests of peace would be better served if he continued to enact the rôle of disinterested party; and—well, continued to enact, in such fashion, now fully transparent to all eyes friendly or hostile. A behaviour thoroughly accordant with *decadent* English character and solely possible to men steeped to the bone in mendacity, swallowed in the blackest of terrestrial curses, the apotheosis of Attorneyism; gaining for itself also the unanimous endorsement of the masses (similarly saturate) as *per-*

fection in any rôle does. It is second nature to an attorney to plead with passion, 'real' for the moment by his brief, even in full knowledge of facts contrary; and the Prime Minister, later, for his objects, named some German proposals *infamous;* yet have I met no Briton who knew these to be so.

And, in fact they were not. In the circumstances, it was nothing perfidious for France and Russia to beg: Unmistakably announce your determination to fight along with us—since you are so determined. No, gentle Allies—Beg pardon! No, loving members of an *Entente* uncommitted, we must maintain the fiction—Alas! I stumble again. For of course it was no fiction. Of course not, said they. And Husht! Messieurs. Who said I was determined to fight along with you? We see, said they. Who doubts they saw? It were a dolt indeed that did not. Yet naturally persisted, in the firmer confidence accrued, to urge their view; it being merely a difference in opinion as to Ostensibles, the reality understood to mutual satisfaction. So Russia 'deplored' the effect upon Germany of a notion that Britain would stand aside; and Grey soothed with a Pooh! Is there not dumb show enough in our fleet? Plenty of dumb show and very easy to read. While France, no wise abashed by the comforting answer, contentedly toed the line set by susceptibilities of British Conscience; and passed on to discuss preparations in common for war—of course only in the hypothetic possibility of your deciding to join us: We will not again press you for any more definite assurance on that head. Most unnecessary that you should, Messieurs. No, the proposals were not infamous. Yet I know of few things better meriting the description than the answers they got.

Among other things that might provoke amazement, but too sorrowfully cannot, is despatch 46, where Sir E. Grey

reports his having had the impudence to 'Observe' to the German Ambassador 'that if Germany assisted Austria against Russia it would be because *without any reference to the merits of the dispute'* (italics ours) 'Germany could not afford to see Austria crushed.' This in face of the clear fact that Germany alone had ever expressed care for the justice of the dispute, and had at the very start plainly stated her belief that Austria had good grounds for her proceedings against Servia, and ought not to be interfered with in them. Sir Edward Grey himself, meanwhile, having ever unblushingly expressed a total indifference to the justice of the dispute; and in another despatch of the same date, number forty-eight, reiterates that if Austria could satisfy Russia she might do what she liked with Servia. Merit of the dispute! Sop Russia and damn the merit; it is the want of that sop alone that afflicts me. I said before, page 34, that this observation of Grey's presupposed belief in no treaty bond of Germany to Austria: It obviously ought, but I would not take oath it did. And if it was that Germany 'could not afford to see Austria crushed' how heinous must such a *casus belli* seem to every Briton now fighting lest France should be!

Britain, enacting the impartial rôle and rejecting the comparatively straightforward course proposed by France and Russia, that of a united menace, had her own ideas as to how to persuade Germany not to support Austria; of which the last paragraph affords one sample. And, in our inquiry of veracity shown, the results continue shameful to this land our nativity, forbidden veneration. For it argues that Germany should not support Austria *without* ever arguing, or, as I should more strictly put it, without ever *having* argued, that France should not support Russia. This could only pass at all if the treaty between France and Russia was much more definite than that between

Germany and Austria; I have met nothing worth regard that builds on this assumption. Allow that Germany acted more by the present case, will Britain call this *less* reputable than act by pledge to fight regardless of present case? That Britain which professed free hand and gloried in the right to decide by instant merits in each conjuncture. But the truth is that this has passed with the hasty mob through a fact of *sequence* which a moment's reflection shows you did not affect the matter in the slightest degree, could never by deliberate statesmen have been imagined to do so. France would not enter the field unless Germany did. No, nor Germany unless Russia did. This fact, that France was to be the third stepper, Germany the second, does not *touch* the matter here at issue, namely the integrity or wisdom of either in entering. Britain deliberately besought Germany to leave her Ally undefended if attacked and never the while so much as whispered suggestion to France that she should similarly leave her Ally in the lurch; yet whatsoever applied to the one case applied with equal force to the other. Nay, with much greater force! For Germany was necessarily closely touched by war between Austria and Russia, France not by war between Russia and Germany, far removed from her borders. Moreover there is very strong *prima facie* evidence that except for her confident assurance of France's support, Russia would never have done aught provocative to Germany, that, had there been no such assurance, the war might have remained between Russia and Austria. Still Britain kept arguing with Germany: Don't you, convinced of justice in your Ally's quarrel, support her; yet never said a word of similar import to France; knew fully from the start, as all the world did, for this was public property and known to be without an if, that France was definite to strike in. Nothing save that knowledge produced the pleading: As

I said before (p. 35) the plea was, Forego your title *because* France must be allowed full tether for hers. A long *tether?* Ay, and a strong, could haul the whole British Empire in. One sees not what business Britain had to suggest either that Germany should not support Austria or France Russia, but to urge the first without the second was totally indefensible. If we had right to plead so with either, then overwhelmingly the greater right to plead with France; because of the mighty obligations which our statesmen well knew, though the country at large did not, she was under to us; in reality only daring to act as she did from confidence of British cover. Finally, of this, be it clear that I am not suggesting it was really possible for Britain, in those late hours, to demand of France, to hint to France, that she should not support Russia; but the fact that it was impossible made it perfidy in her to ask the passivity she did from the German.

Proceeding now to the question of French intervention; also of Britain's sincerity of wish that the war should remain in the East: With Germany involved, of which question we have already spoken, it is, of course, palpably undeniable that nothing except a declaration of neutrality by France could have prevented war in the West; and equally undeniable that such declaration would. Here, in the case of war in the Western theatre, it is perfectly certain that the French and the English were the aggressors, that Germany acted as compelled for self-defence. By the circumstances, absolutely no manner of call lay upon France to join in: Word pledged to Russia is the utmost she can plead. I say not that the word pledged should not be sacred, but bid you note that there was absolutely no other ground. If any mortal believe that the word was either given or kept just for God's sake, why

afflict his innocence? And therewith and we will leave France's share to her own conscience.

But, on the no-question of France or Germany the aggressor add: France, toeing the line to suit susceptibilities of British conscience and bettering instruction, kept ten kilometres from her frontiers after mobilisation; and, anticipating demand of neutrality from Germany, as known not aggressive upon her, had many times stated she would never give it. Yet, by these delicacies of manœuvre has persuaded *you* of her lamb-like intentions, Germany's wanton inroad, in character of devouring wolf?—And of the eleventh hour treble Peace still! Both Russia and Austria have consented, so exquisitely set off to an admiring audience by these French trippings on the light fantastic toe, what other word than simply, Too late! Germany could not possibly pause then on any plea of *further discussion.* Delay would have been extremely advantageous to every other, her Ally included; to herself perilous. What sort of sincerity there was in the Austrian consent you have but to read despatch one hundred and forty-one to know; one hundred and thirty-nine for Russia's humour to Germany in her consent, aforesaid very cheap. With such odours regaling her nostrils, Germany would have been a nose of wax indeed to pause. The plea was the old accursed futility of submit the Austro-Servian matter to the Powers for settlement, with certainly no *increase* of likelihood that a peaceable patch-up till to-morrow would be once more arrived at. A ground for suspension which none honourable could then have made to the German; which no German who knew what's what could at that hour do other than totally disregard. That, in a straight, courteous manfulness, compliance was explained impossible is creditable, for the suggestion might justly have been altogether ignored.

For England's sincerity of wish that the war should remain in the East:

Alas! it is a sort of mockery to speak of sincerity in her doings here. Yet I grant that, when the inevitable sequel of his acts comes upon a man, he may often wish intensely enough that they could be avoided, and exhibit a spectacle of very strenuous zeal in that direction. England, in a full knowledge that France had engaged herself to Russia, entered into what you call an *Entente* with her. Not an Alliance? Oh, no! Count Bruhl, a famishing dog in sight of a too dangerous leg of mutton, long comforted himself he had never signed anything; but this did not help him out of Pirna, if considerably *into*. Maria Theresa, too, with troops ready massed on the border and Allies on march, when demanded would she attack him (Friedrich) this year or next? replied vaguely in limbo, swore the Partition Treaty against him non-extant, a thing of his own imagination merely. Whereon Carlyle comments: Since she would have shuddered at the lie direct, I suppose it was not on paper; but truer in fact no treaty could be. Had England ever honestly wrought that war in the East of Europe should not cause war in the West, she would have used her endeavours to induce France to terminate her Alliance with Russia; for this Alliance was the standing menace, and sole cause why war in the East should provoke war in the West. Had England ever wrought that she herself should not be involved in war through war in the East, she would have absolutely refused to enter into any arrangement with France so long as her alliance with Russia existed; would have made the termination of that alliance an inexorable *sine qua non* before she put herself under any species of obligation to assist France. These are certain facts, wholly indisputable. But England was possessed with a dread of German Aggression, to the blind-

ing of her eyes and the corruption of her heart; equally by them. And she wrought persistently in favour of mighty Combination which should effectually checkmate German evil intentions. Not *wishful* of war. If you please so to describe it, passionately desirous to preserve peace; and hoping to do so by raising such a formidable-looking barrier all round the Bad Teuton that he would never dare to try breaking it, but die in sight of victuals like goose surrounded by a circle drawn with chalk. For never yet were the counsels of men with such an aim informed by wisdom, but always have their plans been shady, and their workings brought upon them the thing they chiefly sought to avoid.

Last, in these Ostensibles, is Britain's Intervention.

Let us look first, though it does not come first in time, at that peculiar offer made by Sir Edward Grey, which has been applauded, by Sir E. T. Cook among others, as a sort of acme in magnanimous generosity, and sealing proof of intents charitable. It is in despatch number one hundred and one, where Grey offers thus: 'If the 'peace of Europe can be preserved and the present crisis 'safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some 'arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which 'she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy 'would be pursued against her or her allies by France, 'Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately. I have de-'sired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through 'the last Balkan Crisis, and Germany having a correspond-'ing object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has 'hitherto been too Utopian, Etc.' Of the value of such an offer, in International Politics, from the point of view of its being that of a single individual in the insecure tenure of a British State Secretaryship, it is superfluous to speak. Granting the promise binding on the nation,

on the three nations, it would remain sufficiently peculiar. In the first place it admits—shall we say frankly admits?—helplessly and in spite of itself, admits were nearer the mark, that the attitude of the three so promising nations had been and was of a nature to somewhat strongly call for assurance from them that their intents were not hostile or aggressive; and may surely at once pass muster as so far veridical. Whether the German would find it an item of much weight in assuring him of the fact so acknowledged? Hardly, I should think. Might better find it a sealing proof of the quality of our magnanimity and charitable purpose. But the message did not intend to convey recriminations on the past, nor shed light on it; it was for security in the future. Dear friend, not foe I hope this instant, submit to-day, at our ardent intercession let Austria go to pot, and *I* for reward, will promise to do my private utmost in the to-morrows to obtain for you an Agreement whereby each of these three now in threatened league against you shall enter into bond that they will never more, either singly or collectively, pursue a policy aggressive or hostile to you. Such fact, to drunk sense too Utopian, was all you ever sought, bond for it you never asked. But never again! Never again! I swear it on my knees beseeching grace. This shall be a lesson to me all my days remaining. If we can read it quite so without stretch, some breath of personal sympathy for Grey may well be in us. O, Sir Edward! this turn dropped from my pen as I wrote, without premeditation, and has banished all harsh feeling toward you. For I can believe it may have been thus with you. Yet the leopard does not change his spots. And as for any species of security to Germany in the future having been hereby offered, there is not the shadow of such a thing. Did the remorseful one, really or hypothetically remorseful, himself even contemplate a re-

moval of the fences, not a strengthening of them, if given further time to do it in? Checkmate to be abandoned? Perhaps I should not have gone so far in these ambiguous realms. Perpetual check, check, without a mate—or for your mate's sake, and your own—is also a known thing; if often pleasing to the checker, somewhat liable to grow irritating to the checkee. Then stalemate is surely the fairest draw of all, long reckoned even, and leaving honour to the staled. Chalk line itself can be charitably circumscribed, the confined ones grow fat enough; all circumscribers consent they'll not disturb the circle, and the Goose clearly a party to the compact. Happy stay within, instead of discontented; and our Policy triumph at last. See! child, we will teach you to build your own ring wall, at least you shall have a hand in building it, then shall you sit blessed in freedom from check, whilst we sweep wide o'er the earth in unburdened cheer. The offer was peculiar; if you can read a gleam of private grace in it, 'tis happy so far; but to speak of it as magnanimous, to refer to it in any way as of the smallest weight in the issues, betokens strange latitudes.

These things are a little pregnant, reader! Choice of sequence, not unadvised, would you grapple with the whole. Turn back, then, to what is called The Infamous German Bid for British Neutrality.

I will say foremost that this British description of Germany's conduct *is* 'amazing,' even to me. I have nowhere met the like of it; in sheer sodden mendacity of soul, it surpasses everything of its kind I have heard of, and deserves to be held in permanent record as a *non plus ultra* in that line. Here is no knave's shuffle, no hypocrite's deliberate suppression of the truth, but an open, publicly declared and printed, statement of the facts as they were; and then an interpretation instantly concluded of them,

for campaign of unctuous eloquence and self-righteous indignation, excuse and cover of most fateful deed, utterly and glaringly in total incompatibility with those facts, for which those facts offered no momentary possibility of a conceivable colour to any honest-minded mortal. Such emphatic stricture may not apply to many members of the general public who only heard of the facts through the interpretation, or along with it; but I could not reduce a syllable of this stricture for the men who gave out the interpretation at the same time that they made the facts known. Germany, looking into now almost certain war with Russia, and knowing, as you and all the world did, that France would not remain neutral but side with Russia, aware also of certain vain pretensions tenanted in British lodgings too sadly furnished with them, had the candour and forbearance, suppressing all comment on those pretensions, to say thus, through her Chancellor: 'That it 'was clear, so far as he was able to judge the main principle 'which governed British policy, that Great Britain would 'never stand by and allow France to be crushed in any 'conflict there might be.[1] That, however, was not the object 'at which Germany aimed. Provided that neutrality of 'Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be 'given to the British Government that the Imperial Gov-'ernment aimed at no territorial acquisition at the expense 'of France should they prove victorious in any war that 'might ensue.

'I (Sir E. Goschen) questioned his Excellency about the 'French Colonies, and he (the German Chancellor) said 'that he was unable to give a similar undertaking in that 'respect. As regards Holland, however, His Excellency 'said that, so long as Germany's adversaries respected the

[1] That same Britain that a little before had called it unwarrantable for Germany to refuse to stand by and see Austria crushed.

'integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany was 'ready to give His Majesty's Government an assurance that 'she would do likewise. It depended on the action of 'France what operations Germany might be forced to enter 'upon in Belgium, but when the war was over, Belgian 'integrity would be respected if she had not sided against 'Germany.' (Despatch number eighty-five.) What is there either of 'bid' or 'infamy' in this? What did you expect of Germany? That when engaged in war eastward, she should just shoulder arms along her western border; stand patiently waiting there till the French were ready to attack her; and then, in height of fantastic heroism merely defend the border, resolutely brush back, if she could (you will allow her that right, I suppose?) any French attempt to cross. Yet never under any provocation herself set foot beyond; and, when the war was over, retire with sage bow and lifted hat, remarking, Our deepest thanks to you, Messieurs, for this spiritual exercise, and all good hopes the amusement has proved beneficial to you. It verily seems that little short of this would have contented you. And I know that your rage arose through finding your baseless prescriptions not obeyed and diplomacy turned to water. What shadow of a title had Britain to settle the terms on which Germany should fight France, that Britain which had never done aught to keep France from seizing opportunity to satisfy grudge? Is Britain the God of this lower world? And what just God would lend cover to one to side against another, then forbid that other to exact the least penalty if victorious? You call it an infamous bid by Germany, and the fact was an infamous dictation of terms by Britain. Infamous dictation wisely recognised extant, and dealt with in an admirable restraint.

The German, wisely perceiving the existence of certain pretensions in some heads, where, however baseless in fact,

their existence can in verity become momentous enough, saw that it could profit nothing to give the least expression to his thoughts of those pretensions, though we need not doubt he had his thoughts, but in a manful prudence mildly enquired: How far do these Olympian ideas extend? Beyond *this?* And Britain, in immovable majesty, disdaining affront, replied from aloft: Of course, far beyond. Not outgone in forbearance at the first blush, merely with the eye suggested: Darest propose a limit to our sovereign jurisdiction? Who could treat with you, Gentlemen? Germany may defend her countries, quite large enough for her in our supreme decision, our Almightiness graciously concedes so much; but, by our omnipotence, and world-shaking nod, let her expend what blood and treasure she may, she shall go home again with nothing save her labour for her trouble; no hair of France's head shall be harmed, and she, meanwhile, under our sheltering wing, have free allowance, if victorious, to keep whate'er she can wrench. O soul of Equity! must not the whole just of the earth rise in sternest wrath to crush the thievish miscreant would not before entering conflict take oath on demand at once and humbly to observe these righteous terms? Truly, I have never met their match, and grow in respect for the German could still restrain and try yet further: Will you if we promise not to infringe Belgian neutrality—and even, it would seem by speech in Parliament, though it is not in White Paper, forego our right to attack the northern coasts of France—shall you, even on these extreme compliances with your Lordship's *arbitrium*—and bravely, without a hint they were compliances and the *arbitrium* most exsufflicate—refuse to promise neutrality? Imperious Yes, we will and do refuse. We may perhaps, on those conditions, permit you to enter the war without us for terrible opposite, but will give you no manner of assurance that, once in, we

will not fall upon you in time and circumstance convenient for us. 'Tis easy now to see that the second offer was useless; for he who named the first a 'bid' and 'infamous' could only be confirmed in exalted spurn by an amendment conceding more to folly's vain impious challengings. O British Jove offended! ominously grasping the lightning, I can tell you one way in which Germany's 'bid' if *then* ever made, might have been *infamous.* The way of own course honourable, when the bare suggestion of your dreaming to lay down a rule whereby she should fight might well have shocked you with its atrocity.

Along with this claim to dictate the conditions of Germany's combat with France, simultaneous throughout, runs the figment of British Free Hand, no binding obligation to bestir on France's behalf, but liberty to take any side according to judgment of merits of each particular case might arise. You pledge yourself to maintain Belgian neutrality (whereon a word further shortly); you stand resolved that you will permit to Germany no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France, or her Colonies, in other words, that, if she have war with France, she shall on its conclusion go home again with nothing but her labour for her trouble; what more one knows not; but finally, and above all, you undertake to protect the northern coasts of France and prevent by force any attack upon them by Germany. And then you say you were not under treaty obligations to fight on France's behalf! Never was more hideous mockery of faith; vilest conspiracy, plotting for attack and partition, were clean in comparison. Those despatches of Sir Edward Grey's, wherein he expounded to France and Russia the delicate and fine distinctions which left Britain no treaty ally but a member of *Entente,* with hand free, were not purposely *cunning* at all, yet did

simply *point the way.* The Russ was thick of comprehension at first, but the nimble Celt perceived in a twinkling, and with eyes privately twinkling, though listening to Sir Edward's dissections with all sobriety of countenance. Just so, your Excellency. The British Lion owns no harness, and the Island Ape which rides him cannot intervene *except* under certain contingencies. Adieu, till to-morrow; we will not importune you till wanted, and when wanted you have told us. We proceed then alone, yet secure of your aid the moment we act thus and thus. [Incredible as it may seem to a German, only credible as it is to Man when sadly conversant with the phosphorescences which once noble moralities gone putrid sometimes exhibit, Sir E. Grey did *not* mean: Act you in such and such a fashion in order that our hands may appear clean to the world; he wrote in *sincerity,* what is called sincerity, yet no whit the less simply pointed the way.]

Instead of open declaration of common cause with France, conclusion of definite alliance offensive and defensive, you gave France secretly the utmost cover it was in your power to give short of such definite bond, and properly it was not for France's sake but for your own. And then, if the German would have conformed to the outrageous conditions imposed on him by that cover, you might perhaps have been content to stand neutral. Great was your magnanimity! noble your rage that the Teuton rejected your conditions. The Prime Minister made a great point in his speech, and inflamed the country with 'infamous' German, by exclaiming: Were we to stand by with folded arms and see the northern coast of France bombarded! that coast left undefended through our agreements with France! Most true, *by your agreements!* How came those coasts to be defenceless? Why was the French fleet concentrated in the Mediterranean? You secretly

made compact to defend those coasts so that the French fleet could leave them; and then exclaim as if their defenceless state were one of helpless innocence, calling to humanity for protection, came by no subtilty of yours; and say you had free hand to decide every case on its merits! It is the fearfulest exhibition of shameless sodden mendacity I have come across; no 'perfidy' could be worse, if this be not perfidious. You wished *peace* you say? And, to preserve it, privately made arrangement with one neighbour which gave him the fullest cover you could contrive; for the other, had thereby laid down conditions of combat utterly outrageous, devoid of any sort of basis ouside your own convenience: Then proclaim yourself Champion of Right unwillingly forced into war by considerations of highest duty, because the one made that use of the cover afforded him he was sure to make and the other refused your delirious prescriptions of conduct for him!

On the question of Belgian Neutrality it is not necessary to say more than a word further. One could have well wished it respected by all, but knows not how it could have been so by Germany. One thing is quite certain, it was not Britain that should have been foremost in demanding it, but Belgium herself, in direct friendly interchange with Germany, not through appeal to Britain in preconclusion of hostility and palpable leaning to one side; or, next, by France, equally in the way of direct mutual agreement with Germany; and Britain only, if at all, as honestly impartial third. But it is folly to speak of the probities which might have been. Alas! no, which never had a chance of being. For Britain to demand it as she did, especially in conjunction with other items in the same despatch, was at once a threat of Beware! or I come in, unless you conform to my rules as self-constituted Marshal

of these Lists. And thus, to the German, the thing was from the first suspicious, and to be rejected, as obviously not demanded for equity but in the interests of his adversaries. For Germany to grant it, too, was a much heavier demand than for France. The German said he had unimpeachable evidence that France meant to attack him in that quarter; and personally, I have little doubt the French assurance was given in the certainty it would never be required of them to fulfil it; that the swifter moving German would be the first to cross the border, and so they could throw the opprobrium upon him without risk to themselves. For the Belgians, it is sure that, however they may have desired to escape damage, they were not neutral of spirit but exceedingly adverse to Germany. It has been said, since the war began, that, if France had violated Belgian Neutrality, Britain would equally have gone to war: It is sufficiently probable she would—on just the same side she now has. Britain would not have sided with Germany against France for Belgium's sake. All men know that completely, and the saying she would is a deliberate Lie, straightforward enough for once. A thing just safely *said* after, known without any foundation. A most godless farce is all this pretence of British championship of Belgium. On every ground, care of Belgium's welfare would have counselled: Yield. On that compulsion, yield; grant the Germans the free passage they demand. This alone had been the magnanimous course, and most earnest persuasion of any champion for Belgium. I am not quite saying you were called to do this; but you are emphatically called to admit that, in urging Belgium to resist to the utmost on promises of help you knew could never reach her in time, you were deliberately throwing her under the harrow of war, to possible loss of national independence, for no other object than to gain time for

yourselves. Had Belgium then been Ally the urgement to resist had been fair; to a neutral, it had nothing in it 'magnanimous,' can only pass as natural to self-seekers diligent to use all means within reach to gain their own ends. Neither is there any manner of doubt that Britain solely ever undertook to support Belgian Neutrality by force for her own interests in fear of Germany's power.

In summary of these Ostensible Causes: Except, it is a big exception, Britain's possession by dread of German Aggression, involuntarily made all too apparent, no Real Cause comes to light. And, when you speak of Real Causes, you have to ask, even of that Dread, whence came it? What ground, if any, had it to stand on? Hence no answer whatever is given here to the question—Why are we at war? but only is how we have come to be at war a little told. And the true value of these White Paper Despatches is as documents testifying of the integrity of the several writers, as representing their nations, or at least Governments. In this view, the Servian is cunning shifty, and wittingly never shows true face. The Austrian and Russian keep their motives hidden, reveal to impertinent curiosity no more than their proud heights deem suitable. The French are clear, incisive, declare a singleness of purpose, whatever wiliness of method; namely to make the most of the opportunity if it come now, with readiness to wait for a better if need be. In the German a grand resolvedness, weight of meaning, sagacious instead of alert; very determined indeed, yet restrained forbearance, rising to fateful enterprise unescapable in meditations cloudy profound; their words have everywhere a right sterling ring. In the British an utter hollowness, most zealous pleading far removed from all contact with the facts. No secrecy of the

conscious hypocrite, but that *bottomless* mendacity which, self-contemplating its own false face truly rendered back in the mirror, cries on the world to witness, Saw ye ever a fairer or more blameless!

CHAPTER III

BALANCE OF POWER

III

BALANCE OF POWER

MANY other Ostensible Reasons for this war and the diplomacy which led up to it, besides those exhibited in the White Paper, have been urged by responsible persons; and among them we find the time-worn plea that a pure zeal for the maintenance of what is called the Balance of Power entered largely into the matter. Now, where this argument is put forth, it is, of course, assumed, by way of fundamental axiom necessary to the argument's validity, to be desirable that no one European Power should grow much stronger than another; also that it is possible for human skill to prevent such an unhappy occurrence. Alas! sirs, we drop plumb down at the first step; and have to amend the axiom before we can so much as start, or even get foothold to stand on. Ideals are so lovely, contemplated in vacant azure; and we all know how clay-encumbered they become when translated into the prose of earth. In view, therefore, of the so evident undesirability to each Power of such restriction on its own growth, the axiom is made to run that it is desirable for the nations to be so grouped together into two opposing camps that the collective strength of each group shall balance that of the other; and possible for human skill to achieve *this,* though the perfect ideal be abandoned as too Utopian. But thus at last, say the adherents to this Political Doctrine, shall Peace be kept. Namely, by the obvious futility of a war infallibly bound to result in a mere draw, and so prove

sheer loss to every party. At the risk of condemnation for again slitting up a Moon-calf unkillable, one might begin by asking: When did the world ever see this, I will not say actually done, but so much as verily aimed at? When ever yet was it the aim of the Group, any more than of the nation, to simply balance the opposite group, and not to *over*balance to its own side? You that see blessedness in the possible attainment and preservation of Even Poise, search through world-history and all diplomacy's workings and minings since Adam, we give you a wide range, and then announce to us *one instance* of a nation or group, grown heavier in those sacred scales of yours, *reducing* its strength to restore the equality and bring the obliquity of the Ecliptic back to its proper position. We are ready to give you hundreds of instances of self-sacrifice and martyrdoms more heroic than this done and suffered for very strange faiths. Come, gentlemen, out with your instance. Where is the Unique? Maybe some of us would like to go on pilgrimage to its shrine. Well, if you cannot afford us this satisfaction, may we ask: Wherein does this holy zeal for Balance differ from the zeal endemic in every pot of vipers, where each struggles to get its own head uppermost: Two *knots* of them struggling for the super-poise, you say, instead of each singly. And *that* the divine exorcism of sinful lust? It is to be feared not; but only some crafty priest's absolution conundrum. Germany's overweening pride, you commence again— But, excuse me, you must not, not on this hypothesis of Balance. For how can you possibly bring any question of morality into this? By this hypothesis, the strength of the opposing parties is to be kept equal; and I never heard that such a thing was desirable between Good and Evil. But perhaps you were going to conclude, as on the premises you quite fairly might, that the said overweening pride, by disturbing the

poise, made it in the interests of justice incumbent upon you to help the other scale with a due modicum of the same article? In which case, I beg pardon for the interruption. Nevertheless, some among us misdoubt that a Balance so kept level must need pretty continual adjustment, remain ever tremulous, and little hope of a stable equilibrium being reached for it this side of doomsday. Are we, then, really asked to believe that all that diplomacy was to preserve Equality, the present battling to restore *it?* Britain, perceiving that the German scale was becoming the heavier, flung a spare million tons or so into the Franco-Russian; and now, having flung her whole weight in undisguisedly, purposes to stop fighting as soon as the scales come about to par again; forbidding any overplus at the Franco-Russian end of the beam with the same magnanimous resolution that she forbade it at the Teuton's? No intention to throw Germany on her beam-ends, Lord! no. Where would the Balance be then! But the diplomatists are never weary, would soon construct afresh with all the old checks and appliances. My friends, your Balance of Power, as a thing ever actually aimed at, is a Lie total.

What of it as a Notion? Now I should be loath to tell you of notions more seraphical, said Oliver, with a certain archness. Men have had them, spent their blood like water for them. Reverting to it again, then, as a pure Ideal, in somewhat different sense, Emersonian superior to considerations of friction. What is it? Very *un*-Emersonian, whose call was Forward! in the limitless ethereal which knows no bond and expands forever in the light oceans of intelligence. Dear old *status quo.* Such a homely and practical sound! Seems rather a sudden drop from aërial speculation and notions seraphical? Why, truly, I cannot warrant either the aërialness or seraphicality; yet, however

broad-based, thick-quilted in habitude, and stolid in inertia, no notion is more utterly a nothingness and dream of air. In any time, let the now existing boundaries and powers remain without further change; it is always so comforting to many to imagine that this can be; and, naturally, the more so to those on whom the fates are not calling for increase but for allowance to new Power, which also has its part to play in their arena. The thing cannot be done; for the powers and boundaries are under an irresistible compulsion to change so long as Time lasts, and wisdom never is a blind resistance to this law. Mere clutching at the wheel of destiny, of old proverbial for height of perilous folly. Does not every nation grow from small beginnings to a mighty stature? And who shall ever say to it, Hitherto and no further? Neither the flow nor the ebb can be prevented; all diplomacy's workings thither directed sheer cobweb, and battlings futile. As a Notion, this maintenance of Balance is the ancient thought, now *known* infidel, that the Future can be chained under the Past and the Present; endeavoured, forever doomed to utter impotence.

Carlyle spoke of this matter directly, and, for the noble, with conclusive finality. Hear a few of his words on it: '"Balance of Power, they tell me, is in a dreadful way: '"Certainly if one can help the Balance a little, why not? '"But Julich and Berg, one's own outlook of reversion '"there, that is the point to be attended to:—Balance, I be-'"lieve, will somehow shift for itself!" On these princi-'ples Friedrich Wilhelm signed. . . . Fleury and George 'stand looking with intense anxiety into a certain spectral 'something, which they call the balance of Power; no end to 'their exorcisms in that matter. Truly, if each of the 'Royal Majesties and Serene Highnesses would attend to 'his own affairs,—doing his utmost to better his own land

'and people, in earthly and in heavenly respects a little,— 'he would find it infinitely profitabler for himself and 'others. And the Balance of Power would settle, in that 'case, as the laws of gravity ordered which is its one 'method of settling after all diplomacy! . . . "Tush, child, ' "you do not understand. In these tremendous circum- ' "stances, the celestial Sign of the *Balance* just about cant- ' "ing, and the obliquity of the Ecliptic like to alter, how ' "can one think of little marriages? Wait 'til the Obliq- ' "uity of the Ecliptic come steadily to its old pitch." '— *Frederick, Bk. 5, Chap. 3.*

Ah, my brothers, if you would look up to Celestial Signs you might find them very steady; but, when your battle-smoke has cleared away once more and you do see the stars still there in their unerring courses, what sort of an earth will you have made out among you for them to look down upon? Think not that your eyes were on celestial signs when you awakened this hell-pit, for they were not. And had Britons hearkened to that Voice of the Age, which is to sound through Ages yet and be heard by others if it will not by them, then had the word Balance of Power vanished from their vocabulary, or remained only as a by-word of contempt, if it could not reach the silence which wraps all sin and delusion in pity.

It is no argument in *favour* of a falsity that it owes its currency to its being a perversion of a truth; for that is what all falsities do, and the very wherefore of their detestableness. Two things, neither of them by any means merely notional, but of an extremely real existence in the actual world of politics, the one just and the other vicious, work under the name of solicitude for the Balance of Power; or rather, I am afraid, it is mainly or solely the latter which so works, under pretence of being the former: I mean Precaution against Unjust Encroachment, and En-

deavour to prevent or hinder Sound Growth. It is through professing to be for the first of these that Balance of Power arguments are able to pass so loosely by; but it is the second which always informs them with virulent life, and to it do they owe their grip upon jealous mankind. Neither of them has any more concern with the balancing of power than with the unbalancing, and when that plea is made, the first is seldom or never within it; for truth rejects a lying guise; whilst the second rarely parades in any other dress than this. Unless by good fortune it can don a sacerdotal, so gain title to excommunicate the Common Enemy—I will not say of Europe, but leave it large. Why soar so high a flight as this either, when a mere police tunic, more suitable to these civil ages, might yield a yet desirable title to exterminate? Or in our days of *Specials*,[1] just in workaday suit with all sins unannelled, volunteer yourself Constable sworn to do the Almighty's bidding. Which, no doubt, you *know*?

Yes, both these things are very real; and it will not at all satisfy that you admit the first only, not abhorring, not diplomatising and battling as strenuously against the second. Unjust Encroachments, or attempts at them, are constantly being made by ambitious neighbours, and equally perennial, quite equally damnable and banned of God, are the Endeavours of jealous and envious nations to prevent a neighbour's increase of power, simply because that Increase would be unwelcome to them. Are not *these* two things twin brethren of one soul; all exclamations at the former

[1] The large numbers of special constables were sworn in in England on outbreak of war. The author living among the numbers, and having done his share of road patrolling in winter nights, examining church steeples for wireless installations and other freaks of shyitis dictation. When a nation sinks into venomous suspicion and kills the prey of its own delusions!

as nefarious by those actuated by the latter a damned hypocrisy? You may have laid it down as a fundamental law of your policy, to be acted on the moment occasion arise, that a certain Nation shall not acquire what would raise it to an equality with, or preponderance over yourself; but, unless there are reasons—and, mark you, I do not say unless you can advance reasons, but simply unless there are reasons—why this should not occur, your 'law' is null. In fact, it is not a law laid down, and you would have been wiser not to call it so, but only a claim entered. You have entered this claim; and such claims can be entered in faith, or from an instinct, which after events prove to have been well founded; but you mistake radically in imagining that the fact of entry justifies title. So far, it is nothing but a claim, with all evidence to support it or controvert it still to be heard. It is to heaven you have appealed, and *I* know myself wholly incompetent to give the answer; do merely examine the manner in which you have made the appeal, and your motives in making it, so far as visible.

Here, then, may be the place to ask the Reader to distinguish well between those Certainties and Dubieties spoken of in Proem; between things asserted to be and things left, whether temporarily or permanently, in the clouds of uncertainty. I think I may say that such clear division between the known and the unknown does exist in my own mind in all now being written of. This is not intended for flattering unction; no reader need imagine I am going to turn things round, conclude to his comfort the Briton is the right god after all, the German a cursed miscreant. Nothing like it; nor quite the reverse, either! Yet remember that no degree of evil in one will make another virtuous; that because one is wrong, it does not by any means always follow the other is right; much less

that there is no deeper law of right and wrong than any we can fathom, by *which* the Issue is really sure to go. Gain the victory, either side, and will it profit you to believe you got it by what chiefly put it in jeopardy, *nearly* o'erwhelmed? Do so, and the next time it will be more than nearly. But does man owe his strength to his foes' wickedness? His strength, his valour and wisdom which can alone be his strength, must be in him as a living fountain, pure and to keep pure. If not *enough* in him, the wickeder may have the triumph; and he, cleansed, re-emerge to the lasting victory, if not on earth, then in eternity. Yea, give over the notion, too, that however *much* in him, the rightly noble can always outfence every terrestrial opposite. What does our highest symbol, the Cross, symbolise, if not the renunciation of that proud dream? Renunciation more victorious than any victory.

Cognate with which more general reflections are these particular ones that, whereas the Unjust Encroachments and all the diplomacies which envelop them are necessarily unwise, the Precautions taken against them may be either wise or foolish; and that, whilst the jealous-born Endeavours to Limit are inevitably vicious in their origin and their every manifestation, the Entity they seek to restrict may be anything from demigod to gallows-carrion, his thrust and parry exhibit the whole range of human faculty, heroic to subter-brutish. By the hypothesis in each case, the godly is excluded from the one side; but it is not therefore to be found on the other, or the devilish absent. It is partly this which so normally renders it difficult to know which side has the right; especially since, what in matters international is eminently true, it is never a case of Right *versus* Wrong, but only of a preponderance of right on one side, of wrong on the other. An argument, by the by, which those opposed to a very preponderant

right are exceedingly fond of—when beaten; they never give it a hearing *till*. Yet it is not difficult to know these four: The Unjust Encroacher, and the Human Warder against him; the Envious Seeker to him, and the Living Irresistibility impelled by Nature's force to reach the full stature he is capable of. For the methods, whole procedure of the genuine two are as totally diverse from those of the spurious two as their spirits are. The genuine are, of course, very similar to each other; likewise the spurious. Unjust Encroacher and Jealous Suppresser are as said, one identity; he who is himself rich in noble expansive vitality will prove the surest guardian against wrongful aggression, as the stoutest uprooter of fences set up without warrant. The eighteenth century Austrian, who joined in Partition Treaties to keep down a Prussia threatening to grow out of small into Great, was the same entity that itself sought to swallow Bavaria; and the Friedrich, who expounded in true virile development, was the same who by Fürstenbond checked his aggressive neighbour's expansion. Remember those examples, study them and learn how the Unjust Encroachers and the Jealous Forbidders wrought all by sly methods; and, claiming Justice the while, charged on the neighbour all those iniquities themselves were guilty of. How the Expander in nature's development claimed only what was his right; and, when forbidding aggression in another, stepped frankly in on hest of an express infringement of right then in course of perpetration.

Then look at the present case and ask yourself which category it comes under. We none of us believe for an instant that Britain plotted for a wanton encroachment on Germany; so that that goes out of the reckoning at once, though France and Russia may not be so easily absolvable, and Britain's alliance with them leaves her doings not a

little ambiguous to many. I shall call it an alliance, unless, perchance, conspiracy be a truer synonym for your *Entente!* Granting this, the Briton did not conspire with the Frank and Russ out of lust for German territory. No; it was out of sheer dread and timorous apprehension. Our much valiant leaders have assured all Peoples of this, and tabled satisfying proof. Britain's awful cover was lent that pair of lovely innocents to warn the Wicked One, subdue him by majesty of mien; no bond to enter strife, nor resolution to, unless her fearful countenance proved unavailing, when, of course, the Incorrigible's guilt must assoilize her. Likewise does all question of Germany having acted out of jealousy of neighbour's increasing power go out of the reckoning; *that* is not the thing charged, nor have you anywhere claimed that she was inspired by the same high motives as yourselves. The charge is that Germany was meditating wanton aggression; upon whom is not exactly clear, but pretty well all creation within feasible clutch, as we are asked to believe. And the Plea is that Britain acted in needful Precaution against this meditated aggression, *not* from jealous determination to forbid increase. Verily? Will you stand to that? The Just will listen to no plea of needful precaution put forward by one in whom the jealous forbiddal was. But you do rather corner a man, and make it difficult for him to define your doings without palpable contradiction of them. State one thing fairly and in accord with your plea, then proceed to its companion inseparable in integrity and the ground yawns under one; yet, perhaps, after all, these things do but render the true definition the clearer. One has to look things in the face, too, and take by the beard if need be. You see, at any rate, that I give no allowance to your axiom that Germany was never to grow any bigger, if much at a loss to know where she was trying it in late

conjunctures. I have yet no surety the Eternal has not ordained she shall grow considerably bigger. But how is it possible to state your case for you, if, the moment after one thing is agreed for premise, you stop me with a tenet wholly opposite to its direct infallible corollary? Impossible to state it *for you* on those terms, yet still possible to state. Motive pure precaution against unjust encroachment contemplated in general, no instance given; therefore motive not envious, jealous, acts not informed by least desire to prevent or hinder healthy expansion and true growth. Nay, by God, sir, she shall not acquire another acre, not even if victorious in war with one who refused to stand neutral. Is she not the one Power we need to fear, sole Rival to our sway, and single nation that we dare not face without a double backing? Cut *her* down; no other aspires to our sublime level. *Thou* a Briton to whom the World belongs, and not zealous for so dangerous a co-exister's reduction! Sirs, I live in the world and could welcome a Peer. Yet in the lists for Rivalry your axiom is valid; and, having claimed brute nature, you must be left to its trial of strength. Not overchivalrous lists in this case; much advantage prepared and taken for the onslaught. But I well knew how largely the sin lay simply in co-existence.

And if instances of the intended agressions *be* given? But look first at those ascriptions of boundless ambition to the German. And wisely, for they came first and begot the instances. That nothing in past German history or character lends credit to them, is easily conceivable as father of the ambition ascribed, can go for nothing with you; since there is so much in your own lying accounts of that history and character which, if true, would support them; which, as false, so obviously declares the parentage not of the ambition but of the ascription of it. Lying

accounts still persisted in the teeth of the fullest and most indubitable revelations of the truth long standing printed among you; written by him to whom the fairest American said you owed your further lease of power. And Emerson touched on a most profound fact there: It is to Carlyle, immeasurably more than to any other man, that Britain owes her continued lease of power, though now exulting in denial of his word, as those sons of Belial that dwell in her, dragging her in leash, or swelling the free cry, have throughout done. Not much wonder that *they* should either, considering what a scourging he gave them. As of old, too, they shout We are the Nation, we; and the whole Empire solidly endorses, none able to gainsay. Man of integrity, slow to believe his neighbour guilty of outrage yet reluctantly compelled, would have first made very sure of the fact; and then, if wishful to persuade us, would have brought his evidence, saying: By these fruits know the tree which bore them. Not so here; quite reverse wise: First attribute the aggressive temper, and then interpret every motion made. Accept as an article of religious faith that this German nation meditated evil; and then see if each step it takes does not confirm to the hilt. I never knew it to fail to, on those conditions. But it was highly necessary to instill this belief first, or to have it spontaneously ready far and wide, needing only to be harped on; since without it the instances given, which with it proved so conclusive of devilish purpose, would have sounded very curious. The manner of presenting the instances was also in perfect harmony. For the Arouser of the Nation's Rage did not commence an argument by saying Germany seeks to conquer Normandy, etc. No, he *appealed:* If the Netherlands, Belgium, Normandy became German; or if France without loss of territory became more or less subject to Germany—think what the consequences to us would be!

Of course the audience had no moment's doubt the enormity was purposed, and rose in fury, swearing: It shall never be, while Britons live. I do not wonder that Germans think these things were adroit, astute, etc., though I know they came not by cunning calculation, but through the speaker's own fore-persuasion, far removed from veracity. Had the presentation of the instances been in the form of measured statement of facts, with argument You should act thus and thus in consequence, some might have asked amazedly, What evidence do these 'facts' of yours afford? Germany guaranteed the Netherlands; ditto Belgium, if she did not side against her; Normandy, too, was secure by the offered agreement not to take French territory whilst France and all things French had remained unharmed, if she would but have stood neutral, which if she refused to do it was surely at her own risk. But the Appeal swept all before it by recounting these things itself, as in a frankness that had nothing to conceal; we mention them, indeed, and you all know what credit to attach: the enormities were purposed; frightful aggression is now in course of perpetration,—through our and France's rejection of every term, the more magnanimous the hotter brand we infamous, also freely told. And yet the fever incongruity carried with dissentient: not one solitary Mr. Viner[1] to get on his legs.

If now we look at the charge against Germany, namely that she was meditating Unjust Encroachments, shall we say that it wholly collapses? We must say so, of the charge. Shall we, then, say that it has been proved Germany had no aggressive intentions? Negatives are difficult, often quite impossible to prove. It may be that to a generous

[1] Mr. Viner was the sole man in British Parliament who protested that the justice of Friedrich's claim to Silesia should be examined before it was concluded devilish and warred against by Britain.

mind a vicious accusation soils the accuser only, leaves the accused in fairer esteem. True, moreover, that a malicious indictment, sinking into unseemly heap when subjected to cross-examination, impotent to establish the guilt it asserted, does yield an increased likelihood no guilt was there; because it is so much more usually the virtuous that are the objects of such attacks. But this is the utmost that can be affirmed as the result of an examination conducted as this of ours is, namely by dissection of the Prosecutor's evidence alone, without ever calling on the Defendant for his. And we do not call on you for generosity. We shall say simply that, whether responsible German statesmen,—we do not need to go to Germany for Jingoes and Rabids,—had cloud-dreams of a new Western Empire, Britain its pretty islet, or not, the demand, or suggestion of French Neutrality is by itself sufficient to absolve them of having had any immediate purpose of trying to realize those dreams. Alas! France and Britain would not let Germany fight Russia alone, less victor she should grow mightier. By responsible British Statesmen's own showing, it was this Dread of Ultimate Aggression, and no imminency of aggression that brought the war west.

Then look at the Plea again, namely that Britain's measures were Precautionary against foul offence, not jealous of neighbour's growing power. It collapses totally, in every sense. For grant that the aggressions were intended, that Germany, in those large schemes you are so sure of in her haughty noddle, did purpose to advance like an Attila Host west, once secure of inroad from the east, and you will surely not call your 'precautions' noble or wise? Good heaven! I know not what meaning you attach to the words 'noble' and 'wise'; what *ig*nobility and height of folly you would not so denominate. But I do know that no man to whom those words were rightly applicable could have acted

in any single step of this business as you have done; *his* methods, whole mode of procedure, like his spirit, had been different from yours *in toto coelo.* We have seen what the British methods actually were; *integrity's* ward of injustice nowhere to be found in them. And if any of those so feared acquisitions by Germany should now take place, rightfully or wrongfully on her part, who and what, think you, will have precipitated, furthered such result? But if British whole procedure has been completely incompatible with the knightly guard against wrong, it has been very consonant with the jealous endeavour to stop growth; nor have I the smallest doubt that the central principle of our policy here, admitted or not admitted to themselves by the contrivers of it, has been prevention, if possible and by all available means, of any further increase of Germany's power. Neither did this principle of policy arise solely through threatened equality or preponderance, so unwelcome to Races long dominant, but from far deeper causes also; causes not to be entered on in this chapter.

CHAPTER IV

SYSTEMS OF ALLIANCES

IV

SYSTEMS OF ALLIANCES

THIS chapter is, of course to be something of a sister to the preceding; and we propose going through it thus: Namely, to open with a brief glance at *Systems* of Alliances. But, quickly, leaving this, to look at National Alliances, as generically, Engagements entered into for all manner of purposes; for performance of which all manner of bonds are given. Then, thirdly, to consider the fundamental distinctions by which such engagements can be everywhere more properly divided into *Alliances* and *Conspiracies.* Fourthly to remind you of those profounder depths, cognizance of the existence of which leads you to know that human compacts are much more determined by elective Affinities, elemental Repugnances, than by motives of Expediency, temporary interest. Concluding the chapter with an examination of each of the 'Alliances' in present case.

(1) *Systems* of Alliances are part and parcel of the Balance of Power doctrine; and are as disreputable, *lying,* and frightfully pernicious. They are a making of friends, instead of a choosing; and friendships cannot be made to any doctor's prescription. I stand too solitary in creation, see my brother over there hobnobbing with his 'longside mistress and her one-time leg, now grown independent, stretched out away from him; fear he means to cozen over to himself what was her neck, whereon two heads have since gemmated.[1] Most ominous! I must myself in haste con-

[1] Italy, the Rhine countries, the Netherlands (now Holland and Belgium), all at one time Austrian.

fabulate *per contra;* temper the Bear with honey and train oil, make him sweet with Oriental spice, stroke down the Leg, and take exception to no wanton kick in Tripoli, the toe scarce reached to Egypt; cocker up the heads, or one of them, to spit back fire if coaxed or threatened, ('tother's too phlegmatic, and I've had experience in hoisting *him;* believe he'll prove intractable to Teuton's wile): Above all must I make love to the bright-eyed Celt: a pretty enough bedfellow and nothing jealous, though her whim of having me couple with her huge hairy pet goes something against stomach; but if, out for a jaunt together, the fashion of that darling creature's garments be commented on, I too can say they are Persian. Misery of various sorts does make a man acquainted with queer fish for bedfellows. Alack! Bull, could you see yourself, as for clouded sense you cannot, you might marvel how you came by such a pair of simultaneous unmentionables. Surly Hyperborean and brisk light-wench, the pink of tripping politeness, what made *them* unite in soliciting, lead you on betwixt to tumble for their sport? Shocking, O Bull! and sport with professionals known something mercenary. But did you ever try begetting Futurity's Hope on the like of these before? And would not bachelorship have been preferable to yielding up your house to their mad racket, even if no legitimate wife to help keep it in order were obtainable? 'Twas not my own house, growls he; had to go abroad, mind *theirs* for them: All that bad brother's fault; and, damn him; *he* shall pay for the crockery my dear's broken. Besides, I know he meant to smash me *next.* Well, if the *brother* were admitted, however cursed for the nonce, there might still be hope that rage fraternal could yet end in amity.

I stand too solitary in creation; and once I thought the isolation splendid. Why, surely, if you did take pride in isolation, it was but an opposite phasis of the self-same

spirit which later made you slink in with Trinculo and company; such benighted companionship the just god's punishment for the pride. But to check wild play and try it a third time: I stand too solitary in creation.—Truly! Bull, I think in a way you do. Not many an honoured Paterfamilias and Citizen of earnest state, by nature so heavy-laden, pious, have I seen careering on the public highways with so oddly matched a pair, one on either arm; kiddy Japs and Portugals incited to join in, and all the decent family in uproar at your heels. Or a fourth time, and get it; for you see how much I have it at heart to check wild play unbecoming to staid and solid Papa. I do not mean to argue that a nation should seek to stand alone, take pride in isolation, any more than a man should. How then come by ally? Even as the private man should. By doing each its own task manfully, in self-sufficiency competent to stand single, yet open to all noble brotherhood and loyal copartnery; thereby growing into sterling amity with any other that so does and stands. We have to choose our friends indeed, and he is wise who can do that well. Yet every worthy would shrink from exercising diligence to obtain a friend. If met, he is the grace of heaven; which does shower its riches round, and many pass over for one that clasps and cherishes the godsend. Such things may sound strange to diplomatists; yet I can believe in diplomatists also who would recognise them for essence, without which the thickest, most unsightly husk were empty of kernel, much more gilded shell manufactured that never was borne by the living. Now *System* of Alliances stands in direct opposition to this; starts with the idea that friends must be obtained, as dangerous to be without; that, in short, you must go out into the market and buy them for what they can be got for. Doubtless, in general, the cheaper the better; yet supreme skill and triumph in outbidding. A haggling temper

scarcely commendable where Kingdoms and Principalities are up at auction,—reserve shrouded in mystery, and risk of withdrawal if it be not reached. In which view, there are perhaps few concerns wherein British large-mindedness and open-handedness shine out with so pure an effulgence as in this of *Bidding* for Allies. Little George [1] went running round to everybody, eagerly enquiring; Will you fight? Here's for you, if so,—hand to breeches' pocket accompanying. But of all bargains ever struck by Britain (or captures made, if you prefer that description), the late one with France will probably be allowed the brightest jewel in her diadem; so vast a largess thrown, and *no* return demanded, except simply to persist in her own will. Yea, of yore, Britain knew no price too high where duty called. And, then, the godly often have to hire who will not fight for love.—or make assurance doubly sure. Moreover, if it was all done to secure Ally for own safety, were not that in perfect accord with the principle of *System?* Hold! or we shall be concluding the fifthly before we've commenced the firstly. There is no firstly; *Systems* of Alliances are wind and blue vapour. Besides, I told you we should only *glance* and ever quickly leave it.

Yea, but in another sense, there is. For it is too palpable now to all men that Systems of Alliances have involved the world in war through a dispute between two. Not mere wind and blue vapour this. Well was it written, the wildest dreams and most spectral Shadow Hunts of men can *catch hold* of facts and send them madly whirling; or, if not that, catch *fire* themselves. Here have you been in vain wisdom sky-building to your fancy; hoping by evident mightiness of sequel to prevent the small beginning might spread none could know whither. You would be gods to know whither, and settle that beforehand. Now that the sequel is upon

[1] George II, *vide Friedrich.*

you with a vengeance, do you know whither? One has heard of many contrivances for building houses fireproof, but this was the strangest: To build a costly palace, or world's Town Hall and Council House, with saloons for Concert richly dight, entirely of explosives, and then inhabit it, O, Nations all! secure at last that none dare strike a light. But why should *I* continue? Have not the heavens *pronounced* verdict? Light struck; and more fearful condemnation of mortals' doing seldom thundered over earth from Almighty's throne.

(2) National Alliances as, generically, Engagements entered into for all manner of purposes; for performance of which all manner of bonds are given. I meant this definition to cover all possible agreements between nations which can be formulated and signed as treaties: Which *can* be, I say, whether they are or not. *Ententes*, I know, reckon themselves very slippery fish. The Agreement may be good or evil, sound or rotten; no restriction of that kind, nor in degree of import; neither are ink and parchment, bewitnessed signatures, or solemnities of seals affixed, necessary to it; side glances *tell* what should be understood without, and the continent impassive the better read each other, none wist they had a thing in common, or ever met before. To be the agreement must, of course, exist; the limit here that it be for definable objects, could name specific items. Often it is reckoned more desirable to leave the object undefined. The *Entente* gave out no aim save sweet reciprocity; milk of human kindness flowing free o'er gall of bitterness. How lovely! For, of course, it was to heal and not to hide? Gall, submerged from view, gained no increase by being shielded from the physicing sunlight all rejoiced to see play on the milk? Items may require to be specific, that of engaging to protect the northern coasts of France was sufficiently so; and highly desirable to keep from the light!

Lest the nation, catching sight of it, should have cried Stop! We see the object: This pleasant flirting is growing too dangerous practical. We keep it from the light! How can you say so? answer they. The item, possibly, as decency ordained; but you cannot have the face to say you never saw the object? No, gentlemen, I saw it lang syne, and have not the face which you and the nation unfortunately have. The nature of the *Entente* was clearly the same as that of the Kingship and Church, transparent humbug; and the Decency Principle was precisely what made it acceptable to a People long used to such, every mortal that asked himself full witting. Bond for performance, too, why should this be given in a mere *Entente?* Sacrament of marriage inviolable is called in question nowadays, and *Union Libre* is more accordant with freedom's spirit. Offers no impediment to consummation *before,* either; and, in these connections, it is usual for performance to precede bond for it. No child may be conceived, we all call God to witness how devoutly we hoped it never would be. Not till the unlucky birth is imminent need we call in the priest to absolve, pronounce his benediction on Alliance; then, with faces shining in new won grace of heaven, publicly declare how far we had gone, get the priest to christen the offspring, lawfully born in wedlock, nature's latest Messiah to lead your armies to victory. You calculated well, for I perceive the Priest has everywhere done it.

To return: Limit that the engagement be for definite objects. Now all the more valid and fruitful Alliances between nations, as between men, are of tacit character; they exist only, rooted in the silent deeps, and are properly incapable of being made the subject of Treaty, though no treaty which does not rest more or less upon them can be good for much. It is a fatal thing to go against these underlying Alliances in making treaty, dangerous not to

go with them; but they themselves require no treaty, and cannot be brought under terms. Cultivate them, and you are little likely to be without express Ally in the day of peril; neglect them, and if you have any save the devil's legions to friend it will be a strange chance. They are sacred things, whereof *Ententes* and *Union Libres* do offer ghastly parody. But so far as it is for us to speak of these it must be under the fourth heading; only no word on the articulate, specific, written in forgetfulness of them, could be true.

We do not need to go into those multitudinous minor matters which are continually fit subject for International Agreements more to be classed as business contracts than as political treaties. Except to say that, if degree of import does and should affect spirit, it should never affect rectitude. And, in fact, it never does, since he who belies in the trivial will play false in the weighty too. But how does and should degree of import affect spirit? You do not study covenants for hosiery quite in the same temper that you do those of Grace and for Works? Possibly not; yet, methinks, these casual covenants are among your soul's works also, and if Grace be absent in the hose there is little hope of its presence in the heart. Verily, it is not so much the degree of import you attach to the matter in hand but the degree of import you have found in life that determines your conduct in every matter. Business contracts! Yes, and with all the trickeries and sordidness which defile business, sow mischief, and bring disaster, or the ugliest of all 'successes', riches and depravity. Base compliances are everywhere base, but perhaps the more hideous when the wrong is done or permitted for the sake of a good,—as is imagined. Whereof we have seen so much. A fundamental of The Concert. Neither is there the least doubt that for years past British Policy has in many a Russo-Persian,

Italian, Franco-German, matter been dictated by urgency of wish to make friends with all adverse to the German, give offence to no friend of his who might stand by him in his hour of need. Not but that I know a noble prudence possible in that direction also; here ignoble, and British apprehension made use of to gain that which could not otherwise have been got.

Coming up to the greater: When contemplating these recent makings of Allies and what we ever knew such doings must issue in, it has often been impressed upon me that no express alliance for joint acts offensive or defensive ought to be entered into unless for special cause and limited time. Again, you may well say, they never really are. Definite Alliance may no more state its objective than indefinite *Entente;* but the specific objective is ever there, alone gives life and soul to the alliance. Germany and Austria, France and Russia, may have severally each sworn to support the partner, if attacked, without saying *by whom* attacked. But they well know by whom in each case; and, if they had not, had never signed compact. Leaving these *fore*-swearings, however, shall we say that no express transient Alliance for specific purpose not springing from the tacit, resting on its deeper bond, should ever be made? I think the deepest intuition answers: It is better not; yet leaves a large allowance to frail mortality, and shrinks always from condemning for mere failure to transcend. Friedrich at the Gambler's Table, *their* dice all loaded, sometimes had his own loaded: Pity, sympathy, no spoken acquittal. Friedrich, with definite and just aim, not primarily asking either France or Britain to help him, found those two to him extraneous parties bent to join in, will he, nil he, on one side or the other, namely on *opposite* sides; and balanced, as able, which it would be expedient for him to strike bargain with; leant to Britain and, had she met him fairly

with own aim just and definite, had closed with her, but finding her too lax and shuffly clapt up with France instead: Shall we say that this is always wrong? We cannot justly do so. With neither, he had been left with *no* ally, Well? But it seemed too perilous. Yet the sequel rather proved he had been better with none. It is easy afterwards to see his fairer course had been to, so far as possible, avoid offence to either, close with neither; and, doubtless, a demigod had so foreseen. Yet even with the demigod there could be no hard and fast rule against accepting such chance ally as offered best by the moment's conjunction of interests. Ah, yes, there are expediencies of the noble as well as of the mean; and he who is deepest cognizant of the perennial, eternal, is he who has the finest finesse in earth's deeds, the oblivious too clumsy with all his cunning. Vast everywhere, likewise, and in all times is the difference between infirmities, slippings, compliances and weaknesses of man with just aim learning the world and threading his way, and diabolisms of the case-hardened old stager who has abandoned integrity, or of the cute young who has never had it to abandon. It may be that you cannot fasten on Sir Edward Grey any act like that of Klein-Schnelledorf and Niesse, bombarded with life-destroying ball yet for show. Nevertheless, he so guilty there stood in the main on realities; battled for truth, and increased in true intelligence of men and things; grew, we may say it, nearer to God, though making sport of His name. Whilst your Sir Edward has never seen truth's face, nor believed in her existence; her invisible armoury not worth to him one stack of serviceable firearms, and ridicule of right where the mightier force gave power to trample: to him Expediency is sole bottom, the living rock unkenned. And zeal for Woman Suffrage, eloquence for Principle most consonant.

(3) The fundamental distinction by which International Engagements can be everywhere divided into *Alliances* and *Conspiracies*. I do not know if it has ever struck the reader that there is such a distinction; and if there were a Ruskin living to nail one to etymologies, the distinction might not hold as to the words. For if to conspire signify properly to breathe together, link itself with inspiration and spirit, Conspiracy might more fitly stand for the highest of all possible unions,—as with some among us it does; might supersede Alliances, or bound together, as too servile weak a team,—quite unsuitable, we know, for heaven unfranchised *Entente*. And if the formal treaty of Alliance did offer a preamble In the name of the Holy Ghost, it has long ceased to reveal much a Living Presence through its buckram. Then, why should not Conspiracy announce Pentecost come; each breast inflamed and tongue loosened; no Tisiphone there to make the rocks reëcho Vengeance? But, as Oliver was wont to say, our business is to speak things not words; and since, through whatever perversity of fate or chance, Conspiracy has come to denote a combination of men actuated by ill-will, only 'breathing together' in common hate, and alliance usually presupposes good will, at least between the parties to it, we shall take the words in that sense; namely as significant of good or ill will *in* the parties. Yes, that is how we meant to draw the distinction; sufficiently vital; cleaving to the bottom and ramifying whole substance. Alliances are positive; Conspiracies negative. The first are primarily for affirmation; they come by common endeavour to assert truth, and never originate in opposition! The second are essentially for denial; they seek the destruction of some true man whom their Principles damn as arch-foe of humanity. Alliances are of eternity, Conspiracies of time. The first are self-subsistent, and would be the same were there no antagonist in the field; the

second are factions of an hour, springing into existence from enmity to a third! Alliances are of Love; most debonnaire, and free in all graceful manlike welcome to every compeer. Conspiracies are of hate; they are engendered in spite, full of venom, dark and crooked in their every working. Alas! not always, not always. I have said long since that the ancient notion of the Devil, as being necessarily a Malicious Entity, was due to his oppressed condition formerly. In days of yore, that is, when he was so unfairly compelled to appear chronically in the Opposition seats, before men had hit on the plan of cleansing him of spleen by electing him Ministerial. Yet the cloven hoof will out; and our Ministers' speeches these hours cannot be justly said to lack much in venom.

But beyond drawing your attention to that same fundamental distinction, for future (and prior) reference, it is not my purpose to speak immediately any further of these Antipodals. Nor, more than formerly, to use the word Alliance solely in the strict sense here given to it, though Conspiracy be throughout used in no other sense than here.

(4) That human compacts are more determined by elective affinities, elemental Repugnances, than by Expediency, temporary Interests. Sir E. Grey is not alone in regarding expediency as sole bottom, though several that sit on the same Minister's Bench with him would scorn to name it where their Principles were involved.—And what an excelsior loose could be given to these, once he had proclaimed expediency, sworn it was your skins that were imperilled, and made it clear how care for them had ever been *his* guiding principle. Ah, *then,* let honour's godlike zest break through the cloud; and Principle be owned sole motive. But, leaving these phosphorescent awhile, turn to the sound, and you more often find Expediency named true motive. There are times when the vast majority of the

most honest capable can recognise no other, or, at least, are shy of asserting any other articulately to themselves. Friedrich pooh-poohed the high magnanimous heroic rôle so temptingly laid out before him; said solidly that Sovereigns had to be guided by their interest. It was a worthy answer; and he who gave it knew what was his interest as no other there did what was his; neither did any antagonist exhibit a tithe of the heroism and magnanimity which he did. Frequently, these things are the helpless rejoinders of the sterling to idealisms they feel to be slim, yet cannot see fully how and whereby, nor declare for themselves a motive that does transcend 'interest'; veracity's instinctive recoil from things fatuous, and healthy injection of all *visionary* good. They, the honest, never reply so to a concrete manhood calling them to deeds which are high in verity; and their answers to the pseudo are pitiable, lovable, reverable, never detestable, like the sordid's fasten on dirt, his rejection of the real as visionary. It is so unhappily true that most of those who profess a soul beyond expediency are visionaries; the moment they touch on practical fact they declare to men versed in it that they simply do not know what's what; and I find a better promise of heavenly kingdoms in the doings of the most stolid mundane who does know what's what than in any of the pretty songs or solemn anthems those others sing and chant. Carlyle above every man taught this, therefore so many times a rock of offence even to genuine idealists, like Emerson: That the true Highest of men is chiefly cognizant of the doable, knows what's what better than any other; can, and does by very bias of his nature, live in the world and for the world.

In contra-distinction to the terrene, who sees no ground for Alliances save interest, stands the religious, who believes they should arise through communion in one Faith. And

he is right; or, when authentic, is striving toward the right; would be right forever and in all cases were his faith sufficiently cosmic. Parallel with him, parallel and never in contact, always disputing the first place with him, and in these days quite supplanting him in it, is the devotee of Principle, who argues, or should argue, in his own peculiar imitation of the same key, that Alliances ought only to be made with nations which profess the like. At their best, Men of Principle are poor creatures, something pseudo at their best, and the Living of that tribe occupy themselves wholly with the mechanical, in '*mere political arrangement,*' as Carlyle early described it; not in the Man chosen, but only in the Method by which he is chosen do they see salvation. Barking rabid at a noble Kaiser, they step forth seriatim to eulogise a Chamberlain, who, having come in by the narrow wicket of their law's prescribing, must have ascended to the right hand of God, whatever quarrels mutual infirmities were source of whilst he dwelt among them; and, for the other 'Soul of a Devil' and Nature's Abortion. Little rack of memory requisite to recall the days when Joey's tange was smudge with similar missile; and so when the Kaiser too has shuffled off his earthy coil —? But he came not in by your straight gate; and thus I hope we may be spared the ordeal of funeral oration within those walls. Well, the limits of these gentry are apparent enough; but are they genuine within their limits? The godly too have damned with frantic emphasis for failure to come in by very narrow wickets of their laws' prescribing, set terms for the grace of heaven, and sworn that no soft rain of mercy could fall without the bounds. Yes, but, when genuine, they have never made compact with the infidel to the better punish heresy; wherever that has been done we know the branded heresy was native inspiration. No true man, persuaded that his Faith or Principle was

necessary to salvation, made Alliance with whom *it* chiefly marked sinful in order to preserve his house from inroad or destroy an opposite; but always, from the bottom of his heart has said Better no help than that.

Far beneath and beyond all articulate Alliances, however, whether formed for Expediency, in Faith, or on Principle, lies what we call Affinity, Repugnance. These things are not contraries, but reciprocals; in the noble, the one implies the other; you may rightly say it does in the ignoble also, yet there the former is frequently a mere sequel to the latter, temporarily dictated by it. Elective Affinity! Elemental Repugnance! Both may be either virtuous or vicious; but, when virtuous, both are alike instant, spontaneous; twin births, each with independent life; and no Alliance with one party ever made as a consequence of repugnance to another, as, when vicious, is constantly the case. The noble loves the Noble, will ally with no others; rejects the base absolutely, and will never conspire with them whatever the press. Wisdom and Truth unto the vile are vile, filth savours but themselves; they affin by nature with the mean, and in hate of their opposite will conspire with all and sundry. To act in clear intelligent accord with the noble Affinities, Repugnances, which are rooted in our being, beyond every profession of faith or of purpose, is the Unattainable for mortal; our best endeavours but approximating. The bygone religions insisted on profession, could not do without it; the new has reached so far as to know that it must utterly discard this; that by what man actually is, not by what he believes, or will subscribe to, is he commendable or condemnable. The common Creedo a result, not a cause, which may or may not announce a meeting at true answer as to item: never capable of being more; and, he who has no coincidence in regard to the item quite likely to be in deeper harmony with the infinite. In this

profounder sense, no engagement is really entered into from community in creed or concurrence in hate, but, intelligently or unintelligently, consciously or unconsciously, every human compact is determined by the inevitable affinities and repugnances of the parties to it. International Alliances, Conspiracies are not dictated by interest, but spring from similarity of character, soul's aim and very being of the Peoples. What the Peoples everywhere instinctively draw to or recoil from, their common drift, or manfulness in headway, this rules their friendships and their enmities, makes these blessed or cursed.

(5) And now, having cleared or defined the ground a little, we may add what further word is here desirable on each of the Alliances in present case.

I am afraid none of them were exactly blessed; and, certainly, the Austro-German is the only one that affords ground for consideration as possibly so. It differs radically from all the others; and some things can be humanly plead for it; for the others nothing humanly. These two nations are immediate neighbours, largely of one race, and have a long Past with very much in common; no vital cleavage till the Reformation. Austria for centuries simply the chief state of Germany, as Prussia after; no absolute bar to her redemption and reëntry. And Union *versus* Slav, I think we *may* say 'accordant with justice and the true ever living interests of man.'

Why Austria should wish for Germany's friendship we used no *holy* ghost to tell us; the most earthly can answer for that. For Germany: Every well-meaning man prefers cordial relations with his neighbours, if the price for it be not too high; and churlish ever to reject, unless conscience do forbid. Largely here, also, it was a case of the only one that offered; and, as we said above, you may not too strictly blame for sealing hand-clasp in such a case. That the defi-

nite Alliance was in the main a cautionary act with Russia in eye is out of doubt; and not a rag of evidence worth notice it was aggressive on Germany's part, if Austria perchance did find it convenient shelter for some opportune nibbles, chafing to the Great-in-Territory, though how she came by rights of pasturage over those distant meadows De'il wist. A favourite tickle of his: Where one has right to meddle *thou* hast. But in all earthly-prudent senses, I do not think one word can be urged against this Austro-German Alliance; rather do I believe that solid honesty in worldly foresight would thoroughly endorse it. And yet I must confess that when this war broke out, smote on my heart, as on that of every Briton who loves a man and knows him when he sees him, I cried: Alone against the world! and that Alliance his chiefest weakness. Why so? Because Austria, as an Anti-Reformation Entity, has gone a bad road ever since, remains in the Jesuit's grip to this hour, in every essential of the Jesuit? Yes, mainly therefore. The instant feeling that the bond was one with Darkness rather than with Light; gorge rising at the sight of Hohenzollern cheek by jowl with Hapsburg: You know the street portraits had it so. And two Britons mourned at the pairing? False Britons would shake hands with Hapsburg and all hell to hound the other; cared naught for the pairing, except to wish one easier prey for their fangs. I thought it ill that Germany, foremost in the van of intellect and every human good, should be conjoined with grasping habitude; Winner of the Open-Secret chained to darksome Closure; and man of frankest wit dragged into war by vulpine. Yet, as I said, you do not, may not, blame too sorely for mere failure to transcend, though I think the sequel has once more proved the Solitary had been better, and friendless on earth found less on his hands than now, hooked to the Dual. Let us hope it was of infirmity, no

incipience of evil affinity. That they who in the highest led the way, on whose bravest the new day-spring first shone, have not indeed grown less in pity for the lost in woods, nor weaker in stable rejection of his beclouded spirit. That man born of true kings, battling with anarchic elements, has never thought the false king could lend help, between whom and him is a yet deeper gulf fixed. Nay, I know the bare suggestion wrongs him, if we go to the innate affinities; yet also know that in him, as in all, the clear intelligence but struggles for conquest.

Of the Alliances 'twixt Italy and these two, separately each to each, or collectively the three together, we cannot stop to speak: much looser ties, and, in ordinary dialect, altogether of Expediency. On the Franco-Russian, likewise, no more than a word: This had *no* other root than common enmity to a third, and was emphatically a Conspiracy. For it, even Principle cannot be plead, since the two had none in common. Belgium may well be pitied; yet in stern truth, has reached her present plight through unworthy bias and the vanity of a fool blown up by interested parties that used her as their tool; cast not guiltlessly, nor quite in innocence, between the points of mighty opposites. Japs, Portugals, and minor dogs that scour in the wake of havoc: Greed! greed! and the hope to snatch up pickings in the scramble: Master of the Hunt hallooing them on, rejoicing in their bay or currish yelp. Neither need we any ghost to tell us why France wheedled for British cover, Russia chimed in: All for vantage, vantage.

Then as to Britain's share: We have by no means done with that; therefore say nothing resembling a final word. Britain most of any has claimed impartial soul, absence of bias, act for justice solely. Not surprising that she should so claim. Since nothing else could lend a colour to an interference so wholly uncalled for, unprovoked, made in despite

of wished for amity, and every manful offer scornfully flung back in the teeth with mockery and outrage. More shameless than a whore; for she openly exposes her nakedness and cries come bed with me in *sacred* Trinity. Yet I do not remember having heard it urged her Alliance with Russia was primarily sacred. None pretend that this originated in any sympathy with or love for Russia, in *good* will to created being; so undeniably due to hate of another that the less said of it the better appears to be the rule in high quarters. But then, of course, the bond iniquitous, long obsequiously truckled for, *becomes* sacred by fortunate coincidence in fell humour sworn just? For the Alliance with France prudent safeguard of own interest has been plead; but the 'prudence' was in fact the imprudence of men obsessed with idea, so, naturally brought on what it sought to ward off. Had there been any noble care of interest, it would have led to very different alliance. Common Principle is also claimed: How utterly spurious the inclusion of Russia is at once sufficient to settle. Prudence, Principle, and Reason were abandoned by Britain when she headed this Anglo-Franco-Russian Conspiracy. Jealous apprehension was a main motive with her for heading it; but, as aforesaid, you have to ask, Whence came the uneasy dread of and chronic hostility to Germany? How and Why? It was no new thing. For generations past, a most bitter, and indeed entirely venomous, Anti-Germanism has existed in England; the vicious elements in her, which sway her state councils, which the nation at large delights to see so swaying, have, in spite of a very strong opposite feeling on the part of the noble elements in her, exhibited an ever-increasing enmity toward the German. And Britain sided as she did as a result of that Enmity; for decades her Foreign Policy has been visibly informed by it. Her conduct has been and is pronouncedly inspired by Elemental Repug-

nance defying reason. But should we attempt treating of that it would be a passing at once into consideration of Real Causes; and we have another chapter to write before coming to them.

CHAPTER V

THE COMBINATION AGAINST GERMANY

V

THE COMBINATION AGAINST GERMANY

Probably the most universally noticeable thing about this Combination against Germany is its Magnitude. We early mentioned Proclamation of Magnitude, passing over it as a vulgar noise, with warning not to let it disturb you. Neither should it disturb you, or lead you to forget that Mighty Combination among the Powers of this World is no new thing. Size makes nothing great, and alters not character by one iota. It may very likely be that this little earth of ours has never previously seen as huge and heterogeneous a Combine *versus* One; for you are all agreed it is essentially, as in fact it is, *versus One*. Nevertheless, there have been many who have loomed as large in the eyes of their own generation; been, most probably, as large in proportion to the then numbers and means; been, most certainly, as vociferous united in common anathema; nor less triumphant in victory, if they got it, than this will be if it gets it. Can you, however, tell me of one such case of Enormous Odds, leagued for destruction of One, wherein the ultimate verdict of fact, the permanent judgment of men, their generous sympathy and noblest conviction, has pronounced in favour of—the Odds?

Meantime, you who are of the Combine glory greatly, as your tribes have ever done, in your Numbers, Vast Resources. Some few days ago the Daily Paper which I take printed a Map of the World, showing parts at peace in

white, a sprinkling just sufficient to heighten contrast, some insignificant-looking patches shaded, and the remainder one huge blot of inky darkness, the Blest Kingdoms of the Allies, with underneath this proud device: 'There should be little doubt how such a war will end.' One of my forbears used as motto *Turris fortis mihi Deus*; fronted therewith, perhaps not Principalities and Powers, yet something greater, namely Time and Eternity. These were ancient notions. And is Great is Our Might so modern, then? Nay, for our dialects likewise change, yet know we a constant in man; and methinks your loud trump, though you may have steam bellows and megaphones to help it, sounds a very old note. Germany cannot stand against our overwhelming forces, she cannot last in face of inexhaustible supply free to her foes. For our numbers, who can count them? Our resources who can measure? We can crush her, we can starve her; our might laughs at the thought of her, and our Combination is too much for any earthly opposite: Victory is secure, and each shall have his portion. But did you ever hear it said: 'Take counsel together—'? Yea, as sure as God lives, it shall forever come to naught for the conspirers. Yet I say not it is impossible you should succeed in crushing. Always a blest result, I suppose, which you would thank God for achieving; and Christ *wholesomely* suppressed by gallows? You are shocked at the analogy? And the German also starts, as at a profanity? But I know that the analogy holds in kind, though not in degree. No nation ever exhibits the pure manhood that many a single man does, but its acts have always frightful soil: Neither would that Man allow the name of good to be applied to him; but too deeply knew it not applicable. And I tell you straightly that the same law holds for Nations as for men; that mighty Combinations to crush do normally owe their whole origin to just the same causes which prompt

men to stone the prophets, are informed by similar spirit. You are aware that this is not the first mighty European Combination to crush Germany; that United Europe made a very furious attempt of that sort some century and a half ago, persisted in it Seven Years long, and failed. England chanced at that time to be temporarily under the guidance of one of nature's nobles, and, happening to have just war of her own on hand at the moment, allied with the German, —not much to the joy of the ignoble in her. These Ignoble, long definitely in command, have now, to the huge joy of the rabble which follow them, and without any British cause for war at all, plunged the nation in on the opposite side; determined to help do the job over again, and properly this time. Of that other Seven Years' effort, it was written that had the Allies, alias Conspirators, been united, there could be no doubt they might have succeeded in crushing the One. You have taken much counsel together to remedy the fault which then wrecked the attempt, resolved the infamy then endeavoured shall be done this time. And that in full sight of clearest revelation, by the highest God's Missioned of yourselves, what an infamy it was, still is. For this of To-day *is* completely the same thing again in further development.

But, leaving that awhile, and keeping to reflections raised by Magnitude: There is one thing which the mightiness of this Combination has already brought forcibly home to some, and assuredly will bring home to all. Namely, How it has raised Germany to the first place in World's esteem as a Great Power, in the vulgar acceptance of the word great, —and possibly in other acceptations. Before this war broke out, I think most well-informed, impartial men, the world round, would, if asked Which is the Greatest? have answered The British Empire. Not so now! For Britain has made it palpable to all she dare not face Germany alone.

Her lavish bidding for Allies, her obsequious truckling for them. The repeated nervous utterances of her statesmen the days of 'splendid isolation' were gone by, madness now to think of standing single. The coward manner of her entry into strife, so visibly in league and subtle copartnery, veiled under quibbles of *Entente,* yet holding back, and only openly joining in after two mighty were firm fastened on the foe. (The German called it 'a striking of a man behind his back,' when already engaged with odds. It was. A thoroughly dastard act. And, moreover, I begin to be aweary of *Entente,* nice sharp-quillets of your law; shall speak in what was once called plain *English.*) The beseeching or inciting of every friend she could find, little or big, the world over, to help her in pinch. The present proclamation of strait, greatest trial of our strength we have ever been put to; now with two great neighbours to help at hand, innumerable and powerful Colonies zealously assisting, Indian Empire equally; these Colonies, Dependencies, with Japs and Portugals, relieving distant strain; huger armies, mightier navies, more enormous loans than were ever dreamed of raising at home;—yet the cry Help! Help! Every Briton, every man that loves his skin, Help! Help! or we all sink unequal to this frightful contest with—One. Surely he *must* be the Arch-fiend in person! Add to this the conduct of the Allies' armies, all herding together to ring the One at bay. The sort of exultation their Peoples indulge in. Ha, ha, the Impotent! For why? He has not proved a very Titan of the Gods to hurl us all heels uppermost.—This thing, I say, which the mightiness of your Combination has revealed is as yet not revealed to but hidden from many, though to one at least among you it was quickly seen most ominous, indeed fateful! It is a thing of truly 'overwhelming' significance, and the meaning of it is certain to slowly dawn upon all. As the dust clouds settle,

that Great Fact will loom out more and more, grow continually in weight of meaning. In a little while, or a longer, every civilised nation on the globe, and savage tribe yet loyal to you as First, will perceive it; and draw inferences from it. Persist in this war to the bitter end and be defeated, one knows not what fate will befall you. Time for recovery may not yet be utterly past. But persist to the end, and Victor, Where are you? Do you imagine that the Victor can alter this? It cannot: This thing is done. Victor, you will not have conquered by your own strength; no fairer praise can be to you than what befits the Chief Dog of a Pack; the fallen stag in majesty. Time was when *you* could take two or more at once; could cry, Come one, come all. Now your chivalry is in the mire, and you are bondman with and to your 'Allies'; one of a tribe, a mob, a most false coiner's gang; confessed no more a self-sufficient, and with soul bound in sin. Victor or vanquished, your place is gone without return; nothing save an act in nobleness equal to this in meanness capable of regaining it. So much for the Magnitude you glory in.

Of course, I know what a mightily different colour you put on all this; and a colour put on it is, never a true complexion. False coiners you are, of more mischievous things than stamped metal. For you try to persuade yourselves it is a holy league of Righteous Many *versus* Evil One,—raised *so* to eminence, you may admit, but then such shockingly bad eminence. That of Milton's Satan scarcely to be named with it; since he stood at the head of Principalities and Powers, not singly opposed, was reckoned to have carried nigh half of heaven along with him. Couldn't now, you swear? Well, I have not lived in heaven, cannot say. But I did not know the current sublunary races had undergone such conversion lately they could so turn the tables on all past generations. Perhaps those of a wider travel could

find a precedent, but no mortal record known to me contains account of one, though they all teem with accounts of Combinations of reverse character; and the features of those reverse resemble the features of yours with such exceeding closeness it is difficult to believe they belong to antipolars. Holy league of righteous Many to crush One wrong? Verily! Have you ever considered what that would imply; what a tremendous change in the constitution of all human things, and wholly transcendent moral development of mankind at large you are asserting? Hitherto the fact has so universally been a little band of brothers, some small 'company of poor men,' warring for the just against huge odds and mighty Combinations that even the ideal hopes of the noblest have hardly looked for more, unless by such company's final conquest, millennium come. And now, you say, all this is changed. Unexpectedly, in sudden sunburst, the instant Devil shows his hoof, the myriads gather to the raised Standard of Right; tramp beneath it thousandfold, contingents from every country, erect, each various soldier, in an august, victorious, manhood; *his* legions no longer multiplex of hue, but all in one known garb, recognisable at a glance; shrunk into a corner; capable of final bottling there. *Where,* no doubt, they'll fight with the spleen of all the under fiends, such being native to them; and, hence, your cries for Help! most justified and noble? As James of Ecclefechan[1] said: I don't believe ye.

Leagues to crush, not to speak of mighty International Combinations to do so, actually holy are very rare, the godly usually finding the maintenance of their own kingdoms a sufficiently arduous task; and internationally they are never possible at all except where one Faith has long reigned, as in Christendom gone by. When, also, they never really are to crush; but to convert, and bring into

[1] Carlyle's father, *vide* 'Reminiscences.'

the fold: Nothing puts you to shame: Under head of Principle, you lay title even to this; and have for partner in the enterprise, as I keep reminding you, the nation which is the chosen home and greatest stronghold of all that those Principles name Powers of Darkness, the most inimical to what you call cause of humanity and blest progress, profess to be fighting for. Your league is to crush, and unholy; but the first colour that it was defensive against Aggressor. This is the point most tenaciously held and insisted on: That Germany was gratuitously bent on war for her own aggrandisements' sake. Point necessarily to be held for own justification, since without it the whole claim to righteousness flounders helpless. Point to be believed, as an article of religious faith, without evidence, infidelity to ask for any. Nay, to be believed in despite of all evidence; doubt on it a temptation to be overcome by appeal to heaven to strengthen frail mortals' back-sliding hearts. Point to be iterated and reiterated with that entire fixity of preconclusion which shuts the doors on reason. If we cannot see that without eyes (with it might be difficult) no discourse can be held with us; the higher mysteries undemonstrable to mere earthly vision. If grace has not been given us to know this by the inner light which shines in each soul elect of the Lord, then is it clear that His face is hidden from us, and we wander deservedly in night, not knowing right hand from left. It is a sad fate, Gentlemen, and pitiable surely, though I do admit it never fell on the guiltless, and feel more and more that to address reason to men in such a hapless case is like to prove a vain deed. Yet ever does true inner light admonish: The Many are not all, and: If human faculty, endeavour, seem but lost like lightning on the Bog of Allen, it is still ever something to keep on.

Again, then, I say that, even granting your untenable hypothesis, whereon this war no more stands than the world

does on a tortoise, were true, did afford valid ground for counter act, the present counter, and Combination for it, would remain damned: No evil in the German could ever make this just. Whatever the German, this Combination against him is malevolent, not benevolent; essentially, in its own intrinsic character, malevolent: Ill-will is the one cement that binds it so opposite component races, no two alike, together, not in Alliance, but in Conspiracy. Never did or could the just form, or enter league as we have seen that this was formed and entered into. Observe one curious thing, how all this of sacredness, and Cause of Humanity, was never heard of till after Britain joined. The Alliance between France and Russia had long existed, never reckoned a pure celestial love or compact of angels, even by themselves; but when Britain would not let the German fight them two without her for a third, lest, Victor, he should grow dangerous to herself,—Why, *then*, at once, she swears the thing most godly; opes wide her throat to proclaim the Combine sanctioned by the Almighty, heap every term of ignominy upon the single opposite, and urge his suppression the most crying need of Man in current age. What lineament of a Michael girt and drawing to forbid injustice, is there in this? Had France and Russia fought Germany and Austria the struggle might have been tough, the mutual rages high, but no combatant had ever risen (or sunk) to the bitter, blind, and deadly animosity which Britain instantly displayed the moment she stepped in. Vindictive hate the nation through, crediting, attributing every species of atrocity; the Leaders fanning the mob-fury, heedless what foul deed it do, glad of it for their own uses, themselves obsessed with the same. Gratuitous and unjustifiable entry into a Foreign Quarrel, done in most dastardly manner at the moment of greatest advantage, followed for its glorification by a torrent of vile invective,

rank abuse; relegation to the enemy to utter perdition, exaltation of yourself as Holy Defender; detraction of him as savage miscreant, as over-weening Lucifer and Tyrant of the World, chargeable with all guilt, and sole originator of boundless desolation. (Why couldn't he do as his Grandam bid, and conform to the wholesome laws of her household? We'd have tied his bibs with pleasure, and kept him in aprons forever.) No just Combination ever exhibited spirit of this nature; from the common terrene it is likewise absent, as, also from all fair trials of strength, and disputes between brave men, which often have to be decided by battle, though each in the main esteem the other; such temper of hell is alone found in those who hate the just, and swear their cause *shall* be God's when they know it the devil's.

Colours put on, never a true complexion. No, never; and the colours just the same as before. The old false face on the one side,—we cannot say *contemplating* its now ancient picture of the Devil's Head in Phosphorus,—exciting itself and the world with that artistic production, fresh traced and smoky brilliant as in creation's hour. And on the other, in all probability, very much the same true face as before; irrecognisable, wholly, as before, to artists and to public enraptured with their self-conceived 'portraits.' Carlyle bore witness of the German; also of the Combinations against him. And nothing can be clearer than that his witness of the Combinations does remain true to this day; neither has evidence turned up, his witness of the German has ceased, in any essential point, to be true. The British picture of the German, all the present accusation and argument, these things at least are so palpably descendants of the prior ones, whereof Carlyle gave such undeniable account, that it is impossible to doubt their generation. Never did son more perfectly repeat his father's character and features in every particular. You enfran-

chised who scorn the Past, believe the Present directly begotten, newborn of a spirit unknown in Dark Ages, you object to the paternity? Well, I never said a child or forbear was lawfully begotten; grant Bastardy to any length, and mixed beyond unravelling. Perhaps maternity would please you better? We do here deal with a sort of Life which, if not quite immortal, defies all common means of doing to death. Mother ancient as Nox, shall we say, then, and of the like fecundity, ever able to print off anew; and begetter the entity well known as the Father of Lies, equally superior to mortal restrictions in generation? He may be so; nathless you will find him in pedigree houses as well as upstart.

In the olden times, especially during and after the Reformation, Britain and Germany were normally, instinctively, at one; and heroic heads in each intelligently knew that this should be. Neither have *they* ever turned away from this union, rather have gone much forward in it. British Nation, however, having once thoroughly made up its mind that none of that sort should guide it any more, if for a while favourable to Germany from negative causes, fear of French aggrandisement, has never since drawn toward Germany from positive. From the time of the first decided emergence of Prussia as the Nation of Deutschland instead of Austria,—Nay, from before that decided emergence, and, as it were prophetically, from the first notable appearance of Prussia on the world-stage as a coherent nation with a self-vitality and ownness of initiative, taking a line of her own and visibly growing in the favour of heaven; capable, if not betimes cut down, of becoming the Chief in Deutschland instead of Austria;—from that earlier date has Britain shewn animosity, one of those earthly-causeless hostilities and unreasoning repulsions, which have root in man's soul, not in diplomacy or any mundane interest, and which to

this hour keeps her on the side she is on: *Opposition* side. It was then that this discrepancy began, and it is so that it continues. Not till the Briton had for himself sought shelter in mendacities did his face grow strange to this brother. That his face should then grow strange, become *set* against the Prussian, is no marvel! For it does lie in the nature of man that he, turned shifty, shall chiefly rage at whoso remains veridical, shoots up in integrity; and the more so the closer of kin. You were shocked at the imagined suggestion of the Christ of Nations; wholly imagined, for I never meant it, or could endure it; we had enough of that ere while from your precious Ally; but, though the degree be not comparable, the kind holds true, and this I did and do mean, shall have more to say on it before done.

There was a venom in those prior Combinations could have owed its existence to naught else but the hatred of the vicious for the true. Original 'Detestable Project' for partitioning Prussia, throttling her down and preventing feared expansion. Is it not amazing what an amount of killing this has taken? Was it not well said to spring from the bottomless? Russia alone may at every appearance of it into the light of day have been a party to it, the others very various, changeful; yet it sprang, and again and again sprang, evidently of a life præternatural. After so long a dormancy as to have seemed utterly effaced, dead beyond possible resuscitation, it has sprung another time. For, however different in hue and form, the Present is essentially the same in spirit and aim; proceeds by the same arguments and with the same accusations; often uses almost identically the same words: Constantly have I observed how the current charges against Germany, the character alleged of the German, motives and actions attributed to him, in a word, the whole of the present Combination's own accounts of itself and of the nation it seeks to crush, are little other than

paraphrases of those exclaims of your forefathers concerning Friedrich and his Prussia which are given in Carlyle's history. Which is a thing worth reflecting on. The prior allegations and accusations were identically the same as those of to-day, they were as universally, as zealously, 'believed,' and as vociferously asserted then as now; and they were totally false, lies utter, absolutely contrary to the facts. Friedrich's first war was voluntary, but just. All his others were defensive, forced upon him by iniquitous attempts of neighbours to do outrage upon him and his; and he showed a most remarkable absence of ambition, refusing to claim more than his right even after full opportunity to claim more had come to him, might fairly have been taken advantage of had he gone upon damages payable. Yet the English called his first act offensive a theft, swore all the subsequent wars were provoked by him in the hope of new 'successful robberies'; outside their own angry imaginations and hallucinations, no shadow of a foundation existing for this. Treachery and thievery were on all sides except his, *therefore* charged on him. British Doctors of State and cultivated classes, with the uncultivated following them in that implicit faith they can hardly help or avoid, looked all their lives straight into a contemporary Friedrich and his Prussia, and never saw him or it at all; saw nothing there save vain and wicked imaginations of their own hearts; exhibited the extremes of vicious ignorance, confirmed platitude, and, wilful perverse in persuasion of their caricature's verisimilitude, exultingly defiled themselves in taunt and mock, most sorry wit and sarcasm too vulgar impudent for lofty airs to sweeten: All then as now, all now as then. And let me quote directly a word of Carlyle's hereon: 'Ignorance by herself is an awkward 'lumpish wench; not yet fallen into vicious courses, nor to 'be uncharitably treated: but Ignorance and Insolence—

'these are for certain an unlovely Mother and Bastard! 'Yes,—and they may depend upon it, the grim Parish-'beadles of the Universe are out upon the track of them, and 'oakum and the correction house are infallible sooner or 'later!' You can no longer plead ignorance and the vicious course is too apparent. Master Winston, Lloyd George, and heads of hydra innumerable, consider your own utterances in defame of living Hohenzollern; nor flatter yourselves the Universe *has* no correction house or Beadles to bring you to it.

The Seven Years' effort of United Europe was a thing of blackest infamy, and charged all infamy upon its victim; held him up for general execration, and got millions of the weaker sort to 'innocently' believe that victim worthy of damnation, the Allies marshalled Hosts of Heaven *versus* one Satanic: Fact being much nearer Devils' Legions swarming round one human. Again the same to-day. That old Combine's *methods* also very similar. Sly, and kept from view, professing *Entente;* and treaties of most certain existence perhaps not put on paper. The same huge outry of See! how he provoked the war for evil purpose of his own, when he would not wait completion of plans, refused to stand on the defensive, went on it, and once sure of purposed attack, attacked himself betimes. The same absurd charge that preparedness for war and instant readiness to fight proved wish for it; so ridiculously harped on these hours. The Germans have been preparing for years; the Kaiser saw war to be inevitable, and acted accordingly: My friends, you seem to be a little ill off for evidence, hard put to it to prove your case, when you point to these very undeniable facts in such triumphant conclusive fashion. *I* never supposed him to be a nose of wax that would sit charmed till moment convenient for demolition was vouchsafed the waiting prayers by heaven. Am-

bitious, tricky, changeful, capricious, infirm of temper and of purpose;—all to the old tune, each item crops out in turn, identical with bygone. 'For Newcastleisms, impious Poltrooneries in a Nation do not die; neither, thank God, do Cromwellisms and pious Heroisms.' The same charge of diabolism, atrocity, perfidy; of arch-enemy breaking all laws, etc., etc: Which is normal on the part of those themselves guilty of plot. Moreover, the fact of the others' *going* on defence, of his starting the mischief so far as outer public can see, and being indisputably the first in overt act, is not only seized as excuse, but to souls unveracious becomes excuse and washes out their guilt, so that they can after really persuade themselves their consciences are now clean—and always were. For mendacious creatures are everywhere their own first dupes, self-deluded, pretending to themselves motives other than they have or had, and disguising ill in seeming fair: Catiline conspiracy, acted on before fulfilment, shrieks of wanton outrage on peaceable good citizens; raises front of injured innocence, and, since not proven guilty, *believes* itself God's darling, prey of lawless brute and cunning. Brühls and *Ententes* find in the gentle, modest, Isabel of *Measure for Measure,* bold only in the spirit's moving grace, their most perfect absolver; restorer of honour bright, reinspirer with Faith and Hope,—if not quite Charity!

'Our acts did not o'ertake our bad intent,
'And must be buried but as an intent
'That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
'Intents but merely thoughts.
'*Mariana:* Merely, my lord.
'*Duke:* Your suits unprofitable,—'

Methinks it is; but yet they do, in their souls, sincerely believe the sins themselves by providence escaped have now

descended on the head they hoped should feel their heel,—shall now, with heaven to sanction.

Still further, there is always here that phenomenon so invariably sequent upon any man who does conspicuously act in a vital justice, that of his being instantly judged by all and sundry by a standard of morality the judgers never dream of applying to themselves or to any who offers less title than he to be reckoned upright. Every just man has bet this a thousand times, and seen it to be the law universally. It is not altogether of shamelessness, nor, whatever height it rises to, hideous deed it lead to, a thing merely detestable. For it is, of course, essentially an involuntary, unescapable confession by them and confirmation of him; a spontaneous admission, with often a vein of true loyalty as yet troubled helpless, contrarious, filled with manifold vexations of spirit, but capable of purification. Undoubtedly, this is born of sin; all exclaim at real or imagined fault in one centred for criticism with simultaneous passing lightly over, as mere peccadillo, act excused by necessity, moment's infirmity, or even as commendable virtue, treble guilt in the same by whosoever walks orthodox, belongs to own party, or stands just ordinary mortal; and in many grows on from bad to worse, the eminently unpardonable; yet, also in others, it stirs the execrated noble to pity, to silent patience and timely aid, prompts him to a hopeful ministration, and then indeed Redeemer. If you marvel at such reflections, I cannot help it. Friedrich was a mocker, sceptic infidel, you say: And those who gnashed their teeth upon him most Christian? Wide howl of virulent animosity raged round him, blind and causeless; yet he never answered in the like, nor lost in human brotherhood for the bitterest of his cursers: The Reich which joined the Combine, put him under Ban of Empire, lives now in one fold, staunch for ownest Captain and one common Father-

land. Is there not in these facts something more of Christian than in your litanies?

In that Seven Years' effort, England, chancing by special providence to come temporarily under the leadership of an heroical man, to whom all noble in her responded, took side with the One. Yet the ignoble in her soon ousted Chatham, deserted Ally in foul treasonous manner, and never gave up the prior charges; have since but gone on elaborating them: Britain's present action is a sequel of this, directly descended from it; comes not by discernment of facts on the part of the nation or its leaders, but through persistence in baseless delusion, inveterate building in own fancy viciously, and a deliberate refusal to see or confess aught German as it was or as it is. False notions of that character are bad enough in any case, for they simply cannot spring in soul that is itself true; but *held* after fullest exposition of their falsity, —exposition made in broadest humanity; no partisan spirit adding fresh false colour by white-wash of the maligned, just revelation of him in his natural stature, with all the faults and infirmities that were his; nothing disguised, and no magnification of him beyond his actual stature; richly equitable in warm as level sympathy with every party; clear in sight of the Maligners' guilt, yet void of every narrow condemnation, cherishing each trait of manhood to be found in them; stably measured everywhere, and forgetful of no condoning circumstance;—to hold the false notions after this is infinitely worse; the crime which the bravest, gentlest, have ever felt to be most cardinal, chief Mother of Iniquity, and blackest proof of Covenant with Hell that men can give.

And, when we look at the condoning circumstances, there is one thing not at all the same to-day. Britain has not stumbled into this war somnambulantly, driven on by spectral terrors, and in a stupidity perhaps the most honest in

the world; she has gone into this war very wakefully, and with no own cause of war hapless confused with other wars; neither blundered in a stolid honesty, but in an attorney's adroitness, lively quick in damned enterprise. Driven on by phantasm of terror, may be true enough, the terror real and extremely phantasmal, but then the creation of brains more vicious than sick. And even had it been otherwise one could only answer again as Carlyle long since: 'Our 'great grandfathers lived in perpetual terror that they 'would be devoured by France'; (I give it in his words. You can substitute 'We live . . . by Germany'; etc.) 'that 'French ambition would overset the Celestial Balance, and 'proceed next to eat the British Nation. Stand upon your 'guard then, one would have said: Look to your ships, to 'your defences, to your industries; to your virtues first of 'all—your *virtutes,* manhoods, conformities to the Divine 'Law appointed you; which are the great and indeed sole 'strength to any Man or Nation! Discipline yourselves, 'wisely, in all kinds; more and more, till there be no anar-'chic fibre left in you. "Unarchic," disciplined at all points, 'you might then, I should say, with supreme composure, 'let France, and the whole world at its back, try what they 'could do upon you and the unique little Island you are 'so lucky as to live in?' Just what we have done, you were going to interject after the first three injunctions. I grant it and rejoice in it; but the remainder, and major, you have not done at all. A pretty anarchy was all abuzz at the very instant that you made war; but this particular is scarce worth noting in a state so normal. French Ambition was real, though perfectly futile, as all such vanities are; yet the injunction was: Look to your own island, run *not* diplomatising, fighting abroad in concerns and quarrels not yours. German ambition is a Bugaboo of your own creation; but had it too been real the injunction had remained

the same. Assuredly, never to run bidding for allies and, by subtle copartnery bring war; then, snatching the moment for dastardly onslaught, say you had to in honour.

What evidence does the character of this Combination afford of the character of the One combined against? Take me correctly, please. I did not say What evidence does this Combination offer as to the character of the One? That is a thing very completely known, a thing which he who runs may read—and not credit. More than offered, pressed on every comer, beshouted into every corner, but a no evidence; a story-teller's figment and lying incoherency, worthy of no man's regard, except as significant of the fabricators. A Bedlamism and a Nursery tale, with the difference that tales so told by men have not the innocence of the nursery, rather the spleenful guile of Newgate. Whoever wishes to know aught of the German, to learn what he is, good man or bad, and what sort of either, rests confidently on the primary assumption that he is bound to be a man made more or less in the image of his Maker, like the rest of us; sweeps the Combination's (mainly Britain's) delirious detractions of him into the gutter, as preliminary essential to any *sight*. Mere envenomed delusions, those; perversions, distortions, glaringly incongruous and impossible, making up a picture like unto none that ever drew breath on this planet; absolutely unbelievable by mortal still *compos mentis*. The generation, ready credence of which by the British may afford terrible evidence of their moral condition; but which cannot mirror for us one single feature of the German. Each healthy soul rejects all that instinctively, and not without abhorrence.

What evidence does the character of this Combination afford the Character of the One combined against, is what I did say. It may not be possible for man, restricted to

negative evidence in this matter, to give any very conclusive answer as to German's character; yet there is no question sufficient intellect could deduce his character so. And I think it probable that if some higher embodied Intelligence than man were suddenly to appear among us out of infinity this instant it would, after one careful perusal of the British and World's Indictment of Germany, though knowing otherwise nothing of the matter, come quickly to very definite conclusion the One there execrated was of the eminently just. Let us drop speculation and speak plain man: It is not in my experience, knowledge, or power of veridical conception, that Combination like the present has ever, or could ever, come into being except against one most distinctly of the juster kind; that accusations, and accounts of quarrel, of the nature of those made and given by the British, have ever, or could ever be made or given unless as contrary to Man or Nation that had the right in the quarrel very preponderantly; that no spirit such as informs the British *versus* the German has ever been, or could ever be, excited save by the presence in their Protagonist of somewhat that is chiefly human and heroical—ever encountering on this earth a deadliness of opposition which nothing else can raise. It is a most wild notion, that of the myriads swarming to Right. The German stands alone because he has no kin, or none brave enough, and never was the *Devil* without in this world. The wrath of knaves is easy kindled, but, alas! seldom do the just rise quickly in aid. Had the German had a tithe of the cunning ambition you attribute, he had never lacked for company; many had been ready to share peril in the hope of prize, though so few for God's sake. *You* have found this, legions to friend.

As was the case in the Seven Years' War, the problem before Germany is, essentially, Defence, not Conquest.

Charge of voluntary war, iniquitously undertaken for aggressive objects, made by those who had themselves been plotting for wanton outrage, and who never hesitated to seize any opportunity for aggression that turned up for themselves, was as loud and universal then as now; yet utterly baseless. It is never difficult to get the Mobs to believe such charges; but, with the facts otherwise, their unanimity will not profit them or you. You say that Germany made war for conquest; pretend this the basis of your own acts, and exult in having checked imagined aim—one could not say how many imagined aims, for your minds are extremely fertile in that kind. But no word of truth comes from you; and the real problem for Germany is to-day, as before, defence of her own countries. She gained no conquest before, not an inch of territory, or shilling of indemnity, much ruin; yet recovered marvellously, and manifold accessions of territory, and more important things, followed after. You do not now pretend merely to wish to check conquest, but to cut down and destroy; and this aim of yours, if original vindictive, is greatly intensified by a dim perception of the fact that if not utterly beaten Germany will be victor, manifold accession to her, blight upon and self-wreck to her opposites, again sure to follow: Which could by no possibility be the case if her act were aggressive and your cause just. Sufficing check to the aggression were then enough, and no good could follow to her or ill to you. Your instinct, that, if simply not beaten, Germany will be victor, is true; and frightfully betrays you: for it could not be true unless Germany were in the right, yourselves in the wrong. A nest of pirates needs to be destroyed, you urge? Granted! But no nest of pirates, after prolonged exhaustive struggle with a world of foes, springs up again in native majesty, blossoms fairer than before, and widens kingdom in peace;

its opposites, in Mighty Combination futile to exterminate collapsing namelessly, like creatures whose own limbs fail them, Messrs. Churchill & Co., know well that there lies their dread: Not supremely victorious we, able to *suppress,* He grows, our Empire crumbles: and it is not an idle fear. But alas! sirs, although in part aware of this, you do not guess that an Empire, if once really dependent on any such issue, is already past hope in jeopardy; no completest suppression of another capable of saving it for more than an hour. In a little while you shall see them as you wish. Nay, by God, I do not wish *that.* But my loathing of your deeds and spirit so grows I am apt to cease endeavour to bring reason as a foolishness, perhaps an impiety; to say to you: Go on, then: do your utmost; Ban-dogs of the gutter flesh all your fangs in man, so far as able. Tear him to pieces, if you can: Death is no ill fate for him. Should human breath be wasted in speech to such as ye? Why fear for him? And is it not affront to him to think he can be aided by words addressed to kennel? They are not addressed to kennel, and I have hope in Britons still could tell you: There's your home, skulk in, tails down, and no more think to voice or lead Our Nation.

Yes, the problem before Germany is Defence, now as before. All credit to her for *going* on the defensive; for being long prepared and ready to meet your machinations, subtle *Ententes,* pretending peace, so long as obedient, conformable, to each exsufflicate, *arbitrium,* which *arbitriums,* of course, grew ever the more exsufflicate, and the *ne plus ultra,* which proved beyond all toleration, far from the first; let her hold whatever she can keep or get, in counterpoise to colonies snatched defenceless by British colonies Britain gave leave to snatch yet would plead impotence to compel disgorge again; but the problem remains defence. If Germany can once more hold her own

against the world, no more is needed of her in this conflict; and, however great the present cost or 'ruin,' she will so prove conqueror in a better sort than if Paris, Petrograd and London had come under her feet. One knows not yet if she can do this; but, if she can, she will again have given such proof of sterling human worth in all kinds as no flaming conquest could, more blest for her than shining victor. Conqueror has never been her rôle at all since she came on the stage of world history, much less Adept in Chicane. No, never those so persistently attributed vanities and astucities; but a grand solidity, noble integrity, and growth by equitable expansion; each increase well earned and worthily maintained. And, able to hold out, should it be no more, the sequel is again sure to be rich in all manner of increase to her and her sons' sons; in that case, the future times will restore all present loss a hundredfold, far beyond present forecast.

So far as it is permissible for man to pray—for what impiety to dream the Eternal knows not better than we!—it is my deliberate conviction that every brave man, Briton more than any, should pray that Germany may not be defeated in this contest; that each should do whatever he can and justly may to prevent such hideous consummation.

Alone against the World, she stands just now. It is the normal portion of the heroical—man or nation; and he must not rage, but be strong in all humanity, in valour and in pity, in severest doom and tenderest forgiveness—must do his utmost, yet unreservedly commit the issue to Him who guides the battles' storm and whose path is in the deep. None rises to his aid, those whose own welfare is bound with his dare not venture, and some whose chief salvation were in his victory are hot in enmity. The odds are huge; and time was when Briton put his trust in some-

thing else: Let German now. Mighty Combinations are very composite, much liable to split, generally more terrifying to contemplate than to wrestle with; and, if in your own right hands and constant souls lies the only certainty, there never is any knowing when or how heaven means to send help. O Briton, that I speak this to your foe! I speak it to our Brother; for, were we true to ourselves, none other on earth were so thoroughly our brother. Be successful, Briton, in your endeavours to crush him, and I do not think I could ever own kin with you more: Seldom did Nation put hand to more dark and foul a deed. And what hideous cruelty has your horrid obsession made you partaker of, chief leader in! I do not refer to atrocity, blood and desolation, slaughter of the innocent, or seeming innocent. No, but to the hemming in for destruction of the Right Valiant, the seeking to cripple, to thwart, or exterminate, a simple veracious Manhood; in whose arrival at royal sway on earth, also, lies the one possibility of saving the innocent, preventing unrighteous bloodshed, all other mischief whatsoever. 'The whole world risen like a delir-'ious Sorcerer's Sabbath round One, against whom, were 'the truth known, there is no solid complaint, intent to hurl 'the mountains on him. Go to the theatre and there weep 'at Tragedy, at the illusory representation of Tragedy, per-'suade yourselves of just abhorrence for the villainous, gen-'erous sympathy with the noble of soul, victim of knaves' 'wrath and honesty's cowardice, while in life you vie with 'each other in cursed execration, exult in the hope of 'trampling Sole Man under herd's cloven feet'[1]

[1] Carlyle (also *Wilhelmina*) on 'Seven Years' Combination'; in different places, and partly in paraphrase here.

CHAPTER VI

REAL CAUSES

VI

REAL CAUSES

PRELIMINARY

Ostensible Causes are easily dealt with: The reasons certain Responsible Entities are pleased to *show* their so loyal and believing, their so suspicious and fractious, yet ever very gullible, Publics: Here you have something definite, already articulated for you; a more or less distinct human statement of facts or no facts to work upon. And, in either case, true or false, distinct or indistinct, it is the human statement which stands as the mark of your criticism, whether invulnerable thereto or speedily shattered, not the infinite deep which forms the subject of your enquiry. Occasionally, the human statement itself refers to the infinite, and, though clear, is not limited, as when Cromwell said he warred with Spain because she was Anti-Christ: In which case the Ostensible may be one with the Real, and as nameless; the uttered statement merely floating over your battleranks as a symbolical word, all meaning attachable to which is left to yourselves, and cannot be found except in the deep. Much more usually, however, the Ostensible makes no stretchings after the infinite, but is prudently rendered to us very definite, sharp in outline, cut, dried, and made suitable for universal handling; carefully prepared for ready intelligibility to meanest capacity, and the ending of doubt in one and all; so that each man, the Nation through, asked Why we are at War? can answer instantly with irrefragible dictum. Some hiccup of a treaty infringed (how many yourselves have torn up never breathe

of); almost anything will do, if, hung up *in vacuo,* it seem to have a logical coherence and no *contra* be admitted to a hearing. Some simple law of Cocker, self-evident and undeniable, with none to ask, Wherein relevant? Or how *it* proves your confident summing up of an infinite complexity? If a quasi-religious doxy, whereon men feel they may securely stake their salvation, while their property is put to hazard, the happier hit. Yet you scarcely need this; for it comes by nature where the other is: Perpetual iteration of the irrefragible dictum will itself bring assurance of a righteous infinity fought for, and God to friend. Each side, every side, succeeds well enough in working itself up in that fashion; and the Ostensible are of little value *except* as indications of their pronouncer's veracity. Sometimes they are true, as far as they go; are beautiful and wise; and, then, you may pass insensibly out from them into the boundless Real they honestly rest on. When false criticism is satisfied if she can declare where and how, and has then done with them; but with Real Causes you can never have done. No insurmountable task to slit a British White Paper 'Case' into ribbons, or drive it off as chaff on the winds, to trouble no mortal more—were the fœtid exhalations let out in the process once blown away, too! But Real Causes are totally beyond man's compass.

Ranging in a sphere somewhat intermediate between Ostensible and Real Causes, are the objects which the parties actually had in eye in going into war. With the true, the objects declared are, of course, simply so much of the actual objects as it was wise to make public, and nothing contradictory; with the knavish, cunning falsehoods concocted to disguise the actual; but with the mendacious (in the worser sense in which the word mendacious is here almost always used, namely mendacious of soul rather than tongue) subtle conceits, which in fact reveal their actual

aims nearly as clearly as a true man's word, yet which carry their own kin along in unanimous persuasion by perfectness of accord with a lying spirit abroad in all; whereof those conceits are born, and wherein they gather strength through its sweeping response. Thus, if the knavish never will, the mendacious never can, tell their objects truthfully, the latter do generally tell plainly enough to man who marks their discourse, though the precise objects of the former cannot be discovered till later days, when secrets of statecraft have been unearthed. Still, the Real Causes are no more to be found in the specific aims the parties actually had than in the accounts of those aims they openly rendered to the public; and we do not mean to dwell on them. The *un*specific aims, dynamical motives temper spirit, run deeper. But Real Causes are a soundless infinite, and the utmost man can do is to articulate a little of what he sees to have been among the causes, did have share in the matter, and went to make up a whole unreportable, unknowable.

I shall say first, therefore, that this war is fundamentally one of Opposition: It originated not in the Will of a Brute, but in Enmity to Man. To say that a particular party is the cause of a war because without him it had not been is, of course, always sheer nonsense. His existence may very likely be disturbing to some, extremely unwelcome to them; but he did not create himself, and being had the right to be. Each (Man or Nation) is born into this world without will of his own in the matter; and, if war result from his presence, he is only the cause of it if he have charged abroad lawlessly; have, whether arrogantly or cunningly, seized upon, or wrought for, what is not his by Eternal's decree: For your parchments, if they deny to him what is his, the worse for them and for you. But if he have simply lived and grown, waxing in might and struggling

upward, self-fending, as each as to; impelled onward and outward by the forces implanted in him, and in stout modesty claimed his due, a wider arena, a greater possession; ever rising in stature, sought fuller expression;—then, if war result, as it almost invariably does, on all manner of scales, not he, but those who have disallowed his right, sought to hamper and hinder, are the causers of the war. Wars often are provoked by the Will of a Brute; are then strictly wars of Assertion. And, in this sense, no just war ever is of assertion; for, if just, the demands should have been acceded to without battle, the *onus* on whoso refused them. But wars are at least as often counters to the Volition of Man, are then wars of Opposition; informed by a spirit, carried on with a virulence, never found in the others. As those of Assertion have their root in some form of Lust, so these in some form of Enmity; the perennial attempt of the world to suppress whatever springs direct from the great heart of nature, lives not by its formulas. That is what I mean by a war of Opposition: a war brought about by the endeavours of men to forbid another his right; in great instance, individual or national, always caused by the deep-seated inveterate hostility of men to what is nobler and more human than themselves, certain to be in them if the loyalty and reverence which ought to be is not. And I say that this war is one of that genus; genus which, assuredly has many species. You say, it is not, that it was caused by the Will of a Brute, whose lusts were long evident to you and private intentions known. Then why did you not straightforwardly forbid the Brute his lusts; openly enter into express alliance with France for defence of her if attacked without provocation? On your hypothesis, this was the only honest course for you, if you meddled at all. Instead of this, you, with endless painstaking, so arranged matters that, when the critical moment arrived,

you could say to Germany, in pretence of impartiality and free-hand: You may fight France, provided you conform to all our conditions of handicap to you and swear to inflict no incurable cripplement upon her, nor gain the least good to yourself: On these terms, our royal equity to you and magnanimous protection of France against your greater power may be pleased to see the pair of you let blood and mutually exhausted to no purpose: No interest of ours will then be touched, and so we give law for the combat in righteousness. That is the plain English of your once thought glorious henceforth known notorious White Paper 'Case.' A thing absolutely infamous; essentially a Machiavellian ruse, and if consciously so perhaps the cleaner. You sodden wretches, you think yourselves annulled of sin because you hoped the critical moment would never come, sincerely did not wish it to come; you actually imagine that *this* converts your sordid machinations into a heavenly wisdom. No Constable of the Almighty missioned to preserve peace, forbid lust, goes to work in that fashion, if many a Night Poacher does. Very certainly a war of Opposition; even by your own Ostensible, visibly arising out of Enmity; much plotting to prevent freedom of act, and trap laid too, well baited in secrecy. You hoped the mouse would not enter; did all in precaution merely; do really believe that since you did not want the mouse to enter regions where the trap was situate you are absolved of guilt in plot. I cannot follow you through all those labyrinths; they are too intricate—involved and far removed from light of day. Perchance it was no mouse, and bait did not attract; but trap demolished by paw of somewhat mightier lord of forest and plain than you had reckoned with.

War originating in Enmity to Man without an if. How far, and, if you like, whether, that Enmity was plotting for

aggressive act it is not possible for the exoteric to say, not probable that the outer public will know in our lifetime. Manifold indications point to the existence of such plotting; to the discovery of it by Germany; and to the cognizance of it by Britain, with refusal on her part to definitely herself engage in it, but with grant of unlawful cover to those who were engaged in it, and abundant assurance to them that they should not lack her assistance in upshot if they took the right course to secure it. But speech of these things is for a later date, when the secrets of Statecraft have been laid open, can be followed in their true sequences; present exclaims at real or imagined revelations of items here and there mere street noises and darkening of counsel by words *without* wisdom. Not the practices of the Enmity are our concern, but the Enmity itself. Opposition to Germany, innate in the British, the Real Cause of their going to war with that nation: Which we may divide into three: British Jealousy of Germany's increasing power: *Trial of Strength No. 1.* British constitutional abhorrence of all actual Sovereignty, existent in Germany alone of nations: *Democracy versus Autocracy No. 2.* British saturation with Make-believe, faith only in Transparent Humbug, fearing and detesting an unequivocal Manhood that does *not* believe truth dangerous, dares by what it knows: Which Manhood, if not found in Germany, where found? *Mendacity versus Veracity No. 3.* But, although sections of those titles will occur, it is not my intention to divide this, the main chapter of this book, into those three sections only, but also into others subsidiary. For these elements are simultaneous, completely interpenetrate each other, and run through all; in the matter before us, they have such a co-existence, absolute interdependence, that, though so far as separable they may for greater clearness

be spoken of separately, they are properly not separable but found everywhere.

The Real Causes of the war are unfathomable, indeed! Our part to look into their deep and tell of elements certainly there, among others, visible and invisible to us. And though the above may foreshadow what is to follow, yet know well that nothing linear, circumscribed, can be meet for subject so shoreless. The Real Causes of any war are as deep as Original Sin, said Carlyle; yet permissible, a duty for man to see what he can, and tell part. So long as he never forget that he sees but a hand-breadth, can only declare a few items out of innumerable; none of which are fixed, detached, are really 'items' at all, but indissoluble parts of an infinite and fluent whole totally transcending any power of his to guess the meaning of.

I

TRIAL OF STRENGTH

Nothing that the British have articulated, do openly profess, as justification for their war on Germany does justify it at all; but we spoke at the commencement of instinctive biases possibly just, later of claims valid in Rivalry's lists. Well, perhaps of all questions the British are consciously fighting to determine, the simple, primitive, one of: Morality apart, which of us two is the stronger? is the most respectable. They are rather shy of asserting this issue nakedly, but it is very consciously present in them; properly the one common bond to which all opinions own allegiance. And, were it genuine, I too might own allegiance; should not be shy of confessing it a very considerable, perennial, and inevitable element in disputes

between Nations, however sorry that they should need to draw sword to decide the answer. Among the majority of the more sterling of the actual fighters, I should suppose it to form the staple of resolution, a bottom to which all thoughts revert for the silencing of doubt; or even, to the sterling, the sole ground capable of yielding solid foothold; the rest morass, vacuity, and conflicting shrieks hysterical for guiding counsel. The valiant and truly worthy of your Admirals, Generals, soldiers and sailors of every rank, they are not in their heart of hearts fighting for your White Paper 'Case,' for championship of a Belgium would not reason, for protection of a France would not keep out of mischief, to give opportunity to a nescient Russia to wreak havoc in the homes of their own light-loving kindred, to satisfy a Westminster Cockpit's malignity to a just and noble Chief of Men, such as themselves would serve in grateful loyalty were his like but king of themselves instead of their—foes by your cozenage, brothers in nature's fact. No, not for these things are the valiant and more worthy of them fighting; it is not the thought of these things that steels their hearts, and lends force to their arms: They are fighting for the maintenance of Britain's power, for their country in what they have been taught was her day of peril; and, in their better consciousness, I say deliberately in their *better* consciousness, for practically nothing else but this—and every stroke they so deliver, every deed, military, administrative, what you will, the Empire so achieves, does go to say and to make good: Despite of all, there's yet that in us which the heavens still sanction. Our guilt may be terrible, and the penalties to be paid for it dire, but it has not yet merited the death sentence for us, or sunk us beyond recovery. Yea; and this we will maintain even against him we have most foully wronged, should his wrath pass measure and seek our destruction as some

among us have sought his. Of this they are by no means conscious; it is a dumb instinctive matter, which true seer would discern and lead out to another sort of victory than any you are seeking. Many a soldier, sailor, citizen, battling and working resolvedly in faith that it is for his country's sake, you may have; in unguessed fact, battling and working, living and being, to prove what of virtue there yet is in Britons, silently entering this on the credit side for Auditor Fate to compare with the debit vice when it comes to decide Bankrupt or Solvent? Is there credit enough to pay the debt and yet live; or have your sins brought you to judgment? God knows, not I. But this I know, that no heroical man seeing and understanding the springs of this war and fighting in it as in the eye of the Eternal is in your ranks at all, or in those of your Allies. In the ranks opposed to you there may or may not be such, but in yours there cannot be; not in army, navy, or cabinet, neither in camp nor in council hall is there one such possible to you; if there be any that might have become such, they have either turned to folly or are in cloud and half-hearted, reverting merely to that primitive for such satisfaction as they can find in it. None lucent with Intelligence of the Highest cries Forward! to you, nor could cry Forward! to you in this enterprise; but Back! Repent! Confess an infamy! and, where this is true, simplicity's faith can never long continue honest, simplicity remain at all. Alas, I fear the majority of your actual fighters, too, do supple their consciences with the baseless pleas you provide for that object; though none sterling could swallow them, not even taken in the lump, at one determined gulp, and to have done with questionable matter: It is not the practice of the sterling to silence conscience, or accept a colour for assurance.

Britain or Germany to be uppermost? Must one or both

go down? Can either, or can both, survive, to lead the Onward March of Man, singly, or in harmony as Brethren of One Soul? Ah me! Vast Issues here indeed! And sometimes gleams of a Divine Hope through all the horror. You are not conscious of those more ominous and more glorious, only of the Which of us Two is the stronger? Were it possible, which it is not, to separate that element from others, I should say nothing in regard to it. Had that primitive been the main or true cause of the war, I should have remained mute for the Event; feeling that, once you had put it to trial by force, you would have to fight it through, since you could not or would not do better. The question is so huge, enormous in sequel, that all else set forth for reason of war, or consciously in you, shrinks into nothing when put beside this; so deep and so far-reaching that it is more than enough to modify all else, it is enough to sweep all else into comparative insignificance. The answer is determinable by the totality of virtue and vice in you that no particular good to your credit or crime you are guilty of seems worth specifying. And, if these things are true of the mere wrestle to overthrow and question Which shall be uppermost? much more are they true of that other far blesseder issue: Reunion in a mutual devotedness: Whereof I do not yet entirely despair. But have, meantime, to enforce again upon you that the simple Trial of Strength, uncombined with worthier or baser elements, is not present here; that the question Which of us Two is the stronger? cannot be honestly put unless the conditions of combat are *fair:* The answer may often be got whatever the conditions of combat, and sometimes those conditions are alone sufficient to give the answer.

'Romans have gone clean out, Britons have come in': It is not long (in such reckonings) since this was written. And, if you asked me: When, in World-history, was that

matter of Supremacy ever settled without battle? I should have to answer, sadly: Never, that I am aware of. Could also answer: Though trials of strength be constantly made wherein both wrestlers have high merit and neither is humanly blameworthy for wrestling, heaven crowns the victor despite cruel deed, still pity goes to the vanquished, yet I know of no instance wherein the possessor of an already achieved and World Supremacy entered war from fear of competitor and did not in sequel, whether successful against the rival or not, lose that Supremacy,—certainly *never* if he crushed his opponent by foreign aid. For, though we said, Morality apart, Morality is not apart; it is most all-permeating, however latent. And for all mere Trials of Strength the *heavens* will crown the victor in, a certain frankness is quite essential. There your thought must be to crush him in an equal force (true sword to sword), not potch at him some way: or wrath or craft may get him. If your honour cease to have in it that emulation it was wont to have, your honour's gone, Supremacy death-stricken.

One fully admits how each has to fight and prove his title; gives large allowance to Rivalry among the unintelligent, knows its permanent prevalence as element in almost all mortal strivings. But Rivalry is only pardonable to the unintelligent, and, honest rivalry is always generous, manful, however short. A mournful enough sight it may be to see two brave men fighting one another to prove which is best man (often one slain, the other wounded, ere such 'proof' is forthcoming), instead of fighting side by side against the sons of darkness; so quickly and much more thoroughly discovering which is better man, in grateful recognition and mutual helpfulness. But the sinking into plot, conspiracy, yet worse the taking lead in mighty combination to suppress Competitor, is itself at once an unmis-

takable confession of inferiority, always ruinous to such Ringleader, if you wait long enough. No lordly Patron of the Less, lending aid through envy and to get it, but may indeed sun himself superior in *their* ready adulation; yet forfeits man's esteem the while, and seldom is it that he ever more again commands respect. Yes, Sirs, one fully admits the common need of each to fight for his right; honest rivalry an earthly ground to stand on, if little celestial. But shall Welcome of Peer never be possible, then? Always, when the New Power rises toward equality with a Prior-existent, threatens to become the greater, the two must go to war and one destroy the other. I am sorry to hear you say so: You have expressed that conviction in you more conclusively than words could. I do not believe it is forever bound to be so, however well I may know it to be usual. It may be that it was and remains beyond you to do otherwise; but it is not beyond man, and much otherwise was offered to, sought of, you in the present instance. You had no eye for it; pride-blinded and jealous, fearful, you not merely in arrogance sniffed at the priceless, but created for your solace, his bane, a malignant caricature of the Peer, heaped every term of ignominy upon him. Nay, then, is it too plain 'tis you that are not *his* Peer. And so is it ever: The New does not seek the Trial; but the Old, by repeated thwart, petty annoyance, a long continued course of conduct informed by Jealousy, forces it sooner or later. Neither does that mean passion ever trust to *fair* trial, as Britain conspicuously has not here. Whatever the War's result, British Statesmen, with too big a following in every part of the Empire, have already trumpeted to the whole earth they did not and do not reckon Britain Germany's match. There is only one way Britain could prove herself belied in this: And a madman's dream to think she will seek it? I am afraid so.

That Germany's power has been steadily increasing for generations past, has in the last few generations increased enormously, is a fact undeniable as the sun at noonday. And shall we say something similar? Perhaps not yet at full meridian glory, still ascending and, though shrouded in storm cloud awhile, to shine out anew with a long course yet to run, giving grace to the earth, strength to the children of men. Likewise is it a fact undeniable as—as what? Must I say as the murk of mid-*night* and the laugh of hyenas? that if Britain could not or would not give Germany the peer's welcome, fair soul to soul, rejoicing in a Man and thanking God for fellow labourer, then War between the two was inevitable. The war has come. You say you went into it because of meditated aggression on the part of Germany. I say, say without any shadow of Dubiety, in as thorough a conviction, as complete a Certainty as man can have, that you went into it, had subtly provoked or countenanced it, from Jealousy of Germany's power, and in a determination to forbid any further increase to that power. For the things we have next to touch on, successively or simultaneously, in relation to this Trial of Strength element, are: The fact of Germany's increased power; how this has come by equitable Expansion, true Growth, not by Aggression. What ground there is to believe her temper now aggressive. The British charge that it is so: a venomous accusation, springing from jealousy. Mutual humour of the two Nations to each other. The Inevitability of the War: why or how inevitable, if so. Take the Fact of Increase first; and gain cheerfulness by a moment spent in daylight, if plunge in dusk we must.

Said Goethe, or quoted he: The dear old Holy Romish Reich, how does it hold together? It is a reflection of immense significance to me that Germany is the only European Nation which has sprung fresh in modern times; not

merely lasted out of mediæval, or broken loose in revolutionary earthquakes, but, still rooting in the divine of the past, has survived the earthquakes without loss of that and sprung *fresh* in a vitality of To-day. In long past times Deutschland was a glorious unity and Germany verily a Nation. Thereafter fell internecine; went mouldering and crumbling down; became a 'Wigged Mendacity,' manhood in danger of perishing, poisoned by effluvias from the dead unburied; yet never, as a people, abandoned sobriety, became infected with any active malignancy, nor rejected the Godlike, however terribly in need of it. And before the Reich's decadence arrived at consummation little Prussia proved she had kept true, was a Veracity with no more Wig than suited head, could hold her own against the world; did so become the saviour of Germany at large: Which, on signal of new common danger, most wanton, coalesced with her, thus forming present Germany; once more a Mighty Power based not on the rotten extinct nor on glass-cased preservations of Humbug kowtowed to for form and believed saving arks once rendered impotent transparent, neither on atheistic anarchy nor its cherished faiths, but on solid earth not shut to heaven, and with beliefs which are true, capable of infinite expansion, ascension. It is a thing of immense moment this that Germany has sprung in a fresh Vitality of To-day; and the political power, coherency, is only the outcome of a far more precious spiritual, which was by no means confined to Prussia but spread through all the states. In the whole of this there was no Aggression. Prussia's own growth was healthy expansion; she seized but what was her right, acquired but what was fairly and beneficently hers in the circumstances; she did not conquer, subject, or cozen the other States: That union was one of true brotherhood; an open, fortunate, most happy forming into a confessed Polit-

ical Unity what was already one in soul. And since this grateful Reunion, spontaneous flowing into one, so long the hope and almost the despair of every noble German, there has been no Aggression. A vast accumulation of force silently going on very probably; force needing outlet, not seeking it by unjust channels, and for you, if you took upon yourselves to incessantly forbid the outlet, saying, as if God of this world, Hitherto and no further,—! I know of no national records cleaner of wrongful aggressions, unjust encroachments than Germany's. If she be entirely guiltless there, she is indeed the Christ of Nations. Of those now leagued against her, how many not hundredfold the guiltier? Up to the present, Germany has eminently grown by natural development, fair and free expansion, the reward of heaven for Desert. Great has been her increase, and that Increase has been blessed: a thing for every just man to rejoice in; none brave, and himself growing in Omnipotence-favour, to fear; knaves and ill-workers alone to tremble at, seek to cut back or hinder from further.

That Germany has not been an aggressive, an unjustly grasping or offensively militant nation till now, is a fact definitely ascertainable; and no ground for belief that she now is so has ever come before my notice; neither is it for an instant credible to me that any war by Germany not felt by him to be inevitable, necessary for his country's honour, safety, or well-being, would ever have been sanctioned by her present Kaiser. If you say of a man one has known to be hitherto of a just and constant soul that he has turned into diabolical workings, nobody can, on the moment, *prove* you lie. The instinct of Man may, certainly, be very prompt to *give* you the lie, should he deem your scurrilous insinuations worthy of notice. What then if you have always said it? If you say of a nation, this subtle leopard has changed its spots; it is no longer the

same at all; a clique of evil-minded persons are riding it. Why that last is unhappily a far from impossible predicament. But it is for you who make the assertion to bring the proof, and it will require to be very satisfying—which, surely, in a way, it is. If you can do nothing save *charge* malign intention, who is going to listen to you? Too many, yet sum prefaced with the minus sign. But, as a matter of fact, you do not in the least say that Germany has changed: Your argument remains that she still is what she never was. Had the assertion of present aggressive temper been made by men full of a loving recognition of the unaggressive Germany of hitherto, stable in true insight into German character, equal esteem and honour of it; sorrowfully, as in discernment of new fact;—the assertion would have been worthy of most serious attention, earnest enquiry into its truth: We have heard nothing distantly resembling this. What we have heard is bitter imputation of ill motive, to be believed despite of all assurance and in the teeth of evidence; made by men devoid of discernment of facts new or ancient; mere repetitions of old imputations persistently accredited by them though long proved false, and fancy's buildings plucking on their hateful lives: No particle of which can offer smallest ground for belief in aggressive temper in Germany at present one jot more than in the past; significant, fatally significant, of the maligners alone, not of the Man and Nation maligned.

Verily, no evidence that Germany had aggressive intention in this war has been forthcoming. Whether she in fact did or did not have it, the British allegations that she had it are of no validity for proof that she had it, and *are* sweeping proof of the character and motives of the allegers. I repeat: No just man, convinced of evil in another, ever asserted the existence of that evil in manner remotely resembling current British defamation of Germany, or took

such methods of counteracting evil as the British have taken against Germany. This attempt to justify the joining in an extraneous war by a plea of future aggression meditated is itself curious, perhaps unparalleled; palpably some part of the conjugation of your Ally's notorious verb Suspect, and itself highly suspect. If we may not call it a barefaced falsity,—for I have never known you tell a naked lie, any more than a simple truth. Taking much pride indeed in things easily seen through, yet face invariably veiled. Apparently in some thought that, should you show your countenance uncovered, its god's brightness would be unbearable to mortal eyes? No Medusa's head turn hearts to stone—and possibly to steel? Nor foul Duessa stript to shame cause every eye to turn away, pained with unbearable of another kind? Why, then, one of the flimsiest pretexts ever set up; transparent veils very clearly revealing true motive a malignant Jealousy glad to seize opportunity, however mean, to damage a dreaded rival. Most utterly is that plea, are all your pleas, mere *charges* unsupported; attributions of evil purpose, I cannot say so much *made* for private ends, the lesser crime, as believed in damnation of soul. Those Creatures of the Mob called British Statesmen were not, as secret knaves had been, hard put to it to make up their 'Case'; they freely offered as their 'Case' what their workings had brought, confident of the acceptance it instantly met; though to each earnest man visibly a thing of tinsel, a most shocking horror, affirming much past deed of darkness as well as calling on the nation for a further capital. A 'Case' which neither came nor found acceptance by any complexion of facts, stood in the least contact with facts. A 'Case' which came and found acceptance by humour long prevalent in the British, habitual there for generations past.

Here, I must anew emphasise how completely the current

exclaim at Germany, the Combination against her, is a repetition of the earlier. Ponder the circumstance, you may marvel whence the British charges came from, how they were born. The answer is, they were not born but now; these whelps of hell-gate now aravening on earth were littered lang syne; they have not even grown considerably; in act, in bay and physiognomy these are just the self-same dogs of old, so long familiar, intimately known. Gaze into the daylight realm of Fact, you stand amazed, in vain enquiring How? Why? Whence? Glance into the record kept of foul Imagination's Cavern underground, and your search is swiftly satisfied *thence, therefore, so.* Compare that ugly brood, all teeming there, with the troop abroad this hour! Reckon them over one by one, they'll answer to the Roll-Call in your hand. Ah, sirs, if nothing in Germany's deed gave ground for your rabid outburst, onslaught vindictive, malicious as dastard, we can be in no doubt whence that outburst, onslaught, came from. Turn to Carlyle's 'History of Frederick the Great' and you may find the whole of your present iniquitous obsession told over before. I could with ease fill pages here with manifold excerpts from that grand Bible; wherein scarcely a word would need change to leave them in their royalty as accurately descriptive of German, Anti-German, deeds temper, spirit, and even entanglement of situation, To-day as of Yesterday. Strangest of all is that last, the similarity of situation. Look at outward European conditions, clash of interests, solid ground for armed debate, you can see nothing out of which this War in the West could have arisen. Turn to that living Record of the Past and you find every feature forestalled; know that the war had origin in Anti-German humour, Elemental Repugnance. It is not merely a family likeness, an occasional resemblance, a trait or two here and there, that exists between

the present outburst and the past; the present outburst is identically the same old song to the same old tune with hardly a variation. Everything now alleged of the German, everything imputed to him, was alleged and imputed before without the slightest foundation in fact; the furor of Mankind against him was fully as high, unanimous; men's concurrence in defamation of him, their determination to cut him down, as overwhelming, venomous in would-be righteousness: And their attempts upon him were void of justice, their clamours at him baseless; had no basis save their own Jealousies, Greeds, and deadly Enmity in common. That Enmity has not sought Lethe's healing stream, has lain asteep in Phlegethon for quicken of spent vigour, poured Cocytus again on earth, and is Real Cause of War in the West to-day—with the East it is different. Moreover, it is chiefly *Britain* that is guilty of this resurrection of the known damned, despite, perhaps *to spite,* The Briton who exorcised the Brood of Hell for her, and left her free, in unscaled vision, opened soul, to grasp the Brother's hand. No use to cry: The War was there before she entered it! Without her cover, neither France nor Russia had mined by half so well; without the practical certainty of her armed support, neither had forced conclusion: certainly not France. The British Lion owns no harness; and Island Ape has Parliament to reckon with, dare not seal to such a bond. Yet cunning may be matched with further cunning; and, unless that Wily Foe consent to fight you on impossible terms—! You know we're staunch. For thus shall our consciences be clean, our People willing in the day of our Power— Methinks it *was* something Ape that rode more fox than lion.

Yes, Britain owes her involution in this war to her own inveterate humour toward Germany; and, in view of it, one can be at no loss to know whence the war sprung,

Like all that really takes possession of man's soul, to drive him along reckless of cost, it is altogether elemental; depends on no mundane interest but emanates from the primary passions of man, his spontaneous Affinities, Repugnances. Among the namable, it is the Chief Cause of the War. The sources of it run very deep; and you cannot know the Present without the Past. Just now we are more or less restricted to what in it tends to evoke Trial of Strength;—not necessarily true sword to sword, rather ready for any potch behind the scenes and trust that virtuous face is such none dare impeach, or doubt of righteousness. But, if the fair and equal Foe is not now for you, this came by failure in the fair and equal Friend demanded, yea, besought. Can you no more meet a man then? Have pleasure in flatterers, toadies to your Greatness; in Tribes of the Less alone find comfortable company? You are Sole Lord; if suave in gracious condescension, know no Equal? At first, perchance, it was not that your arrogance could not brook one, but that you nowhere found one: When whispered of, you sniffed incredulous; then hardened in indifference; have run the course; and sunk, at last, to vicious animus, still trying to lord it superior honest yet betraying envy's malice and all the hideous workings inseparable. Do I need to remind you how common a consummation this is; how many times the world has seen it—and its fate?

I could have much to say of British humour toward Germany, perhaps still more of German toward Britain; and, in the few words here permissible, shall refer not to the tempers of war-time or aught provoked by political opposition, but to the constant attitudes of each to other in times of peace; the deeper roots of these, their leading characteristics. Go back a bit, the British humour toward Germany was, in the main, one of lofty indifference with-

out hostility. Lofty indifference is no good attitude for one nation to have toward another, and I never knew it unaccentuated by attempt at contempt; but, at first, it would have quite pooh-poohed the least suggestion of animosity, and in a native courtesy have instantly checked all tone of slight if you breathed a commendation. Readily indulgent to your enthusiasm: Oh, yes, he may be a very good fellow; no doubt he is, of course he is. And, of course, your courtesy would not offend by too much insistence on matter so evidently interesting to one party only. No desire to learn for himself what the other was could be awakened in him. By all means, let who will amuse himself in such a quest; to me most foisonless: Who cares? And away from importunity, relapsed from possibility's allowance into confirmed prejudgment of the other's nothingness and dullard quality. This, I reckon, is true picture of British national attitude toward the German at the beginning of last century. Carlyle's, indeed, then formed a total exception, surpassing, in this relation, anything in the German, and went on increasing while his life lasted; but it stood alone and the national answer to it was pretty much as above,—at first, till the indulgence given thought his insistence lacking in courtesy. Alas, the nation has not made his wisdom its, as the Germans have the wisdom of their God's messengers. Nathless, one doubts not there are numbers of the British who *have,* each according to ability. Would they could show themselves this hour in united number sufficient! But it was never, in the nature of things, possible that that earlier humour of mere Indifference should continue. The Peer had made his appearance, and, in the neglect of welcome, passive disallowance was bound to turn to active; much more after convincing declaration, in your midst, of his existence and true quality. Carelessness to learn what he was, then, inevitably gave

place to an obstinate refusal to learn what he was, to admit what he was, and an ever-increasing tendency to belie and malign him, till in our young generation it had become a rarity to hear the word German pronounced without some term or intonation betokening contumely, vulgar contempt: To the British of these latter decades, the German has seemed made but to breathe upon.

Glance, similarly, over the stages of German humour to Britain: You find in the earlier a loyal admiration, recognition, with an open confession of superiority in the Briton which has often made me tremble, knowing how in this world of God's making the sceptre passes to Modesty, and worth diffident shall step forth in majesty assured. Friedrich, wishing to eulogise a character of Voltaire's creation, can find no higher praise than 'one feels he is either a Roman or an Englishman.' Royal Goethe, German to the bone and devout in noblest patriotism, deliberately makes his Wilhelm Meister say: 'You do me too much honour when you take me for an Englishman, I am but a German.' Conceive like words to these from any British king or writer! You cannot: The *same* very easily, I fear. In Richter, too, what a loving appreciation of Britain! patient in hope of reciprocity, and without shadow of blame that as yet it was not. We can wait; we can do without it; we will not wrong the Briton with a thought that given time he'll fail to meet us. A genuine intimacy one-sided; a sportful, trustful fullness of knowledge of the other, with a just self-consciousness of being his Mate, together with a clear perception that the other as yet knew not him; a contented waiting till he should, and satisfaction enough meantime in self-worth giving all other worth its due; wonderful to see. Very remarkable phenomena! The Germans of that day knew the British through and through in a manner, though the Britons knew not them.

They gratefully acknowledged vast debt to British Genius; reverently drew near to that Genius and made it their study; generously emulated it; possessed it in soul, and made what in it was suitable for them their own also. O; Britons, if this had met the reception from you that it merited from you—! But, meeting the reception it did, could it either continue? Not possibly. No; not in the case of some wisest, noblest, most long-suffering man born German could it have continued. Such had still prayed and hoped, continued to cherish the noble of past and contemporary Britain, but seeing the course she was pursuing in and for herself could have no longer pointed to her for moral inspiration, rather it may be warned his people against her as Sink of Mendacity; and in the ever-growing persistent British humour to his country had seen grave menace, calling on him to prepare all German sons of men for battle, if it could not be avoided: Since thus with a supreme of men born German, a second Goethe or Carlyle, how with others? Do you think your cause is bettered because the Germans have not all been demigods; and earthly Host of the Just numbered many a cur foaming at lip? Man's strength is surely sorely weakened by all infirmity; but the Justice of his Cause is not reversed thereby, not even if the infirmity bring him to the dust.

Before touching expressly on the Inevitability of War between Britain and Germany, let me add, in reference to it and the last spoken, that phenomena very similar to what the mutual humours of the two nations have manifested are also to be found in the mutual relations of that living individual the present German Kaiser and his contemporary (male) British Sovereigns, Parliaments, and People. Never did Chief of one state turn franker face to another than he to Britain. Throughout his reign that man has done all that he in honour and dignity could do for peace

and good understanding between his country and ours. Met at every turn by indifference, slight, and snub; the antipathy of a Crowned Nothing for a strong personality in royal seat; the insolent opprobriums of Hustings Senate raging at Monarch not amenable to their dictation; and to the People chosen aim of every foul projectile, mark of obscenity's jest. Met by curses, taunts and mock; basest slanders, lowest insolence in every kind; the whole disgraceful riot of vulgarest impudence flaunting its nakedness in the face of Man; joined in by every rank from King to Pleb, one gutter breed that revels in profane indecency, as fairest answer it can give to royal grace and generous favour. Enough was here alone to make him look to his ships and to his men: Me they may traduce, if so they please. But each true son, stepping sternly into rank: Who mocks our Father bears no respect to us! His dirty offers, thought to be sweetened so, we cast back in his teeth. The dog unspeakable! And Father likewise fearing all efforts for peace must fail. How long he wrought and with what width of vision, faith in Britons of another quality than go to make the Roaring Rabble, it may be our cue to recur to when we come to speak specially of him. If, when these proved unavailing, unresponsive, too few, too impotent or too unstable, Britain broke all faith and Rabble charged in full pack on the throat of him and his, iron entered many a German heart, and souls grew grim at such reply to offered brotherhood, were it any wonder? For him and his nation, broadly, I have no fear of any permanent perversion so, but could never have the face to say Hold! to their just wrath's most terrible scourge.

Germany wished peace with Briain. That in the present instance she did is not denied. Britain only took the flimsy pretext she did for entering the war on the further pre-

tence that Germany had malign intentions upon her hereafter: Things beneath further comment. But Germany wished peace with Britain permanently, if equitably maintainable; though her Thinkers, her Statesmen, and her Kaiser, unless exceedingly blind, must have been growing continually more and more aware how small were the chances of this; yet still hoping against hope. Where the issues are such as were between Britain and Germany, it is customary for the party which is in the wrong and playing false, to try to preclude from the one which is in the right and standing true, any fair hearing of his case; not exactly by anticipating it, but by setting up for himself a simulacrum of it: So here, the Britons say it was they who wished peace, etc.: We have seen with what degree of sincerity. Sincerity of wish for peace, etc.: totally incompatible with British deeds, but perfectly compatible with German. The one wished peace as between equal brothers; the other was determined not to grant it unless all those cosy arrangements he had privately made were submitted to; willing enough for peace if they were, I daresay, pitifully zealous they should be submitted to, and wringing his hands distractedly when he saw those pretty plans of his resulting in—what they were bound to result in. Germany did ask no more than her 'place in the sun,' and Britain rejoined: What dog-hutch the gods will grant you I reck not and care not, for in this of my providing shall you house. Your place in the sun, O Germany? That stretches far, does it not? It is, it should be, the deepest soul's longing of man to reach his fullest development, stand forth free in his Manhood's right and stature unimpaired, be all that it lies in him to be; his highest, most god-commanded, duty to endeavour this and achieve thereof what he can. Yet, also, highly incumbent on him to know that what arena his strength shall be given is decided by

another than him, and be eontent to toil for good in narrow field. Perhaps there is in this war some further lesson of that sort for you as for all of us, though I blame you never a deel for bringing your mailed fist down on the huteh of Britain's preseribing, so your devout heart resent none of the Maker's ordaining.

If war between Britain and Germany was Inevitable, then it was the former's humour whieh made it so, and if further seal to this were needed you had the final in the faet that it was Britain whieh voluntarily made war on Germany, spurning all assuranee and generous offer. War certainly was inevitable unless the British humour ehanged for better. To me, from the time I eame to a man's understanding of things, this was plain. Hope still existed; long fading, I suppose we may say it *vanished* what day that Sower of Dragon's Teeth, your Peaee-Maker Edwardus Septimus eame home erowned with *Entente,* the adulated of surrounding flunkies: Merely a question of date when after that, I know I thought so at the time. Once the British had politieally stepped elearly beyond the Neutral, deeisively deelared sympathy and friendship with the Continental Anti-German Camp, there eould be no doubt left what the upshot would be. There, also, we observe, in that tentative, as in the aetual onslaught, Britain, eharging aggressive purpose on Germany, was herself the Aggressor in faet. And ever sinee has hostility grown rapidly more and more pronouneed, less and less disguised; eheek to you here, eheek to you there, thwart to you in this, thwart to you in that, rein you up hard on the left, bar you there on the right; take what you will, good Russ. We'll never owe you a grudge; Fair Itaile we have no quarrel with *thee;* and Honey sweet Celt find paths to our will i' the dark; Albert stand firm in that breaeh, for your earcass may save us from worse; Ministers of State openly threatening,

tirading in a way that merited the whip, instant dismissal from office at least, only to be passed over by Germany as the stump-oratory of irresponsible demagogues; Military Commanders in Chief crying aloud in the streets for war, and naval expenditure rising by leaps and bounds. And, along with all this, solemn public statements nothing hostile was intended, nor any obligations entered into could draw us in, provided always he'll sit still, ne'er stir hand or foot, submit to all and meekly take the utmost provocation heaped, *not* said publicly till after, then in the heat passed over. How utterly *lying* those statements were we now know, might throughout have been seen. Absolved of all iniquity by this one saving grace: So long as he'll submit to every ukase, no stroke shall fall on his devoted head. Sing praises to the Lord! We hoped 'twould never need to. *Saturation in Make-Believe,* Gentlemen, *Faith in Transparent Humbug,* if these be not here, Where?

It cannot be requisite for me now to write anything separately upon how the Briton and the German respectively viewed the Inevitability of war: Damn you, lie quiet in your crib and we'll have none: It cannot be escaped, then. Nor, on the respective Preparation of the two. That of the British you have just read above. Overnetting of the earth with diplomacy, much Bidding for Allies, with fleets and armies not neglected this time. Clearly a good advice that, and we'll follow it, have a competent Business Administrative, too; for the rest, if we can't gain our own chosen goal, perhaps we'll think of heaven hereafter. For the German: Our armies, fleets, intelligence departments, let naught be lacking there; our whole discipline, national organisation, be stirring, every man in his fit place and station; no hopeful diplomacy be neglected; our coherence as a nation, our Manhood, heroic constancy and veritable worth of soul—Now is it put to sore

trial under heaven; and the just, the noble and true of every nation pray it may be equal to the test.

> There eyes do regard you,
> In Eternity's stillness;
> There is all fullness,
> Ye brave, to reward you;
> Fight, and despair not.

Wir heissen euch hoffen. Yes, He bid you be of hope. And we that are genuine Britons, abhorrent of the swine stampede we could not stem, we also hope for you, and strive to hope for Britain. If the world united succeed in crushing Germany, the cloacæ of the universe will yawn wide for Britain beneath the skin of triumph. If the world cannot, there is *one* sound Nation on earth. No hope that Another, by nature yet dearer to us, could cast out rottenness?

Most terrible and wilful has been British *Ignorance* of Germany. I spoke of being able to fill pages with excerpts, and shall give some now relating to prior Political Ignorances, which to reflective readers will be significant:

. . . 'A great deal of ill nature was generated in 'England by this one affair of the Privateers, had there 'been no other; and in dark cellars of men's minds (empty 'and dark on this matter), there arose strange caricature 'Portraitures of Friedrich (to-day's readers say Wilhelm) 'and very mad notions—of Friedrich's perversity, astucity, 'injustice, malign and dangerous intentions,—are more or 'less vocal in the Old Newspapers and Distinguished Cor-'respondences of these days. Of which this one sample:

'To what height the humour of the English ran against 'Friedrich is still curiously noticeable, in a small Transac-'tion of tragic Eg-Jacobite nature, which then happened,

'and in the commentaries it awoke in their imagination. 'Cameron of Lochiel, who forced his way through the 'Nether-Bow in Edinburgh, had been a notable rebel, but 'got away to France and was safe in some military post there. Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's brother, a stu-'dious, contemplative gentleman, bred to Physic, but not 'practicing except for charity, had quitted his books, and 'attended the Rebel March in a medical capacity,—"not ' "from choice," as he alleged, "but from compulsion of ' "kindred";—and had been of help to various Loyalists as 'well; a foe of Human Pain and not of anything else what-'ever: in fact, as appears, a very mild form of Jacobite 'Rebel. He too got to France; but had left his wife, chil-'dren',—And Readers remember, he returned several times privately; was at length caught, tried and executed, *Be-cause*——

'His Grace of Newcastle, and the English generally, had 'got the strangest notion into their head. Those appoint-'ments of Earl Marischal to Paris, of Tyrconnel to Berlin; 'Friedrich's nefarious spoiling of that salutary Romish-'King Project; and now simultaneous with that, his ne-'farious conduct in our Privateer Business; all this, does it 'not prove him,—as the Hanburys, Demon Newswriters and 'well informed persons have taught us,—to be one of the 'worst men living, and a king bent upon our ruin? What is 'certain, though well-nigh inconceivable, it was then, in the 'Upper Classes and Political Circles, universally believed. 'That this Dr. Cameron was properly an "Emissary of the ' "King of Prussia's"; that Cameron's errand here was to rally the Jacobite embers into new flame;—and that, at the 'first clear sputter, Friedrich had 15,000 men, of his best 'Prussian-Spartan troops, ready to ferry over, and help 'Jacobitism to *do* the matter this time!

'About as likely as that the Cham of Tartary had inter-

'fered in the "Bangorian Controversy," (raging, I believe, 'some time since,—in Cremorne Gardens first of all, which 'was Bishop Hoadley's Place,—to the terror of mitres and 'wigs); or that the Emperor of China was concerned in 'Meux's Porter Brewery, with an eye to the sale of *nux* '*vomica*. Among all Kings that then were, or that ever 'were, King Friedrich distinguished himself by the grand 'human virtue (one of the most important for Kings and 'for men) of keeping well at home,—of always minding his 'own affairs. These were in fact the one thing he minded, 'and he did that well. He was vigilant, observant all 'round, for weather symptoms; thoroughly well informed of 'what his neighbours had on hand; ready to interfere, gen- 'erally in some judicious soft way, at any moment, if his 'own Countries or their interests came to be concerned; cer- 'tain till then to continue a speculative observer merely. 'He had knowledge, to an extent of accuracy which often 'surprised his neighbours; but there is no instance in which 'he meddled where he had no business;—and few, I believe, 'in which he did not meddle, and to the purpose, when he 'had.

'Later in his Reign, in the time of the American War '(1777), there is, on the English part, in regard to Fried- 'rich, an equally distracted notion of the same kind brought 'to light. Again, a conviction, namely, or moral certainty, 'that Friedrich is about assisting the American Insurgents 'against us;—and a very strange and *in*dubitable step is 'ordered to be taken in consequence.' The stealing by Brit- ish Elliot of American Envoy Lee's Despatch Box to wit, Whereof: '. . . Not since the case of Dr. Cameron was 'there a more perfect platitude or a deeper depth of igno- 'rance as to adjacent objects on the part of Governing Men. 'For shame, my friends!

'. . . Friedrich's own notice of it "". . . Shan't fail, how-

'"ever, to write to England about it, . . . for they are '"impertinent" (say ignorant, blind as moles, your Maj-'esty; that is the charitable reading).' *Friedrich, Bk. 16, Chap. 13, and Bk. 21, Chap. 5.*

It was the charitable reading, but, if the ignorance and molish blindness remain, the impertinence, vicious animosity, is likewise now too indubitable. Sordid misconception, followed by obstinate refusal to be enlightened, issues at length in confirmed incapacity to conceive otherwise than sordidly, to *see* at all. However, it is not the political ignorance which I mean to dwell upon this instant. Sure enough it is a very ill thing when Statesmen do not know or try to learn the true features of neighbour nation, do nothing save retouch traditional caricatures pleasing to their vanity—and worser passions; yet the Statesmen are not alone, or even chiefly, guilty: It was but as the Hanburys, Demon-Newswriters and ill-informed Persons had taught them. Marry, if with cosmic report by the true well-informed very free to their study, they deliberately chose Master Williams his slop pail, poured nectar of gods out of window and toasted the Demon in sherris-sack more to their taste,—! Well, even so, they did but anew take instruction from others; on whom the *first* guilt falls. Had the Writers of the day, the true Intelligence Departments, in a far different sense to that poor spy one, but done their function honestly, no Island Simia had done a circus turn, with Bear and Celt, on such a metamorphosed beast. Ah, sirs, the Ministry of the hour[1] is *not,* in intrinsic character, or at least in original capacity simial: By God, no; no man of it is—or was. But this I must hold till I come to speak of that Ministry. The Bishops—let us not speak of *them.* They, with their wigs and mitres, can stay in Cremorne. I'll be

[1] An hour during which this book was written. Sept., 1914; March, 1915; *note of July, 1915.*

no Cham to interfere; or they might catch a Tartar in earnest. If there be men, 'fit to be recognised by their fellows as priests and high-priests, able to dispel the uncertainties and direct to the Enternal interests in any complexity of moral doubt and cunning greed earth's fields can present,' it is in Literature alone, not in the extinct hierarchies of the nominal religions, that they are to be found to-day. Literature is the Eye of every modern state; and, of any single class or order in the nation, British Speakers of the Word are more to blame for their country's malfeasance than any other. Their peculiar function is to render true report and to maintain it; it is for them to be 'everywhere, in all practical deeds of earth, the seeing eye, the heroic volition, which cans and dares by direct contact with all the everlasting truth of things'; and had they been this, done their duty, we should not now be at war with Germany, for one item. Since Carlyle and the handful who so half-heartedly hung about him, there has been no real British Speaker of the Word at all; in the main part, nothing save a tribe of mountebanks, and the Scribblers of Fiction in top place instead of bottom. Not to my knowledge has there been one that has borne testimony to Man, or spoken from the Everliving; and in the denial of Carlyle there never could be: None, himself true, ever rejects or passes over a Great Soul like his. What we have had has been a general endeavour, not to overthrow him or his teaching, but to *get round* the same; and proceed full sail in open sea as hereto. Each skipper, approaching such Teneriffe or Atlas unremovable, casts his eyes asquint; salutes with what grace he can muster; makes a tack or two, and thanks his stars each mile now lessens height in the receding distance: and it is the Men of Letters who have led the way in this; taught Statesmen how. He told you that hitherto was not an open sea; unless free ocean to world's *end,* better com-

parable to millrace: I do not know if all the clever navigators continue happy in results achieving. We no more row all ways at once, nor put to sea in leaky bottoms, captains in a doze; ships yare, all hands alert, expert with tackle of the best can be, we'll ram the Mill, send *it* to perdition: That's your notion? Well, it will be a Trial of Strength like—like several I've seen. But your Intelligence Department has not tried its strength with Carlyle; I allow it has had that much wisdom. It has sidled by, with various grimace, and shuffled round the corner. Yea, verily, your Writers do not stand before you as Lights of Heaven, revealing to you your nobler selves, your Past and your true path through the Present to the unknown depths of the Future; they are men, either utterly shallow, or whose own innermost souls are in shuffle, that have never found what they should have been able to tell, nor gone the right way to seek it. They are poor creatures, crippled wretches, that have been traitors to themselves; not fit to direct you to what you should, or say you Nay when you are bent on what you should not; only fit to do as you bid and endorse with pretended authority whatsoever your desires may be, your imagination depicture. I could name several in whose original capacity it lay to have been Lights of Heaven, real Speakers of the Word, indeed, but they turned to folly, never faced the perils in stern solitude; and their words, accordingly, are more mischievous than those of born fools. These Writers have talked to you much about present Germany: But what did it lie in them to know? They could find their like there and report of them: their like is found in every country perennially. They could tell you of the Falstaff Regiment, and swear it King's own chosen corps there, as Democracy's here; but no immortal god, or meanest private of *that* Regiment could their eyes discern to know him from haltingest

Jack begging at the town's end, or sprucest drumming proudly up the esplanade with following enow.

Carlyle's last public word, or what he chose to leave as his last public word, was his letter to the *Times* during the Franco-German War of 1870, and upon that war, British sympathy with France. We are told, by Froude, that the effect of it was great, that it sufficed to check that ill-based sympathy from overt mischief; and believe so much. Check, clearly enough, for the moment; British feelings cowering down,—with contrary whimpers irrepressible and widespread. Froude and Ruskin themselves shilly-shallying and playing double. British sympathies did not change direction, and soon found a way round the corner. It was the last check: since that day, the stream has gone on in one continually increasing torrent to the present issue. And it is plain to me that since 1870 there has been, in addition to all other elements, and, in some views, more horribly ugly than the other elements, a rooted Fear of God's Judgments in British Anti-Germanism, an impious recalcitration against those Judgments, arising out of fear they might fall on themselves too; a most impious private determination to reverse those Judgments, to set up their own as superior to His, and thus be secure against the like tried on them: Yes, Gentlemen, this is a Trial of Strength I have witnessed before now.

Well, we have come a good way from the Primitive to reach this, the Acme! Authentic primitive *Trial of Strength,* unexalted, unabased, could not be here. Both nations had long since reached an intelligent manhood, which, whether it went forward in the same or fell backward, had forever rendered return to that impossible. Since you would not give the Peer's Welcome, war was certain; but no simple Trial of Strength was open to you, only

this very compound. If you could have given the welcome due, your course would have been clear to you. You would not have feared Germany's increasing power, and no war East could have provoked war West. Your course had all been straight and honourable. You would have said: The East is not our concern. And to France, if she sought to seize opportunity to attack Germany when engaged in Eastern War: Hold! now. Give assurance of Neutrality within twenty-four hours or *our* fleets do lay your northern coasts in ruin. If you meddled at all, the sole straightforward honest course there was, *not* on your lying hypothesis, but in the living truth and every noble generous impulse of Man. What thing you have done—Is there aught can now wash the stain of it from Britain's honour?

Militarism

This is a word in all men's mouths, though what they mean by it might be difficult to define. The war is to crush German Militarism. Not Germany? Oh no! Dear solid Germany, riding to death under a Nightmare Abstraction, we rush to save her from the precipices, exorcise demoniac possession. Well, first catch your Abstract Bogey and then we'll see what sort of gibbet ingenuity can devise for him. If material, a mere carved turnip with candle inside, the shot and gunpowder expending on him ought to prove effective. If, as the air, invulnerable, viewless as the winds, a mere nothing coined in fevered fancy, he might perhaps have been cheaper got rid of by staying at home and *taking* physic instead of administering such a drastic dose. We will drop the *Ism*, meanwhile at least.

Assuredly there have been Militant Powers of a sort. Conquering hordes led on by men whose aims have been to establish their own sway over as large a portion of earth's

surface as they had power and luck to subject. And in revolutionary frenzies we have seen the like. Mr. Churchill directly compared the German aims of to-day with the French of that past epoch; and concluded for comfort that, as the nation was not the same, neither was the Man, thank heaven! On which hint, it has been common since to see Kaiser Wilhelm portrayed with the shade of Napoleon in the background. Than which nothing could be more absurd; Macedon and Monmouth not in it. Churchill, of course, with the insolence endemic, spoke in contempt; meant that the Kaiser need not be similarly feared, as having nothing of Napoleon's Military Genius; the thank heaven! was therefore. Of the Military Genius, I do not profess to be so lordly a ready-made judge as yon scion of Corporal John's, but know very well that he beats the French Captain through and through in every other regard, and is of ideas totally superior to any Napoleonic. If any depth of ignorance or platitude could be amazing to one! In the inflated ambition certainly not comparable, either he or his nation; on the military side perhaps incomparable. For your ease of endowment: Where truth is abandoned and fact not regarded, where is the difficulty? Most utterly fantastical, shameless, disgraceful, are your likenings; the bestial riot of baseless fancy. You talk of the 'Unspeakable Prussia,' and are yourselves unspeakable indeed. 'Swollen-headed Wilhelm' gurgles the gutter, and His Majesty's Front Bench make noise in harmony. Montaigne does report of one who could command tumultuary organ to tune; but there are some things which decency forbids description of.

There have also been Military Powers of another sort; though *that* is the sort you mean. Bubbles of an hour, those you refer to; the gaseous, vanishing at cock-crow, whatever havoc they have wrought. The solid have no

cousinship; they have never been hordes, but settled nations, usually eminently first in civilisation; and, if they have sometimes premeditated conquest, their conquests have been lasting, beneficent, a blessing to the conquered. Whereof, of course, Rome is, *par excellence,* the example; and you might, by the bye, do well to note that it is not the conquest of all Italy, of Gaul, or Spain, etc., which remains a stain on Roman *Virtus,* if possibly the jealous crush of rival Carthage does. It had pardon to ask; but done on her own strength, I think got it. Rome, you may also observe, was there the Rising Power, not the Prior Ascendent; and Carthage merited death, however unjust and merciless the executioner. These were in Heathen Times. Christendom affords no instance of a sound and healthy yet selfishly aggressive Military Power; nor could, such thing being contrary to its Faith. Sound and healthy, nobly intelligent, yet, in some cases, premeditatedly aggressive Military Power is not a thing that I believe to have finally vanished from the earth, however. No; I believe that such, informed by a very different spirit to the old heathen, will again be. For I know that the wider Faith of the Future will often not only sanction but command 'aggression'; properly only in an expansion of the same faith which prompted the Christian to command it against the pagan. I should by no means care to guarantee that Germany is not to be a Military Power of this sort; that something of the nature of what I here hint at is not at work, with much foreign admixture, in what you call the professed Doctrine of Militarism, as expounded by some Germans. Your extremity of rage at it points that way, and one has had direct glimpses of things confirmatory. Supposing that such a Military Power does exist in Germany, however incipiently—The *Doctrine* would never have provoked your rage, any more than a thousand other Isms which racket and clash at home

without let or hindrance.—I say, supposing that the spirit which can again go forth over the world conquering and to conquer has so far reached maturity in Germany as to give the least visible indication of its approaching material by spiritual Might, and it could reasonably be called a cause of war; namely, in that reversal of the truth where the enmity awakened by it is the true Real Cause. Visible indication? I do not know that this is requisite. Hounds of Anti-god's breed have a very keen scent, quite capable of snuffing Divine Essence before it has clothed itself with earthly body. But, however that may be, it is almost equally nonsensical, quite equally nothing could be, to attribute this war to a determination on the part of Germany to force her Kultur upon less enlightened populations as it is to ascribe it to inflated ambition and lust of territory. No sole haughty Up with me! here broke the peace; but a dirty pack's united cry of Down with you! let loose the Furies.

Germany's Army is a necessity of existence to her. It came by unconscious instinct of a vital need; has been maintained, enlarged, in an intelligent and conscious recognition of that need, not in ambitious views: most soundly based on Fact. Ever hitherto it has been very nobly and restrainedly used; more stainless, or, if you prefer it, less stained laurels few armed hosts have been crowned with than this German. It may never yet, this modern German army, have fought for a highest human cause; but it has been solid honest for an earth not shut to heaven, therefore in touch therewith. An immense military force very finely under the control of just and modest human reason; no mess-room inordinacies swaying its Commander's counsels. Intrinsically, a blessed phenomenon, German's Military Power. That it is *capable* of abuse necessarily follows; and rebellious spirits, which owe a trembling hatred to whatsoever

could compel them, have naturally done their do to make out that it has been abused, and is a Power of Satan: whom no man ought ever to have heeded. That a military spirit in bad sense is sure to exist in an army like the German, in the nation which possesses such an army, goes without saying; for it always does, and we have examples to spare at home. But there is no evidence that it had at all got the upper hand; there is at least one positive assurance it had not, the existence of the Man whom you chiefly swear infected with it; and all the evidence you have brought goes everywhere to prove that it had not. You cannot even assert the malign intentions without simultaneously demanding credence of such a triple involution in Machiavellian art by Man and People hitherto noted for downrightness, and wide-winged, distant schemes preposterous in them and him, you tell each sane intelligence you're candidate for Bedlam, likelier for Newgate.

Germany's Army is a grand one; and I can well believe that if she come through this war, it will have much to conquer for her yet on just cause arising. But hitherto and now it has eminently been for Defence, and her Growths in territory have mainly followed as results of wars forced on her, against which she successfully defended herself. Sword wielded by that hand, controlled by that Soul, is not what I had feared, burrowed foul to find Allies to protect me against; could think a *danger* to fair progress, or the one true Freedom of Man.

That in the Military and other organisations of Germany, her national discipline, spirit of loyal obedience, subordination and co-ordination, there is very probably grave danger to what you are pleased to call your Democratical Institutions I do fully admit, but do not at all weep therefore. Pugnacious Winston's trepidations there were honest

and well founded. He specified Constitutional Monarchy in peril; whether instantly after, according to wonted formula he named Free Parliament, I do not recollect. 'Twould be understood, if not, and modesty is gracious,—sometimes: all know It true priceless summit, what figure be wheeled first in state procession. We, Cherubim and Seraphim, whose opposing strains produce sphere harmony without monotony, *our* loss were the Irreparable. Better all earth's fields were drenched in blood than our security of seat be put in jeopardy, and nations lack celestial guidance. Such examples flowing now of wisdom, holiness and justice; so grandly reticent, composedly dignified, a Cabinet of Statesmen unmatchable, whose spiral course puts eagle flight to shame; the whole world to the rescue if any other sort of luminary threatens to dispute the sky. Ah, that's a peril must be dealt with early, nipped i' the bud. God knows it might be a sun in verity. Haste every man to snuff it out while still on the horizon; another hour and it will be up beyond our reach. Then were the gaze of men directed thither, their hearts no more enthralled by harmonies within these walls and sky-*signs* glory. The abomination of desolation would supervene; and burning rays leave no green place of rest. For without those angel troops' continual bickering, sublimely traced[1] in dread of sacred right's invasion, where should we be? Imagination cannot grasp it quite; feels sure it were the end of all things sweet, and happy earth a Tyrant's desert.

When young Sir Garnet Wolseley sought to see Carlyle and went as soldier to a sage, he got, through one rent in the clouds of Eld, weary and foredone. Yes, yes; I hope you'll bring some bayonets yet to bear on yon Westminster folk. Carlyle never thought that the mere substitution of bayonets would be much of an improvement, that a Military

[1] Not for long!—*Note of July, 1915.*

Despotism could ever cure the ills we suffer; yet he knew very well that to whoever should cure or attempt betterment, the Military would be indispensable. And if Messrs. Asquith, Churchill and Lloyd George were to ask the souls God gave them candidly (were such a thing now possible to them); the better sort of Liberal and Labour men, yea, and of Tory, too (probably *not* present in Parliament); I think those souls would answer: The thing that we would do can never be done without. The experiences of those named Three, in their own strenuous domestic campaigns for much that was good; made futile, tumbled down as fast as built; such enormous expenditure of time and effort for trifling or no headway; ought to be sufficient to make them confess It is hopeless: These Reforms that dwell in our hearts (not to speak of what would have dwelt in those hearts in happier circumstances) cannot be carried by hustings persuasion alone. Considerable part of the deadly animosity of France and Britain toward the German Military and other spirit is that of mutinous spirits; the oath of the legions of Nox, where chaos umpire sits, that none other shall sit umpire. Whoever can conquer that, or lessen its realm a little, will certainly be no Genghis Khan or Tamerlane, no ancient Attila nor Modern Hun of your imagination, but he will full surely be a Knight in panoply and Chief of Armies. If not blinded by soul, lost in the night, given up to delusion and pledged to fanatical Principle, the better among you might have seen in that in the German could say Nay! to Hustings' Supremacy great hope; hailed fellow-worker, for mutual aid and mutual enlightenment. But, as it is, the Bigot's Shibboleth is all with you. Sir Edward Carson and his kin, perfect in its accent, shall be left unmuzzled, permitted things amazing; but a noble German Kaiser, toiling for his country's good, holding out the hand of brotherhood to you, who will not pronounce it, must to the

dogs: The Article to be believed for salvation is all, and Manhood naught. 'Tis pity it should be so with you! 'Twixt King Carson and King Wilhelm one can believe the gulf unbridgeable. But 'twixt Sire Asquith with his henchmen know no division deep as hell, if wide as mortal Error. Could name a better too, than either one of this Home Trinity, *Canadian Laurier*. They will never be charmed: I do not dream it. You never heard tell of a *Church Militant?* No soul among you ever yearned for silent rank therein, instead of successful persuasion of mob to let *Your* Excellence be minister to its will?

Anarchies cannot be subdued by Force. If the soul of man has not first overcome its infidelities, all its efforts will not better a bad matter. But if the soul has conquered its infidelities, Man will, of a surety, front anarchy armed, the mailed fist often be in evidence.

Where elements are multifarious, some are just neutralising antidotes to others; the introduction of fresh poison not always sorrowful when thus called for. If, as you so swear to be the case, German infirmity has run to doctrine and practice of brute force, may not this, in the sum, prove wholesome counter-active to your soft-sowder, heaven to all and sundry doctrine and practice? I should not bless the German infirmity any more than the British; but might rest somewhat pacifically satisfied to let the two wrestle it out between themselves; thankful when Kilkenny ended, and only the tails were left. Shocking Vandal, too, as easily pass muster, twinned with Dilettante. Or, in another key, remark that whilst one would so much prefer to see doom executed by Destroying Angel, if a day of judgment come, it is by far more common to see the Butcher let loose.

Here, then, is obviously the place to speak of the alleged German Atrocities, if one speak at all. I may say, at once,

that I make little of them in every sense; regard the allegation of them, as characteristic of the German, as the superlative Atrocity. They were so alleged instantly by Mr. Churchill, etc., without the smallest enquiry; so taken up by the nation; and this fact alone were sufficient to vitiate British witness on the matter. Frightful things are always done in war; and it is never until long after that one can know what was really done, much less what guilt was in it. Considering what a frenziedly excitable people the Belgians are, what a humour they met, and had been taught to meet the Germans in, foregone conclusion of horrid Barbarians and God knows what, for British Statesmen to take *any*thing on their report, much more lend it sanction to the nation, was—well, I had rather not say what it was: It is customary for the hustings' chosen to make what capital they can out of whatever appeals to hustings; but there is a Court of Man where no such pleas avail them. One too well knows what the general Populace of Europe, wherefrom the common soldiery is drawn, to-day is; not sober, religious peasantry, 'soul of a nation's worth.' Ah! no. Neither are the Upper Classes, wherefrom the officers are drawn, remarkable for earnest piety and an iron restraint of passion. No perfect discipline was to be looked for, and, in fact, no horror could surprise. These words apply to all engaged indifferently; and, certainly, I have no belief the German is the worse. War is terrible: destruction rages, many towns are in ruin and thousands 'innocent' slain: Yes, but it is not the heavens which lay the whole blame of that on one pair of shoulders. The bombardment of Scarborough, etc. One does not know why it was done; can guess several probable reasons; for wanton destruction and 'massacre of babes,' just hysterics. Suppose it was, which I do not believe, prompted only by the thought. Those Islanders, sitting secure there while they bring desolation to ten

thousands of homes, shall taste a little, are you the one to rebuke? In such a war, I do not know either how far the feeling Smite all, without remorse! might find pardon: For sure there seldom was one wherein the People more thoroughly deserved punishment. Our Statesmen,—not being Statesmen, nor having gone into war in just and stable spirit, being Demagogues that have got into war through enmity and by scandalous contrivance nominally to avert,—do nothing to moderate the emotions of poor human creatures, who should have been able to look to them to calm, restrain as well as to rouse, instead of exciting and utilising for political objects. Just indignation and level equity: Good God! What have these to do with such a quarrel? Whip up! Whip up! Fan madness into flame! The wilder furor best befits our thirsty pack; and Huntsman's duty but to keep his dogs upon their prey. Thus making one Atrocity quite indisputable, however many lie in doubt.

The answer to this matter is: Suspend all judgment till you really know the truth of the facts. When you have really got to know the deeds of the several armies in this particular, you may be able to compare them with each other, or some other standard. That when the veil is lifted and sober truth can tell what has been done, it will have many acts of savage 'atrocity' to report of individuals in each and all of the armies is not doubtful. The question then will be, By Whom; with what allowance; under what conditions? And in fair reckonings, also, What deeds of nobleness and mercy to set in the opposite scales? If still you find too much to pass in silence, must condemn, 'be judicial, measured, not shrieky, mobbish and flying off into the infinite, in giving verdict.' The Germans are a brave people: Valour and gentleness were never separable. Nor are the acts of earnest valiant men done in grim stern hours comparable with disport in horror, even when such as may

after give ground for remorse. It is not in the least for me to be apologetic for the German, or plead condoning circumstances. Yet, in free human brotherhood, I note to you that the circumstances under which the German is fighting are mightily different from those under which you are fighting. You, for all the cry of strait and Help us! creation at large, are, comparatively, fighting much at your ease as yet; he is fighting against enormous odds; ringed with fearful peril, threatened with imminent perdition on nigh all sides at once; and many things are more than excusable to, are directly incumbent as duty upon, man so beset, which in other predicaments were wholly unwarrantable. It is disport in horror, callous indifference, which you charge; and your allegations are not worth regarding. I shall give two utterances of that humane Friedrich whom your perversity loaded with still blacker crimes, and which I have no doubt voice the heart of living Hohenzollern in much also.

1st 'There is nothing left for us, *mon cher, My lord,* 'but to mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have 'had. If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not 'suffice for the grief I feel.

'Our Campaign is over; and there has nothing come of it, 'on one side or the other, but the loss of a great many 'worthy people, the misery of a great many poor soldiers 'crippled for ever, the ruin of some Provinces, the ravage, 'pillage and conflagration of some flourishing Towns. Ex-'ploits these which make humanity shudder: sad fruits of 'the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power;' (Yes; in another sense too.) 'who sacrifice everything to 'their unbridled passions! I wish you, *mon cher* My lord, 'nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny; and 'everything that is wanting to it.' (*Last word of book 18.*)

2nd 'May Heaven grant,—if Heaven deign to look down

'on the paltry concerns of man,—that the unalterable and 'flourishing destiny of this Country preserve the sovereigns 'who shall govern it from the scourges and calamities which 'Prussia' (say Germany) 'has suffered in these times of 'trouble and subversion; that they may never again be 'forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which we 'have been obliged to employ in maintenance of the State 'against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns' (and Peoples) 'of Europe, who wished to annihilate the House of 'Brandenberg and exterminate from the world whatever 'bore the Prussian name!' (*Book 19, Chap. 1.*)

Yes, your atrocity allegations are all of the same old tune, and so are the 'Militarism' ones. You said just the same of that Friedrich, in this respect, too, that you say of the Living,—and you say it as falsely. 'True Warrior and true Man of Peace are forever one entity; and so long as the present Kaiser lived there was no sort of danger from mess-room inordinacies or German Military spirit in the bad sense. Had you hated it, you would have seen in him security against it; and your obscene raving at him tells plainly not it does your soul abhor, but fears what might whip you deservedly.

Militarism is a word in all men's mouths; and here is the best definition of what they mean by it I can find for you: 'Men and Knitting women repeat *Fédéraliste,* with or without much Dictionary-meaning; but go on repeating it, as 'is usual in such cases, till the meaning of it becomes almost 'magical, fit to designate all mystery of Iniquity; and '*Fédéraliste* has grown a word of Exorcism and *Apage-Satanas.*'

II

DEMOCRACY VERSUS AUTOCRACY

It is one of the loud clamours that this war is a struggle for supremacy between Democracy and Autocracy, and I am sceptical of its being so, at least doubtful how far it is so, only wish I could thoroughly believe it is so; for that it is no struggle between Democracy and Tyranny is out of doubt with me. British constitutional abhorrence of all actual Sovereignty, existent in Germany alone of nations, is beyond question a Real Cause of the war; but this is not enough to make it a struggle between Divine Authority and Anarchy, constituted or *sans* Constable. No; for that much more is requisite; a great positive in the German nation. No negation will suffice. For it there must be not merely a remaining-existent Sovereignty, however actual, but a vitally intelligent of the Present, and an adequate following. Quite easy for you to rush forth madly fencing with Bogeys of your own creation, to furiously attack the house wherein is lodged—naught like them. Quite possible for the owner of the house to meet you, buffet till one or both has gotten satisfaction; but this will not make him Michael of the starry kingdoms, nor all his troops bright with intelligence of heaven: Which extremity is not demanded of mortals either.—Whereof in the last subdivision of this chapter, with possibly some other touches as we go along.[1]

Democracy, Autocracy, these, too, are words bandied to and fro with more of magical than human meaning. By Autocracy, you—those Britons whose soul's workings have given birth to this War, whom I here address as 'you,'

[1] Nothing special is said of this in last subdivision, the 'other touches' having sufficed.

though surely in more hope of awakening Britons of another strain than of making much impression upon them: Indeed in *hope* of neither, but just in clear determination of speaking straightly to the fact, as first incumbent duty.— By Autocracy, you mean, in the main, the despotic rule of One Man in a prideful self-will. With an abject discredence that one man in sovereign power would ever use that power otherwise than—otherwise than one of yourselves would, I suppose? Each of you imagines that he knows how himself would use it; swears that, since he cannot come by it to use so, no other shall; and is unable to conceive of him who could possess it without vanity, to sway beneficent o'er brother men in frankest league with him. Nay, nowadays you do not stop there. But have taken oath unitedly: The One Man, sovereign in verity, be he good or be he ill, shall no more be, at home or in a foreign nation. We will not suffer him on any terms. For our envy's gnawings cannot endure him, nor our rages abide the thought of him. Be he blessed or banned of heaven, our fellest curse shall fall on him: He's a damned miscreant alway; and if the Deity think other, He had best go to school of Our Learned.

Your attitude towards Autocracy is easily described: a definite concentrated anathema of it; there is no difficulty in writing that down. But no human pen could report what you mean by Democracy, give clear account of your attitude in it. When head is indistinguishable from foot and *corpus* somersaults distractedly, no man can say which end you stand on. Your body and your soul have long been seething in the Melting Pot, where shape is lost awhile, ebullitious noises no part of a language. Small wonder that the notions of a head in such a whirl should be a simmering heap of contradictions and absurdities, a wild confused embroilment of utterly chaotic nonsenses, with Fixed Ideas clung to in hope they may be Reason. Men must have

something fixed; with nothing known so, do swear these Ideas are polar, and the world revolves on them. First fundamental, therefore, that everything shall be decided by vote; notion springing from and leading to the bottomless infidelity that things will be as voted. Truth and Fact? We know not what they are, yet have Opinion; and Majority's will give an axis. No matter that the stars thus lose all certain place and course; *our* world still turns and turns on something of its own contriving, can let celestial dance at random. Apparent and Real motions: Who save star-gazers cares which is which? The world travels and spins in nothing in either case, no man feels its motion; then let ours somerset as it may, 'twill still give ground to build on. Your Prophet taught the duty of staying at home; and in thus providing axis for our world, heedless of extraneous, we've heard well bet than you. Fixed ideas are of such various sorts; and the most unshakable adherence to those of this sort nowise compels a man to mean the same thing two hours together, but is, of course, compatible with quite limitless Freedom, well known the breath of life to Democracy.

Here, too, you have taken a general oath. Namely, that there shall be no actual supreme Authority not instantly amenable to popular wind; that Public Opinion, what you call the Will of the People, shall itself be the supreme authority. Neither does the unattainability of any such thing in the least disturb the fixity of idea. One admits, indeed, at once, in regard to the first part of the oath, that if a People have really sworn it in their souls, they have raised a complete bar to the coming of any noble man to authority among them; *which* above everything else removes all bar to the ignoble, and the oath in whole is a vain imagination. For, in every form of Government, it is the men who have by what means soever, been voted Chief, and

not the men who voted them so, who are the Authorities. Choose what men you will for your leaders, and choose them by what method you will, you have by choosing them leaders surrendered yourselves to their guidance, and are no more your own masters; servants obedient or mutinous, servants to the blest or the cursed, you may be, but henceforth servants. In your inveterate abhorrence of this subjection, you keep up a theory of Sovereign People selecting Ministers to its will; a practice of noisy contentious persons persuading the People, by the arts they are forever persuaded by, to let them be Chief, with promises to do as the People bid (having before explained to them what it is desirable for them to bid) and consult them at every turn—which cannot be got round without. A thoroughly mendacious arrangement, flattering base repellence of control with a pretence of Your obedient lackey, sir! and giving control to the unlovely tribes who wheedle for suffrage.

Mob's Fixed Idea, of nothing shall compel us, is thus retained; and Political Artists, skillful enough, do their own sweet will with naught 'twixt selves and a heaven too distant hypothetical to hamper. They did the People's also this present? I fear so; yet clearly not according to the Constitutional Bargain: The Parliament did not 'go to the country' on the matter of this war, nor were elected for it. The Cabinet did not go to Parliament upon it, save superficially and long after the die was really cast. It was not the People that slunk behind a broad and open Treaty guaranteeing respect for Belgian Neutrality, to make a Private Compact for certain contingencies, understood without needless specification; and, by thus bidding for the supposed Neutral to take side, in essential fact, first broke the Open Treaty. It was not the People that undertook to protect the northern coasts of France; thus telling her: Now, practise what you will, you're safe. No Sole

Despot could have commanded the British Empire into (and in) this war, more absolutely than the present Ministry has. *I* am far enough from saying that the Supreme Authority ought to consult the People at every step; only pointing out to *you* that it no more does so under the existing regimen than any other: It never does, or can, or should; and it is not by fidelity to Transparent Humbug that you will ever be better led or commanded.

To men of another kind than those British whose soul's workings have wrought this war, Autocracy does, by dictionary meaning, denote the rule of One Man; but they have nothing to do with magical designation, and do not instantly conclude the One a cursed miscreant; have no manner of objection to the Single Person, simply because single. Those British are fanatical supreme power shall not be vested in One: these men are not fanatical it must be; can live and work under many other conditions; have a marked aversion to attempt altering any tolerably good.

The wisest may have a profound conviction that the One is best, when rightly attainable. They know, by direct perception, that, wherever men are seriously determined upon accomplishing aught, command by One is the rule they spontaneously fall upon; that, from Parish to Empire, the preference of Council *sans* sovereign invariably signifies more desire to appear important, to have a say, than to get anything whatsoever *done*. True men also know by direct perception and the devout intuition of their own souls that it often happens that one man is incomparably wiser and nobler than all other men; that, thus, in every communion, from the Family and Business to the State and Empire, this of Autocracy is, not merely expedient, as even rogues and most worldly men can see it to be, but is also the divine law for Society, the outcome of whatever is highest and deepest

in man, as well as the instinct of his common sense when in earnest about anything. That the chief authority be everywhere vested in One is a thing to which the human loyalties forever trend; and Freedom's Sons, who tolerate no tyrant are just precisely they who live and die for him their souls revere.

A Just Autocracy really is the thing to be constantly striven toward. And who best knows this is most patient with, most zealous for, *any* Government which does endeavour to do the will of heaven upon earth.

If the word Democracy denotes Rule by the people, it denotes a thing non-extant in creation. If a particular method of electing officers: there are many worse and many better. To men of to-day it denotes a thing undeniably existent, which they have studied and know tolerably, though to define it they may confess themselves unable. The chief truth it demands has been said to be this: That the officers shall be chosen from all ranks and classes, instead of from a few only. The final abolition of Levi, to put it whimsically. Moses, or somebody, decided that the Sons of Levi should be priests to the Hebrew People, they and no other. A very primitive plan! yet extensively followed since, with modifications. Can you tell me, for instance, how many of your chief Parliament men are Sons of Attorneys or Attorneys themselves? Moses' law could never, on this imperfect earth, have been without exception; and you see that much the same result is still reached without need of the House to pass an Act restricting entry to one race. There is a natural law in this, which cannot be got over, which it should not be our wish to get over.—But perhaps I have run into somewhat of an Oliverian simultaneity here, and had better, to avoid 'inextricableness,' mark the two concurrent ideas, or facts separately. (1) It is the indestructible tendency of the son to follow the father; and, in

the broad general, the son is likeliest to be fittest to succeed: Classes and ranks will thus forever spring; and, so long as they do spring free from nature, may be blest. (2) The element will always draw its own, lift none save its own to top place, bear none other to possible victory; what thing men strive for, that determines who strives for it; and according to the banner raised will the hosts which follow it be: Orders of exclusive temper and Monopoly of Office by men of a certain character are thus perennial, blest or cursed even as the character requisite for entry is.—We cannot get over these facts, and should never aim to. To know true Breed and cherish it as nature's own way of producing a still finer race, instinct with genius. To recognise intrinsic worth wherever born and by living manful, speed *it* to its rightful place of power. Officers chosen from all ranks and classes! Is there not an ambiguity here? Birth in palace or cot not to decide. Yes, indeed, to keep the gate everywhere open to the true heaven born, closed on the devil begot. But integrity's stamp to give no preference, and gaol-bird wing as free a flight, borne aloft on the Popular Vote! If Democracy mean supremacy to the noble, it means what every good man has done his part to bring; if it mean clear path to all and sundry, it is a wild delusion, issuing in paved road to the damned, shut gate to the godly: It is the latter, not the former, that it means in current dialect; and, if we quite refuse to leave Autocrat synonymous with Cursed Miscreant, I think we will contentedly leave Democrat to designate a dog whose day we pray may, in the best time, be ended.

Many teachers have you had praising either one and cursing 'tother, but only one modern that taught the truth and falsity of each and all. Will the British People never learn and understand how their Carlyle was a believer in the French Revolution *and* in Cromwell *and* in Friedrich,

first made all these truly known to men; was a Radical of Radicals, a Tory of Tories, a Labour's Advocate like few, and a better seeker of Justice to Ireland than any partisan for or against Home Rule? How, in all those seeming contradictions they continue to clash internecine about and about, he so long since found a living harmony and revealed it to whoso would hear. Perhaps they never will; and, as it is a wearisome business to me to keep repeating what ought to have become truisms to every man, so to them very wearisome to hear again what they have unanimously decided to stop their ears to. Here is one bit of adder's wadding, from Sir E. T. Cook's 'Life of Ruskin,' which I doubt not will match your own wear: 'Neither Carlyle nor Ruskin have told us how to get the rule of the wise without liberty.' There is a hopelessness about such a remark which might legitimately cause some of *us* to stop our ears. In fancy, I can hear some that have heard cry instantly: Of the man who could utter this, let us hear no more. Statement incontrovertible, as it stands; yet the only answer really needed to italicise *without liberty!* and put an exclamation mark instead of period. Pity is that one cannot put a period in another sense! Carlyle taught that we should each of us try to learn a little for himself who are the really wise and wherein the true liberty of man consists; neither is it those who have heeded his words that find them insufficient. Cook has never heeded his words nor tried to learn either of these things. 'I expect, as almost the first thing, new definitions of Liberty; gradual extinction, slow but steady, of the stupid "*swarmeries*" of mankind on this matter, and at length a complete change of their notions on it. . . . The meaning of Liberty, what it veritably signifies in the speech of men and gods, will gradually begin to appear again?'[1] Pass over all this and the like of all this, let no word which

[1] Shooting Niagara and After, Section 6.

issues from and enters soul be heard by you except as barren vocables, continue to insist that liberty shall mean what it signifies in the barking of dogs and the buzzing of swarms,—you may then verily say Carlyle has not taught *you*. You may then much more than say he has not told how the rule of the wise can be got without liberty; for he said with emphasis enough, it could by no possibility be got *with*. But this also will not do for you, since the prior question Who are the wise? has also been passed over by you. In your vain impious thought, they are the creatures of your choice; and, by God, you do get *them*.

Cook is one of those saluted Teneriffe with what constrained grace he could muster—Much towering majesty, all sombre; some wells of sweetness might be found, if we dare venture land, but ominous volcanic rumblings and dread of frightful lightning forbid so hazardous a step—soon made a tack and sailed free ocean; relieved from close proximity, shot his bolts of criticism into blank air; the favourite practice. Cook is one of those who has gone a bad course. Long hanging by poor Ruskin, he, in highest matter, took his peddlings for sufficient triumph; shunned solution. Persuaded himself Carlyle, who had conquered thorough before he ever spoke at all, had never fronted. Since there *may* be a God, 'twill be the prudent way to act as if He were: for thus, in either case, we run least risk; if none, small loss; if Yea, much penalty escaped. And faithful service will sure reap guerdon?—Is it desirable to pursue the course; or comment on the sequent Zeal for Ill? Reader, don't go to the like of *him* to learn Why Britain is at War.

No, nor to learn how Carlyle taught that, as surely as in unjust authority may be lawfully rebelled against, must a just be established; with what a wide and noble wisdom he

has shown men how to toil to bring the rule of the wise on earth *with* liberty indeed.

Modern Democracy was born of Revolt against *Effete* Authorities. It is usual to speak of it as a revolt against Tyrants, *Diabolical* Authorities; the Devil nowise effete; but this, in strict language, is hardly correct. The general European revolt against powers of an actively vicious character was done some time before; and by a totally different class of men, theocrats, not democrats. Our Great Rebellion *was* against tyrannical authorities; but was informed, withal, by a positive faith which was true, and issued conspicuously in the Single Person; collapsed partly through vicious hostility in itself to *such* Person. The French Revolution was the turning out of hopelessly impotent authorities; was informed by positive faiths which were mad, and issued conspicuously in a Tyrant; maintained itself by ready obedience to his most arbitrary will. I do not believe that Democracy ever could overthrow the disciplined diabolical; but that, attempting this, it would always find itself a writhing worm beneath mailed foot. Oliver and Gustavus did front ranked Powers of Hell, and gave them such a punishment they have never been dangerous since,—or till to-day. But the properly democratical revolts were, as they remain, against *Futile* Authorities, against officers who had become unbearable from sheer Incompetence; against obesity, sodden rottenness, no alert and cunning knavery or Jesuitry, no Potency of Satan in what form soever; against Impotency of *Bankrupt* Imposture.

Democracy, as the universal tumbling forth of masses of men to swear they would no longer tolerate the poisonous task of bearing the dead, was just, even divine; and has had its due degree of victory. But when it leaves this negation and turns to assertion, the case is very different. Its own positive faiths were never true; fanatical superstitions from

the start and to this hour. Let it cease its wild and humanly lawless yet lawful Rage of Destruction, to become a highly organised disciplined community inspired by a Bedlam and Missionary Assertive Faith, resolved that its superstitions and idolatries shall be the belief and worship of mankind,—and it becomes itself all that it once fought, and professed to fight against; thoroughly tyrannous, and, howsoever triumphant awhile, as sure as God lives, completely *futile* also. Its Rage of Destruction will then be chiefly directed, not against the rotten, the impotent or tyrannous, but against the sound, the truly regal, potent in grace; and it will, as a matter of course, ally itself with its ancient foe in its efforts to crush men of a Faith and Practice concordant with the Eternal's law, who refuse allegiance to its blind impieties. This is the present predicament of France and Britain; they are not now fighting *against* the effete or diabolic at all, but have made league offensive therewith to the better wreak their spite upon the sterling human. They maintain the old war-cry, speak as little as possible of their conspiracy with whom it damns, and paint of their opposite a picture, to justify that war-cry, which is a venomous caricature without one feature resembling whom it is meant to represent.

Take this extract from Carlyle's Letter on the French-German War of 1870-71. 'One does understand that France 'made her Great Revolution; uttered her tremendous doom's 'voice against a world of human shams, proclaiming, as 'with the great Last Trumpet, that shams should be no 'more. . . . Well done, we may say to all that; for it is the 'preliminary to everything:—but alas, that is not victory; 'it is but half the battle, and the much easier half. The 'infinitely harder half, which is the equally or still more 'indispensable, is that of achieving, instead of the abolished 'shams which were of the Devil, the practicable realities

'which should be veritable and of God. That *first* half of 'the battle, I rejoice to see, is now safe, can now never cease 'except in victory; but the farther stage of it, I also see, 'must be under better presidency than that of France, or *it* 'will forever prove impossible. The German race, not the 'Gaelic are now to be Protagonist in that immense world-'drama; and from them I expect better issues. Worse we 'cannot well have.'

The British race might have worked side by side with the German in this, to their immense mutual furtherance. But it has chosen to plot counter; has taken unanimous oath it will never have that second half, will do its utmost in fair and foul to strangle whomsoever attempts to achieve *it*. It is the thing which the souls of all false Britons abhor above everything else; the thing they will not have while they can strike to stop it. And as for *shams!* They cannot stir, they cannot breathe or think without them: witness *Entente;* witness Royal Will *per order;* witness that black pool of horrors, their Religion. God save the Dummy King, and all to Church in company is their one marching music.

Of the greater European nations, it is in Germany that a Sovereignty actual and veracious alone exists; and its existence there provokes much Franco-British furor. Which furor is a Real Cause of the war. But, as said, to what extent Sovereignty and Democracy are at issue in this war depends vastly more on the German himself than on his foes. How far has the German Nation proved victor in that second harder half of the world-problem? How far is it loyal to the Sovereignty existent in it? What is that Sovereignty's own intrinsic character? It may be that the competency or incompetency of Germany to hold her own in her terrible one-sided struggle, is predetermined by the answers to these questions; that her strength or weakness would be known if we knew the answers perfectly. I may

be sure that nothing save an adequate inner victory achieved before can bring her safely through this encounter with the legions so monstrously banded against her, and have grave Dubiety enough as to the adequacy: *Sufficiency* in that kind can never be known beforehand. And of that later on. Meantime, we will continue to look at elements of this claimed battle between Autocracy and Democracy in the following three subsidiary divisions:

I. German Kaiser: British King

It certainly is in Germany alone that an actual and veracious Sovereignty still exists; and, if it *only* still exists, I have no hope in it. In that case, it will sooner or later be swallowed up by the Democratical deluge, and all its virtues cannot save it from that fate. However true, however precious, priceless to maintain as long as possible, if nothing more than a Remnant of the Past, it will go down: Nothing is surer than this; that such is the Eternal's Law is completely apparent; it is one of the many things I had in mind when I said that, in spite of all, the British might in this war be acting from an instinctive bias in accordance with justice: this and much else, I had in mind, as well as the fact that heaven makes use of all, and the deeds of the damned fulfil its will. If the Sovereignty we speak of as extant in Germany is such as can continue, can itself grow and extend its sway, it must be such as can cope with Democracy; in those beautiful and most true words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of his Desdemona, can subdue Democracy to the very quality of its Lord. It must be as such as has itself in soul, if not fully conquered the anarchies of the day, which is beyond mortal, yet gained the faith which can front and wrestle with these unfaltering, undespairing, sure of ultimate victory, however many

times defeated. You, perhaps, think that, because it roots in the past and has survived without break, therefore, it has only survived, and can be but a Remnant: A most pitiful notion. For just as certainly as the spirit which can really Rule to-day must be of to-day, equal to the present task, so certainly must it also root in the Past; and the more richly, the more directly and even in outward respects visibly, the better.

Meantime, there clearly is in Germany a Man acknowledged sovereign, who to a considerable extent is sovereign and does command his nation. He is no Oriental despot nor Napoleonic quack; has not unbounded power and acts in much by counsel; yet he lives and rules Free Man, no automaton or wire-pulled puppet; has native Volition, and exercises authority as Almighty's vice-regent in lack of better, no subject of nor pandar to his People's passions: And herein is Solitary. Kaiser Wilhelm may address other crowned heads and Presidents as his Brothers and Cousins, but in fact he has no such Brother or Cousin. He is a living reality and Man on the Throne, as Emerson might put it; stands frankly erect, and nobly fills a Throne so built on the enduring that no earthquake or atmospheric concussion has yet succeeded in shaking it. They are Shadows of a vanished prime, gum-flowers, upstarts of an hour, or Discreet Heredities carefully schooled in the poses required of them; they struggle to maintain uncertain footing yet a little on peaks of the submerged, blare proudly for a moment ere the quicksands swallow them, or sit still, pleased with eminence, on chair with much effort carried steady, which they know would topple if they stirred. I do not know that the American Presidency comes under this description: It is different: Faculty, of a kind, is distinctly required to reach it; and if the way to it were such that

Man could reach it, he, once arrived there, could certainly be seen to move, no property Lepidus.

Something of actual Sovereignty may still linger in Austria, but it is not veracious. It is cunning, grasping; lingers merely, hangs on and on by unscrupulous tenacity of grip, resorts to absolutism, and holds by the untenable; its counsels are of night, and it is a Remnant only. Being evidently impotent, it did not excite fear in the British who made this war; obviously mendacious, roused no rage in them. Czar may have the name of Autocrat but is much of a nullity; helpless benetted and kept in leading strings of a cunninger sort than constitutional. In both these countries, it is scheming, more or less diabolical personages who give command: whatever the Peoples, the Governments, remain bejesuited. Italy's monarchy is a set up affair; modelled by pattern; plastered on without root, and little struck since, I fear. Italian kings have their allotted functions to perform, win hearts by exclaiming The pity of it! when there are earthquakes, of inanimate nature's producing, and such like: fancy's likings may endear, no soul's fear or reverence cements. The French Presidency is top of the Bureau; and who climbs thither gesticulates till admirations weary, or an envious mine explodes him, another Engineer of the Sublime mounts aloft for praises' sake. Not the Lord's praises any time, and engineering somewhat too sublime this present. Of the British more particularly in a while: 'Helpless as a King of England,' said Emerson; and it has passed into a proverb. Nevertheless, the idea of Constitutional Nullity is not quite obtainable in practice; and flesh and blood has had its own private share in the mischief. But it is not necessary for me to insist on this fact, or continue to enforce it, that the German Kaiser is the sole nominal Chief Officer who is also real. Tabards, toom or stuffed, abound, and we have many who can strut solemn

with 'insignia,' or adroitly preserve summit and countenanee by skill in the conditions of allowed tenure; but here alone does king's eloak hang eareless natural upon shoulders of man who is royal, severe or gracious as his own soul prompts, spontaneous in act and speeeh, and of a dignity inborn, neither learnt nor needing to be kept up.

Not requisite that I should insist on the aetuality of the German Kaiser, his *un*benetted, unhobbled eondition; for rather is this the thing whieh you of the opposite pole insist on, swear you will not tolerate. Frightful to eontemplate, is it not? a king and manlike, vigorous, determined, broad of ehest, and free of stride. Sure no wild beast is half so dangerous. If such a one be loose abroad, there's nothing safe. Kings should searee presume to think without state doetor's wise preseription; their steps should all be numbered for them and their words dietated, eholerie meats avoided and everything about them mineed. A king of shreds and patches had not troubled us at all. For then had ours, the unsurpassable, perfeet as a fashion plate, glaneed brighter yet in heightened eontrast. If we're jealous of him, instant in dire threat on his least misdemeanour by God we're also jealous *for* him: He's our highest handiwork; and we will not see him shamed. As Joseph's sheaf stood upright, his brethren's bowed, so should Britain's peerless Apex be the unattainable to eruder effort; all other nations and their rubbed darlings confess a failing, admit Alas! yes; some flies do stiek to them,[1] thine too polished. A eut purse of the Empire—! Small harm! But king that gives the world assuranee of a man,—he is the abomination unendurable! Not from out the legions of horrid hell nor all the realms of ehaos ean eome a thing like damned for monareh; better any eraeked vessel of dishonour should ride

[1] 'You rub them with wax, and the flies stick to them.' Mahomet of the Koncish Idols.

atop than he.—Such is indeed your faith and strenuous endeavour: not mine.

As I just now reminded you, Modern Democracy did *not* originate in revolt against the like of this Kaiser, against actual sovereignty at all, either good or evil, but against—well against old cracked vessels of various sorts, no more of honour. There it was just, and had victory. But it has now passed on into an active devilish forbiddal of all sovereignty: where it is unjust, and sure of complete defeat, in the course of centuries. It has compounded with the mendacious for the destruction of the true, and become itself utterly mendacious. Which fanatical and diabolical abhorrence of veritable kingship in the abstract, eminent in the British above all other peoples, has been greatly accentuated by having a concrete exemplar to fasten on; and is, as you claim it to be, distinctive among the Real Causes of this war. The inevitable, personal, private, antipathies of Chief Officers who are only nominal to any who is actual are also all countable minor causes, again most pronounced in the British. A brave soul in first place too nominal will not have this antipathy. Quite reverse wise! He will feel kinship, and instinctively seek what alliance can be. Himself, at all moments, working steadily and prudently to make the office fallen to him more of a living truth, less of an empty grimace, he will regard any other so striving with fellowship and emulation. But little men, pleased with the fine place they have been born to, or had the luck to gain, are almost certain to be riled by the mere existence alongside of them of a man who fills the part they only enact. Tempers of many different hues, yet each complexion muddied by one common grudge. Pettish dislike may be in weakling poppet, whose more substantial forebear owed a grimmer discontent: their works accordant. There is the sourness of him not ever void of capacity had the stars been

kinder, own share of will ethereal not sunk supine in very early days, for other wills to sear the brow; naturally succeeded by the more tremulous spite of him who could in no case have been other than a poppet.

A few weeks or months ago my eye chanced momentarily to rest upon a notice in a newspaper of some *play,* I think it was, by one of the miserable zanies the British are pleased to name their Chiefs in Literature. A very vain, flimsy, effeminate, insubstantial set of creatures, Authors, is the prevalent opinion; justified by the samples that same opinion lauds the highest, and none it cannot so contemn will it hearken or pay heed to. Whom our souls exalt as Gifted our hearts must be free to despise; for we owe reverence to no man, and will endow with honour what curious faculty tickles our humour. The motley throngs of scribblers courting Public's favour, no man respects them. But such as come to note have surely proved themselves the best of the raff; fit henceforth therefore to be granted Oracles, and safely to be trusted to prophesy things pleasing. Singularity, and opposite for whim, is pleasing too, by variety, and nothing dangerous. Which things are simply another manifestation of the same spirit which you show in your King-worship: you show the same spirit everywhere.

'"*The Dynasts.*" Mr. So and So's conception of the Hohenzollerns.' I had not, have not, read the conception and did not the comment on it,—nothing save the headline just given. Reflecting for the ten thousandth time how ready the Lying Prophets of your choice are to lie to any length, in any kind that may be pleasing to you, bring them praise and half pence; how greedily the unanimous mob you, I am afraid too truly, name the British Nation, cheer the grossest nonsense which feeds its humour at the moment. '*The Dynasts.* Mr. So and So's conception of the Hohenzollerns.' Even you, and Mr. So and So himself,

if you ever paused to consider what you were saying, would know well enough there never was Royal Race to whom the description *Dynasts* were less applicable. It is no matter, let him paint it camel, weasel, whale, or any other shape and all compounded, so long as daubed for contumely, you'll swear it Hohenzollern to the life. They are the heaven born seers can please you so; and of a surety, they do fool you to the top of your bent,—much better than if they laughed aside, too fooled themselves for this.

In the fabulous histories of the East, one hears tell of dynasties lasting for thousands of years; generally an exact thousand, or perfect mystic period by some other count. The days of men are predetermined, but more faithful observation has not found them geometric or reducible to any law of numbers known to us. There is much truth, too, in the remark that fifty years of Europe are more than a cycle of Cathay. So that we may pass over the Oriental long bows, and ask If, in the authentic, any other race has stood a modest arch o'er subject men as long a term as this has? It is in the middle of its eighth century now; and during all that time it has stood unbroken in the earthly sky. From small beginnings, continually rising and enlarging, growing ever the more conspicuous, the Bond of greater numbers, wider territories. *Yet nothing magical has gathered round it.* It has lasted and it lasts by native worth ever still valid at the hour, and whoso filled the throne has personally been worthy of it. Exceptions doubtless, the virile force has flagged, but it has never departed; the sources of life have never been poisoned or blasted by any of the fatal infections so normal. I italicise, *yet nothing magical has gathered round it;* for the fact is wonderful, and of highest testimony. Races of far shorter, yet considerable continuance, have early in their date sunk beyond hope of redemption in the imagination of a peculiar ap-

pointment bestowing merit, have ceased to rule in an instant right and acted in the supposition of an occult title. The Austrian has for ages been flawed by this; the whole wild effort to maintain the Stuarts was informed by this; yea, whatever of loyalty, which can in any sense be called genuine, still remains toward the present British Monarchy is nothing but an aftershine of this, found in the 'proper' people alone. It began much earlier in Britain, for it is the damning thing laid bare in Shakespeare's *Richard II,* then partly cast out for a season, but of such a deadly subtle virulence that where it has once got hold, hope is almost over. Oliver indeed, had banished it forever; but ye would not. And in these Hohenzollerns or their People it has never struck dangerous root: the demerit of its finding soil to grow in, the merit of perpetual wither, is always shared by King and People. To this day these Hohenzollerns are homely, simple, plain and downright; frank Men in Nature and true sons of earth: the fresh air of heaven has as free a passage through their halls as through the humblest hut. They do not live in a vain show, and have never done so: some few of the race have tried it, and the next generation packed the whole out of doors. Their People's loyalty affectionate, substantial; trusting Man, not worshipping a Suit of Clothes. And this is a wonderful thing in a long line of Kings; unique I believe, not elsewhere to be matched at all. It is common in the Founders of a Line; indeed it is bound to be in every genuine Founder; But how often has it lasted more than two or three generations? The Hohenzollern race differs here, too, in that it never had any very conspicuous Founder, but only a quiet succession of Builders. It did not spring suddenly into first rank by the might of a single genius, and thereafter dwindle, but grew slowly from private station to regal and imperial. It has emerged and grown massively with base always amply wide in pro-

portion to height; the leading characteristics solidity, sterling worth, rather than brilliant gift or qualities to be called supreme, though these have not been wanting; and, on the whole, it has been constantly equal to its day. Born to king's seat generation after generation, and still filling it as natural right and heaven's true vice-regent to commendable extent; degrading Pride of Peace, Inflation of Rank or office, never able to shell in; life still led in contact with the stern realities and Existence felt the supreme fact, before which all distinctions of man's making melt into nothing! It is evidence at least of a great virility, of a Soundness of Health, vitality and incapacity of delusion very remarkable. Tenfold the more remarkable when we remember that this simplicity and veracity was retained and shone out heroical through a season when every other crowned head had become the sorriest histrio, yet survives the sweep of Democracy's besom applied so furiously to them.

Dynasts! Men that have sought their own aggrandisement and thought to perpetuate their glory's name! We have had plenty of these. Here the perhaps completest antipodal that history records. Men that have thought much and earnestly of many things, and gravitated aright. Men that have as simply and diligently sought to do manfully in the sphere they were born to as any day labourer; the sum of whose labours the heavens have visibly confirmed honest, and faculty competent. The Stewardship committed to them they have faithfully endeavoured to discharge; and the Bank of their Capacity has, with whatever strain, been able to respond to the calls made on it. That Bank has not yet been broken; neither have they yet forgotten that they are Stewards or Whose. In saying thus much, I keep well within the bounds; and shall say no more of the Race.

For the Individual, Kaiser Wilhelm II, I believe him to be one of the more notable members of his Family; superior to any who has carried on the line since the Great Friedrich; such a one as every true German may, from the bottom of his heart, thank God for having this present. I have never attempted to take his measures; my own conception of him is still in growth, and I am not troubled with Emersonian needs to put at a focal distance. True, one can retire into, or stay in (a much harder task) one's universal relations; see him a man, oneself another. But there is nothing full or complete in the mental picture I have formed of him; I yet learn what he is, and cannot speak of him from any other standpoint. Concerning the Living who are of worth, one wishes sure enough to know whatever one can know, yet rather avoids than seeks finality.

To me this Kaiser has been subject of meditation ever since I had, or began to have a man's thought of anything. An Entity of whose simultaneous existence on the planet one has always been more or less conscious and unfeignedly rejoiced in; once known there, unforgettable. Far removed, invisible or half visible, whom one could so wish to see full face to face, know through, but has only been able to catch momentary glimpses of; yet, certainly, in the course of time, has got to know *better,* if not well. Keep eyes and ears open, if your heart be so, you will discern somewhat of the actual man. A king and fellow mortal to whom one has ever silently said *Euge!* confident of genuine man; has watched with admiration and with brotherly pity; stout soul in excessively difficult and perilous position, daily baited with provocations scarce endurable; yet erect, with rage restrained, speaking and doing as in a royalty unchallenged, fully owned.

The newspapers, foul with hideous cartoons, native or imported from America, and every vulgarest insolence to-

ward the Kaiser, published the other day a beautiful and evidently true child-portrait of him; Editors and Public alike unconscious in their soddenness how this gave the lie to the cartoons and comments. A slight thing may be, yet worthy note. A fine little face, so earnest and intent, already full of character and open as the day. British man or woman, him or herself of pure soul, capable to know the Children of Men from those of Belial, looking on it, might have paused astonished, deeply questioned. *This* the seedling of World-Ogre? *It* bears its truth to nature on its face, is undeniably the real child; those ogre portraits, cartoon and written, Where can one find in them the least self-evidence of resemblance? They are undeniably the ribald mock of souls obscene that revel in profanity. Germany's print shops and daily press teem with the like horrors? Yes; but that is not your complaint, or cause of war with her. Your complaint is that there is still in her a man, and men can lay restrictions on the Beast, rein it whither it would not; and divine mission to disseat the same, that there be no nation left wherein the lawless brute does not bellow supreme. Were the Kaiser but reduced to cipher, his peers well hamstrung, the Reichstag's Choir might sing as much in harmony with the Holy Ones of Westminster as the gutter tribes of either nation do already: Uproar of one tenor then going up to heaven from all throats high and low, Briton and Teuton.

It was as a boy at school that I first remember to have heard the present Kaiser mentioned; presumably either at the time of his grandfather's death or during the close following last illness of his father. Talk by the masters, in the vein then current, instructing youth. For his father, of course, was all that man should be; a mild and pattern king, harmless as a dove, and almost to be called Emmanuel; whom pious England prayed might live, long keep a

son marked dark and dangerous from seat of majesty. Such was the vein then current, though Frederick also probably had features of a man. One simply listened, knowing nothing; went away, however, with precisely the opposite impression to that which the Masters purposed to convey, and a strong inclination to take Master William's part—for he was spoken of as if still in his teens; and we all know how long the British struggled against admitting that he had ever reached majority. The adulation of the father did not ring true; in fact it was obviously a cant, flowing more from dislike of the son, or other interested motive, than like of him; whilst the contemptuous slur of the son was of a quality that instantly roused incipient contradiction in ingenuous pupil, left a permanent question whether he were not really the right one. Nathless I believe that all except one of my school-fellows unhesitatingly lapped up the Master's account, that that one fell in with it in after years; and, if still in life, he is probably fighting at the front this moment. Fighting at the front, for he was in the army, with such faith and strength as belongs to a man who had to follow the world's opinion rather than lose its prizes: Well, he will not be lonely there anyway. They do crowd to the colours at Mr. Asquith's bidding; but it is by world's opinion and no soul's conviction.

Later on one began to gain notions a little more distinct, though still very vague. If you have the natural instinct to leave noise and lies as noise and lies, you may gleam fragments of fact even from the newspapers and general babblement of men, as surely as without it nine-tenths of those your persuasions which you believe most soundly based on reason, will be nothing save a consolidated sediment of popular delusion. Interest was quickened at the time of the Jameson Raid, which had been so atrocious if the paltriness of its perpetrators had not brought it to the

borders of the farcical; of its iniquitous condonement at home, done to shield deeper movers who could not have been pardoned as milkbeards, making each honest Briton feel as if he ought to hide his head in shame; of the universal bawl which burst out in England at the Kaiser for expressing the sentiments of every man of probity. I observed well, how, when the news of that Raid reached England, astonished indignation was the emotion spontaneously excited in every Gentleman's breast; how miserably these shuffled round as soon as they found that the Westminster Beauties and Press Editors took a different view. It is thus in all matters: there is no sterling integrity, and the nation will in anything dance as it is piped to. The Pipers do not sorrow; their ideal is that it should: Public opinion is the wind; their part to raise it, and command the stops of the instrument which renders it into articulate music. It was in that spring of 1896 that I chanced for the first time to see a thoroughly good portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm and to read some authentic speeches of his, with by accident a very great effect on my own life. For I was in perplexity. Not indeed doubting of Eternal Justice, of the possibility of any one individual man living a life of nobleness, nor afflicted with the least disposition to give up one's own private endeavours in that direction, but wholly doubting, disbelieving in, the slightest outward result from this. Saying: There is Carlyle has just lived in this very city as heroical a life as ever any did; and, so far as the world is concerned, he might just as well have never been born. Is there any compulsion to continue an effort sure to prove futile? And since a little passivity would close the scene why not let it? The sight of that portrait, say rather of that man, for it was such, and convincing, cracked the spell, which was speedily broken. There is a vigorous activity not futile. None may have heard Carlyle, yet his influence

is beyond all reckoning. Each in his sphere must do as he can, not be found faithless: that is his duty, not weighing result; and, though no outer victory may be visible, the harvests are reaped there too. On which account I have often since said to myself, half in jest, half earnest, that His Imperial Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm once saved my life: Which he really may honestly be said to have done as much as if he had jumped into the sea and hauled me out from drowning; and, though no Humane Society grants medals for these silent and unconscious acts of heroism, I remain convinced they are quite infinitely the more meritorious. I have never before publicly owned such indebtedness, but coming to speak of him now do not forbear reporting this little private experience, make of it what you may. The same evening was spent with a German lady who then and subsequently showed me more than she knew, not of the Kaiser alone. Henceforth one directly knew at least one living man who was battling for the nobly human, and who was not altogether unsupported by a loyal peerage, by a loyal leaven in all ranks, however much impeded by a disloyal leaven in all ranks, jealous of Sovereign Power and diligent to oppose it at every turn.

Passing on to the other times, for the above was before I had read Carlyle's *Friedrich;* when so far as I knew (misknew) anything at all of German history it was as the orthodox falsehoods had taught and some words of Carlyle's own in his earlier writings had led me to imagine that he confirmed. Revolving things in obscure corner, I constantly could not escape the feeling that this Kaiser was raised up by Providence for something great, world notable, probably War with Britain. And I confess to many an involuntary prayer that it might come in his time, if come it must. For the Briton who to-day attains a manhood alive to the Eternal Interests must have passed

through the terrible school where he has had in a sense to renounce his country, if in another sense he have found it again. The Land we are born in, the Race we are of, they are by nature dearer to us than all others. But woe to him to whom they are dearer than Truth and Justice. There is a Prime Duty which makes nationality naught, and Man is more than country-man. If the People to which we belong have rejected the highest and turned to the service of Belial, we cannot wish them success in that course. If our country have deliberately spurned alliance with the Better, entered into League with the Worse, our sympathies cannot be with it in the struggle thus brought on. Could not escape, I say. For I recoiled utterly from the thought that high soul and character should not be content, might not as much be raised up by Providence, to work in peace unnoted and as blest. But the fact is, remarkable men do almost necessarily evoke remarkable events. Alas, when public men, they can hardly avoid doing so, even when they most wish it. Any thought that this Kaiser's, or any man's, faculty were wasted if his life passed in peace, unmarked, had been most impious; the presentiment that his existence there would inevitably tend to raise the antagonism, would precipitate conflict may have been veridical. But prescience is by whole fact, and any reason you can articulate is but a part.

It is not for me to attempt any portrayal of Kaiser Wilhelm's character. I simply see a man of very sterling quality born into exceedingly difficult and perilous position and doing his own level utmost there right manfully; whom *therefore* alone every brave man must regard with admiration, love and sympathy, even were all question of his Capacity and Equipment for that position to be left out of count. Suppose him unequal to the post,—as who is there could say he were fully equal to it?—sympathy

would the more go out to an honest one so strenuously endeavouring to do his best in it and who had never sought it, but was in honour bound to step into it and do what he could there. Had the British plea ever been: He is most worthy of esteem and our valour honours his, yet in this and that we cannot find him right, must needs withstand, there might have been a case for hearing; and certainty of at least one ready to listen, namely the Kaiser himself. But their plea has ever been: Damn his eyes for doing his utmost. Why can't he take pattern by our Discreet Cipher, do nothing? That he has done his utmost is precisely what proves to us his entire unfitness for the post he occupies. God blast all kings that are not nullities! Well, leave the dogs to their barking, and speak of man to men. In that matter of his Equipment, with him as with all, his inner spiritual light and soul's faith in eternity is first and foremost; and it is a thing of which I have gradually gained some knowledge, though no complete. From many an utterance of his own I have gathered pretty well how he stands in that respect.

First, then, he is authentic, genuine, here, and that he publicly professes his soul does believe. As, not genuine here, he could not be so elsewhere. 'Deeply, we feel it, once smitten, the Tremendous.' An awestruck piety dwells deep in that man's heart. In his truest, most unfeigned consciousness, life is earnest, holy, fearful to him, and it is Deity commands him do his duty. His view of the universe, man's life and his own task is altogether human.

'Stars silent rest o'er us,
'Graves under us silent!

'Whilst earnest thou gazest,
'Comes boding of terror.

'Comes phantasm and error;
'Perplexes the bravest
'With doubt and misgiving.

'But heard are the Voices,
'Heard are the Sages,
'The Worlds and the Ages:'

These words of *the German* he could repeat as they were uttered; and his soul is not vitiated with pretence, nor is his worship a decorum. He frequently appeals to God; and, if the dialect be not quite thine or mine, we may know his appeal heartfelt and in nothing spurious. Neither have I the least doubt that, had there been a living sage beside him who did stand intelligently free Man in Nature, himself had so stood, and many a thing been vastly clearer to him. This is saying very much. On the other hand, many of his own utterances tell me that he does not entirely so stand, still holds a little by things we must not hold by, They are the very light of the earth can declare our Faith purely, without alloy; and one does not quite look for the Inspired Seer in the Practical King. If his Equipment in this particular be fairly the highest to be had in the shops about and sterling honest, he may more than pass muster. No developed Briton could be genuine in holding never so slightly by some of the things the Kaiser holds by. To answer Why? would lead us far. I will only say of Transitions: That these may proceed insensibly, without disruption, if they have been taken in time, if the new have sprung well before the old have become hopelessly unsound; whilst if delayed till the old have got poisoned through they cannot so proceed; whereby it may even happen that in a country of the unsound, perhaps incurable, units have advanced further than any in a country of the sound, though there alone is the mass progressing and

recovery to perfect health still hopeful. And I leave you to reflect whether this affords explanation at all of many phenomena, spiritual and political, in Germany and Britain. To me it has sometimes seemed to do so, but I have no restful assurance how far.

The Kaiser is genuine in his Religious Belief though, withal, aware that things are in transition, uncomfortably conscious of a debatable land where footing is very uncertain, could so active and decisive a soul admit uncertainty. By his manful life's effort, he too is helping to pave the way to the undebatable when a man's religion shall again be wholly a great Unquestionability to him. Alas! alas! look at our own public men! Is there among them one whom you can so much as name at all in this relation? The Kaiser has showed himself to me in this as a strong man zealously wishing the inarticulate intuition of his soul, where a great unquestionability is thoroughly recognised to be, were articulated for him, in haste to act thereon; praying for faith as only the piously valiant can, and sometimes, urged by need to have it clear for deed this day, perhaps rather too ready to take what solution was offered, or drive down a pile of his own in the shaking morass. Very admirable in the supreme need to *have* a firm ground to stand on. Very lovable in his attempts to attain it, though I would not always recommend another to try building on those piles. Like Friedrich Wilhelm, he could laugh, too, if he woke some morning to see them all tumbling on the floods. He would so fain have had final solution, and an end to doubts; has found this scarcely obtainable—in the shops about, yet by the powerful elective affinity of his own true being has drawn nigher to the one true Revelation; never cowardly compromised or dallied with the Jesuit, but stood ever resolved this moment by the light he had. Strong indeed in the might of a soul turned honestly

Godward; and, if sometimes, confused by Fable, dimmed by passion, ever profoundly known that a living God does reign and men must quit themselves as men.

The difficulties of his Political position are more utterable. In name a King, under the World—Avatar of Democracy, and not to be puppet of his ministers but King in verity so far as able! Is there not in that predicament, determination enough to tax the strength and temper of any most Christian Hercules? And he has never pretended to be more than a man of like passions and infirmities. Democracy is rampant in Germany as elsewhere; and British spleen, world's rage, that it is not yet paramount there, that the human does still struggle for sovereignty there. To be endeavouring the just and not the tyrannous, in noble brotherhood, co-ordination, diligent for state's weal, and be everywhere confronted by the smiling insolence of demagogues, strong in the might of their law, whose chiefest pleasure is to veto, vex, annoy, teach Majesty his dependence on their sweet will. Perpetual baffle and every sort of exasperation with just a little headway here and there! Some spurts of impatience are not wonderful, if perhaps the normal restraint is. Thou, my friend, had'st, most probably, run quite amok. There is a touch of this in one of those White Paper despatches, where a German Minister regrets to a British that his Kaiser had come home suddenly on his own initiative; not asking the Minister's wise advice. There is plenty of such in other despatches by German Ministers to British, not to speak of those between themselves. Dear, dear, there he goes again! Alack! Who can lay proper bridle on him? But you, dear brethren, happier, we do confess, in having tamer hack in harness, and, doubtless too, that beast's perfect step, the envy of less lucky grooms, betokens finer skill in you, the drivers, breakers in—but yet you'll

not blame *us?* Have sympathy, have charity nor lay our charger's freaks to our account. You see how much we deprecate them. Yes, yes good friends, we see what grace is in you, and our bowels are moved for you. We strive to have patience with him for your sakes. Yet, we must say, your insufficiency is a little trying. If you can't better control the brute, you'll have to take the consequences. Good Lord! don't say so. Nay, we'll do our utmost. And you, don't you be too proud of your precious gelding's well-schooled paces. The paltriest among us could manage the like of him with ease; and had you our entire, by God, he'd send you somersaulting. Thus you see even birds of a feather can quarrel. National pride and spirit manifest itself in various sorts. It is all very well to crack a jest on this matter, sirs, and may be really wholesome too, but the daily arts of such Gee-hoers, even when they have a secret pride in him, they'd have obey their will, are much unpleasing. The Christian Hercules, or the Goethean-Carlylean, lucent in a clear intelligence of them, himself, his task and time might not be troubled, might be able to steadily pursue his way unruffled, whilst, by a finer art, he gradually drew around him men who better understood what works were verily profitable in a minister of state. The Kaiser does not claim to be one of the celestial superlatives; and sympathy is free to him as just Royal Man in sorely trying circumstance, perseverantly endeavouring to do as the day calls on him to do, and as if his right to do it were as unchallenged of man as it should be; yet he too has done his part in that Herculean task, and life nowise passed in vain. Consider him there, in that stout-hearted Royalty of his, honesty of purpose, strength of conviction, resolute to be active in the lead, to strengthen and encourage, to suffer and do in the van of his People, as is his part and function. With too large a number of

that People watching jealous, thinking it their most becoming part and function to guard against the least imagined step without the stipulated pens, and thwart volition; who would have his voice a creditless formality, no clarion call or trump to rouse by its own living force: from whom, certainly, no Wealsmen ever come, nor such as Worth could turn to for counsel. The true sage counsel is of another breed than these, and his aid precious indeed to a king. Kaiser Wilhelm is giving his life in this breach, too; and others yet to come will profit by all that he has done and learnt.

The British, both statesmen and people, have from the start, been what I can only describe as wantonly and despicably contrary to this Kaiser; an unreasoning animosity and fanaticism has informed their whole thought of him and conduct toward him. Such individual Britons as have met and known him, men who love a man and do know him when they see him, have been full of admiration for him, and have occasionally expressed the same. But their testimony has never been regarded: it has been allowed to pass, in that temper of the day which takes glory to itself as just and tolerant because it permits to each his say, if sufficiently in minority, uncontradicted, and lets account incompatible with its own stands side by side therewith, even appraised; yet, heedless of all verity, no whit the less persists in own delusion. Contradiction is apt to raise controversy; and this, so desirable where opinion seeks an airing, is felt liable to prove dangerous where an aim to establish the truth is surmised. The world has grown wiser; gives gracious acceptance to all as persuasion and finds its own persuasion undisturbed, none earnest for fact able to awake so much as an echo. The Kaiser's attitude to Britain was frank and kingly, forbearant in so much, and, as it seems to me, with a real recognition of

Britain, British character and genius; informed, too, for long, with a hope, almost a trust, that the Better in her, which he so esteemed, would never permit the Hustings' Crew to lead our nation whither he must well have known *they* wished to lead her. Those words of his, when the dastardly onslaught was made and he flung back his British Naval and Military Honorary Commands, that he had been *proud* of them, I have no doubt at all expressed his heart's unfeigned emotion. Like all the best of the Germans, he honoured Britain, felt that in that country, there were or had been many kindred of soul: and in the best of the British such sentiment is mutual, let the cap-throwing odds shout what they may. It was a friendly face that he turned to our country, the openness of an emulous brotherhood; and there were many little gracious acts, too, which Britons that had grace would have known gracious. And the response all this met? Absolute flout. Not only from fanatical hostility. From a low insolence which sniffs at courteous proffer, or accepts it in contempt, and has forgot the due of Man to Man.

D'Alembert preferred his garret to aught that king could offer, yet 'loyally recognised Friedrich as a precious article in this world.' Put the case thus at its lowest: No brave true-hearted man, whatever his political or other opinion, contemplating Kaiser Wilhelm II, could have failed to recognise him *as a precious article in this world;* to have wished more power to his honour and gratefully interchanged civilities if their paths crossed. Wherefore, when we contemplate the behaviour of our Government men to him, we find it without excuse: He to whom Man is not more than Opinion is a no man.

Grey and past the years of prime, this Kaiser with his People still makes resolute front against the swarming multitudes eager for their blood. Quotes Knox: 'One man

with God is stronger than all men without.' Yea, forever so, what multitudes soever triumph in his downfall. If victor, human sympathy will more go out to him than to any other single man one knows of in all the fighting millions. The Herr Gott will not have forsaken him; and certainly many damned scoundrels will be among the vanquished, though mostly safe in Cabinet, not gashed upon the field. If defeated and still strong in faith, enduring to the end, the winner of a more than earthly crown. Should the burden prove too great for mortal strength, heart break, the most stalwart may stand mute in love, and ministering spirits give healing when he awakes hereafter. Infallibly he will have conquered as he and the world merited he should, nor lived and died for naught. And British gratulations on the deed which they'll have done, if it should be the allowance of heaven that they do it, why speak of them? The British have long been diligent that way. From the time when they hung Cromwell's body in chains, wonderfully perseverant to root out and cast down from every high place whatsoever had the least relish of the god-like.

In spite of all democratical blatancies, a great loyalty to their Kaiser, to their Hohenzollern Sovereigns generally, does still exist in the Germans. And, whatever one's thought of heredity kingships may be, and I myself am no advocate for them if any better plan can be hit on, it is perfectly clear that only incurably foolish or viciously disposed persons could desire a change so long as the race does continue to produce capable men. German loyalty is to the Kaiser, not the Kaisership; it is personal, direct and instant. It is in no sense a carved figure head that the Germans are proud to see aloft; but a living man of determined character, forceful soul, whose features, whose manly beauties and mortal oddities are known to them, whose

face they look straight into, and whose animating presence is felt among them. They do not imagine that if some celestial Reader of Hearts could sift the whole German nation he would find none worthier to wear the crown; but, as each honest subaltern endeavours to discharge his duty, so is he reverent-proud to know his Captain faithful in his. True loyalty is always to Man, not Office. Though, no matter what rule determines who shall be Chief Officer, times must occasionally occur when he is an Incapable. Loyalty then upholds the present Order of Things, in hope of the next draw proving no blank; but the Capable must again be forthcoming ere too long, or loyalty, in every genuine, human meaning of the word, will swiftly depart,

In speaking of the Germans one naturally took the Kaiser first, transiently referred to the Kaisership after. Because they are still happy enough to have a man for Kaiser and the Kaisership has not become an empty formality carefully preserved by those who profit from the keeping of it up; or through common consent of contending parties, each jealous what new power the other might gain were it cast overboard; or spontaneously by the Whole Empire in a thorough faith that the mendacious is the alone safe in topmost region. Transparent humbug, which all alike have a share in maintaining, which all alike see through, the only earthly god which all alike will pay tribute to. But, in speaking of the British, one as necessarily, in fidelity to the fact, proceeds in the reverse sequence; takes the kingship first and merely casts a casual glance or two at the king. For here the kingship is all, and who holds it pure zero. In truth, too, it is neither the kingship nor the king which much concern us, but the ideal and practical achievement of Constitutional Monarchy, where this means king a nullity, doing strictly nothing save what his State Doctors bid, who declares his sovereign will and dread command

per order. For, in their dictionary sense, one has no quarrel with the words; values constitution as much as Law: In courts whereof, if the Judge deliver verdict not as the law directs and his own soul discerns but as the Counsel, who themselves make and unmake the laws at their pleasure and plead the cases, just such cases as they please to plead, have dictated to him, I will never appear—at least not as Prosecutor or free Witness; if you have power to subpœna, hale me into the dock, I suppose I might have to submit. Might be very willing, also, to appear at another call than the court's, and clear it at the bayonet's point. We have had no unbroken line of Monarchs, like the Hohenzollern; and, for the Counsel, none could reckon how many dynasties they have belonged to; they have chased each other like shadows on a wall, and broken up in lamentation every other hour, yet shouts of exultation have each time mingled, and none wept too sorely. I grant a family resemblance, but then, though to you and me one sheep seems the same as another, 'tis said their shepherds know every one by the face. For all this, the process of reducing that Ideal to practice has been a long one; only in ages and by the labour of many generations have things been brought to their present perfection. The process may be considered as about complete now; these last fifty years, and, as things seldom last long after they reach perfection, one might hope a change was in the wind could one read any sure sign of it.

At first sight it might seem as if very little were demanded of the Supreme Cipher in this realised ideal of a Constitutional Monarchy which the British have achieved, to world's admiration and emulous copy. To be bedded and boarded regardless of expense, decked with every honour a fool can covet; cheers rising to the welkin whenever he appear in public, acme of decorous bearing from all who

enter presence; poets ready to celebrate and oracles to enhance; so long as he do but meddle in nothing, behave with propriety and wear a pleasing mien: this might really to unreflective souls appear an easy lot for mortal wight, put little call upon him;—how far an heroic or a glorious lot we are not talking of this instant. Yet on a little serious consideration you will see that it is anything but an easy. I warn you again that I am not arguing that a crown of thorns were much the preferable to man, but simply that reign in this apparent lubberland is only to be managed by conformity with conditions which stretch mortal address more than you can imagine almost. Wisdom, valour, capacity to conduct or further any earthly or heavenly concern of men is not, indeed, required of the British Constitutional Monarch. String off with Malcolm in *Macbeth* the 'king-becoming graces,' justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude. What need have you of these in him, unless patience perforce be excepted? Some others, too, as bounty, mercy, lowliness, in your own peculiar acceptation of the terms, you might be disposed to allow in him, as 'becoming' enough, and harmless; but I am speaking of what you require in him. Methinks I see a certain lower in the brows of Honourable Gentlemen at the bare suggestion of a king of theirs *needing* to have any grace or virtue except as lent perforce by them. Were it not rather dangerous he should; since, having these, Volition might be present too? Let him wait on their will; fulfilling it, he cannot but be gracious in men's sight and virtuous enow.

Nevertheless, there is one exception to this law of passive recipience; the exception which is necessary to complete the rule. One mental quality a British Constitutional King must have these days, that of DISCRETION. Nothing else may be demanded of him, but this is demanded with such a

stringency that the need to possess this one solitary requisite almost parallels his case with that of those who seek the Ideal Perfectibilities, yearn after the Unattainable. He must possess this quality of Discretion in a high degree, and it must never leave him unattended. His private friends will help him; his ministers do their utmost to be ever at his elbow; sometimes, too, he may have one magnanimous enough, to stand as scape-goat, if he do make a slip; and, if in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, he should not lack it; but yet, despite all this, you must acknowledge that he does really himself need to possess this quality. As chastity on a woman, it is *the* thing inculcated on him from very early years; he is bred and trained to this as to nothing else; and the Press Editors, to speak of no other Mentors, never cease to remind him of it, continually preaching that Discretion is the summation of all virtue in a Sovereign Man. Referring to dictionary and ordinary meaning of the word, one would confess it a very desirable quality in a king, and little likely to be absent where the more cardinal virtues are found, only then capable of real existence; but as is usual in all such persistent and particular insistences, the meaning of the word Discretion here is quite peculiar. This particular quality of Discretion, which forms the fundamental equipment of a Constitutional Monarch, has no part in judgment. Gods! no: What a breach of Discretion should he dare to judge. How much less may he act in anything according to his own discretion! Precisely the thing he must never do. It is superlatively incumbent on him to possess this quality named of Discretion, and the last thing he may ever dream of is to exercise discretion. The thing is no paradox, and quite intelligible on study; yet this restriction, this arbitrary misuse of words always indicates a very fundamental crookedness of soul. There really ought to be a small

dictionary got out giving the special meanings of plain English words as used by British Constitutionalists. Of course they could never produce such a thing themselves; for they would need to speak plain English in doing so, and would never write DISCRETION: The highest virtue and most absolutely essential in a king: the quality by which he escapes giving offence to anybody.

Never to give offence to any one. There have been men to whom the entity which proposed this was of all created beings about the most offensive, and one can recollect no Sage who ever described it as the first duty of a King. But, then, Constitutional, in the special sense, is an all-qualifying epithet; and, keeping to our point, you must grant the extreme difficulty of the enterprise, may privately remain convinced of its impossibility. The ideal is unattainable, but the King will be allowed to pass if he reach a certain sufficiency: After all, the races subject to this Unoffending Majesty, how critical and captious soever, have human bowels. Nathless, as I continue to explain to you, their demands run very high. This King of theirs is to walk majestically along with more precaution than a hen on a hot gridiron, yet never show the slightest ruffle or disturbance of pose. He is also never to take offence; yet not as a soul that cannot be offended: the offerer of affront must no more be curtailed of his pleasure in believing he has pained as he wished than of his liberty to affront. He is to have no will apart from his ministers; the royal brows are never to be knit, and no sort of heavenly effulgence must put those who look upon him to shame. If smitten on one cheek by what Jack takes the fancy, he is not indeed to turn the other; such saintliness might convey suspicion of reproach: No Charybdis more dangerous to navigator. He is just to smile the same; and never let a wry mouth soil his loveliness whatever sour herbs he

chew as bidden. Now reckon up, if you can, what an abnegation all this implies: What a yielding up to Juggernaut of every human aspiration, what a pitiless extirpation and voluntary smother of every quality of a man, to gain this sole king-saving one Discretion; and then the infinite of painstaking in teaching, learning it, till it have so become a second nature that the poor souls cannot now depart from it if they would, cling to it as the one ark of salvation. This lot is far different than that of many kings who have had no relish of any virtue, abounded in the division of each several crime, acting it many ways; the occupier of it must commit no crime, at least do nothing that Parliament or People could reckon criminal, and the laws are theirs not his; he is to relish, if not virtue, all the minces of decorum and every sauce he's dressed with. You might wonder how any mortal wight could attain, retain, such kingship—and, to speak straightly, none *human* could or would.

Moreover, although this strained quality of Discretion is the essential for a British Constitutional Monarch, is the solitary demanded, needs such a breeding to it and even, you will confess, a natural aptitude; all guardian spirits, palace and state nurses zealously assisting, and the street populaces hoarsely shouting warning at any hair's breadth swerve seen or dreaded imminent; yet it is easy to see that, so far as outer result is concerned, it amounts to nothing. The whole of that effort is sunk; lies as foundation under ground, with, as yet, nothing to show above. For the completest avoidance of offence merely saves the constitutional king from being kicked out; utmost perfection in the prescribed paces just preserves from summary ejection, and no more. You may argue that nothing is required to show aboveground; that is, that the preservation from ejectment is absolutely all that is either wanted or were desirable.

Also that this preservation is a task of such supreme difficulty that its continued achievement should yearly be greeted by songs of praise. Doubtless too, since the rôle which the Monarch enacts is prescribed to him, its careful fulfilment will give satisfaction to the prescribers; thus leave some surplus to his credit, not, of course, of deed done for his nation's good, but yet of gratitude owed to his person. There is that in the heart of man, however, which cautions him against placing much trust in loyalties so engendered. So far, therefore, it is clear that he has simply attained that without which you would tip the scuttle; and, if he is to become at all endeared to your fancies must do something more. A becoming activity in the Hospital and Charity Departments will help a little. Then, whilst wary never to utter a syllable or still a finger as a King, he may discourage largely, and for once spontaneously in words undictated, of his solemn emotions in finding himself in the high and responsible position of Constitution's Apex; much moved by his People's devoted loyalty, etc., etc. And all this he must not do cunningly, or just *pro forma;* but must have so entered into the spirit that the godless mummery shall verily seem to him real, his eyes weep warm tears. Thus conformable, thus confirmatory to his People that they *have* found the way to the stars, he may come to be almost beatified in their eyes; though, again, if he sneeze wrong, they cry at once, How long are we going to endure him?

Well, you admit then, that here is a lot and problem fit to tax the strength, I cannot say of a demigod Hercules, heathen or Christian, he might raise amazed eye were it suggested to him, but at least of the miserable who would attempt it. I have no jest here. Your British Constitutional Monarchy with all your so-called loyalties to it is completely through and through, root and branch, what

Carlyle deliberately named it long since, a Blasphemous Mendacity. Which, also, you have just further perfected since his day. And no ghost needed to tell us what bitter enmity all concerned in it must feel toward any king-ship not mendacious.

As for the kings themselves, were it our part to speak of these, equity would lead one to consider the blighting and blasting influence of their circumstance from birth. It is not our cue to go into that; and there are things humanity would draw a veil over, if not compelled to expose. The universal admiration of Edward VII was always hideous to me, though the man himself was not altogether. The adulation of him as a Peace-maker was especially a most loathsome phosphorescence. It is not Peace that such men forward.

Sovereign is a necessity in any nation that would march heavenward: a multitude of men cannot proceed *thither* as a mob unofficered; and it is not individuals struggling thither who reject the aid of discipline, co-ordination, though I believe they would one and all refuse to add to the already great difficulties of their progress by carrying an officer who could not lead them. They require that he shall be able to lead them. And the spirit of reverent subordination must run through to the top: properly, it runs down from the top. You can no more have a march thither with insubordination among the officers, least of all among the higher officers, than with a mob entirely unofficered. If the Chief Officer do not reverence the Eternal, the second in rank will not reverence him; if the second do not reverence the first, the third will not reverence the second. No loyal obedience will be in a squad of privates to their corporal where the field marshals are jealous of the Chief's authority: let those reduce him to a nullity, force him to 'command' as they dictate, and the

privates will soon treat their corporal in the same fashion. Reverence for the Eternal should be in all, and it is not separable from reverence for Man: the more of that there is, the deeper the devotion to higher human worth. Where Reverence is, grimace and pretence of respect, all hollowness and mummery is impossible; and wherever these are the march is certainly not *thither.*

Temporal Authority, as it is called, has been from the earliest ages; and, in the higher kingly thought and act, its essential divinity was known and manifested. But never before Carlyle was it clearly preached and rendered evident the *highest.* The men of the ancient hierarchies, even when actually regnant, never perceived the noble leading of men in Practical Life to be the divinest task for man on earth, and devoted their whole energies to this, as chiefest service of the Deity; never saw clearly that in the faithful discharge of this duty lay a sterner and more searching discipline for their own souls than any they could invent; that it more called on all heroical and godly qualities than any other task, and, most beneficent for all, was also for each *the* way to the throne dark with excess of bright. To command and to obey; to assist in organizing the lawless aggregates of men into heavenly hosts! It is the greatest. And it has forever been, as it must forever be, endeavoured where private aspiration to live each in the image of his Maker has inspired the lives of men: quite inseparable therefrom; invariably springing spontaneously wherever that has been. Yet, in the Old, not with full recognition. It can only genuinely be where the private effort is, and in this sense is secondary; but this fact never hindered recognition. No; the failure was because in the old the Fictitious was everywhere exalted above the Real in men's imaginations, and the Universe of their thought was not the Universe of fact: Spiritual and

Temporal were divided, and full of quarrel. The New Temporal Authorities must be self-intelligent of the divineness of the work they are called to. The care for worldly things should not be sordid in man; should be a furtherance, not a hindrance, to the life of the spirit; this earthly existence in its every meanest province should glow lucent to him with eternal meanings, and *all* man's passions, talents, needs and toilings unite to raise him godward.

As for the Rules by which your officers, chief and other, are chosen: Election is unquestionably the right method. But the tendency of office, in the widest meaning of the word, to become hereditary can no more be stopped than the tendency of Nature to repeat the father in the son: it should not be allowed to go beyond this, and it can be prevented from doing so. No rule whatsoever can secure the choice of a right man. He is only attainable, maintainable, or renewable by the constantly renewed effort and guard of the noble; and in good part always by the mere grace of heaven, though where that alone is looked to, he is never granted.

I have said that a veracious and actual Sovereignty still exists in Germany. Yet its scope is very limited; it has little free action, is on all hands obstructed. Ruskin *wondered* why the populations of some hero kings of ancient time were so prone to mutiny, those of later, not half so heroic, obedient; not I. New Temporal Authority, such as above referred to, in complete development is, probably, centuries distant on the national scale; and wherever it springs, or has sprung, it will have to *win* every inch of its sway, as sternly as in the Past. We should be thankful, more than thankful, for anything which works toward it; and thrice blessed is aught which still yields promise of its ultimate attainment without solution of continuity. Neither do we ever look for more than tolerable approximations on

earth. How far there is a spirit in the German Nation intelligently moving that way, I do not hazard a guess. The Kaiser, wittingly or no, has valiantly done according to his might for this good cause; and, personally,I think he has had some glimpses of what he was working for vouchsafed him. All nations are either travelling that way or else to perdition; but if the German be to a pronounced extent intelligent of this fact, it is far in the van indeed, for no other yet dreams it, and hostile league by them against it is a sure result.

For at present this Divine Subordination of Man to Man is understood and toiled for by individuals only; there is, as yet, no incipience of a world-faith in it. On the contrary, the world is violently opposed to it; swallowed up in a fanatical Superstition, rages delirious at the mere name of it. This is partly the residue of just wrath of mob against seated authorities of no divine title, still instant *versus* fresh claimants of the same Ilk; yet the just wrath never purified or strengthened by uproarious laudation of Candidates, very undivine, who beg mob's suffrage for their sway, much vitiated and weakened. Partly, mainly nowadays, it is a popular apotheosis of vices among the ugliest in man's nature, his jealous hatred of another's superiority and mutinous recalcitration against all control, with glory only for the Candidates which *this* shall grant a moment's seat to.

If men cast out a tyrannous or incompetent Sovereign, it will behoove them to find a just and competent; and where the casting out has been worthily done by men themselves possessed of a natural royalty of soul, potent in grace, their search therefore is not like to remain long unsatisfied. Too commonly the casting out is done by men of quite another description, and then there really may be nothing for it but to go kingless for a while, put up with a shifting

congeries of atoms whirled successively to summit by the elements. Even that may be better than a 'scandalous Copper Captain'; peremptory veto of him one in which the most earnest of men will unite his vote with the street arab's. But the jealous rejection of Captaincy is, in all times and places, vicious. One does not insist on the name at all. 'No question is to be made but that the bed of the Mississippi belongs to the sovereign, that is to the nation?' I have no quarrel with Jefferson when he says this. Doubtless the bed of the Mississippi belongs to the nation, not particularly to the President, and it is a real advance to have made this certain; the only issue I could have with you there would be in the question, How far it belonged to the Almighty God or the Almighty Dollar? I am not using the word Sovereign here in any such sense as that; mean by it the Man who is in first command, and am right heartily thankful that the notion of his owning the country he rules in is done away with. And it does not much signify what name you give that man, Kaiser, King, Protector, President or what else. But it signifies immensely whether you are honest or not in giving him any of these titles; whether he be or be not a man fit to have the first command, and whether you do or do not revere and obey him as verily your Commander. He is not to have all power, but there must be no pretence about that he has. I may differ greatly from you in opinion as to the degree of power he ought to have; may be thoroughly convinced that the 'way to heaven' in this respect, lies in the getting a man who can be trusted, and not at all in the electing of such a shady individual that you cannot regard him in office without suspicion, live under a sort of perpetual nightmare he'll play you some bad trick or other. But still I say, first and with greatest emphasis, be honest in the matter: if you will not have a real king, then, for God's

sake, have none. However small the power you agree to place in your Chief Officer's hands, be sincere in granting him that, obey him loyally *so* far, and you are not cut off from redemption. Moreover, whatever more should be his is, in that case, sure to accrue to him in the course of time.

But of all conceivable misses the Constitutional Supreme Cipher is the completest, most unpardonable, indeed entirely damned. Consider the mutual relations of a Real King with his peers, meanest subjects, and then of this Mock King with his! There is hardly any earthly relation more sacred than that between true men and their worthy Leader; if they and he be noble enough, there is none more sacred. For there is no height to which this may not reach; and all veracious instances of it are blest, each in its degree. As brave men love a Man, will tolerate no other as their Captain, so does a valiant man love them; and no other will or can treat his subjects as men. Where loyalty and devotion are, there, and there alone, freedom and manful self-sufficiency are. You must go to the living records, to your own hearts; and, if you cannot so learn and know how all the riches of humanity are here, courtliest grace and ruggedest virtue alike find free scope, royal welcome, and men singly and collectively are most fully what it lies in them to be when leagued in a reverent subordination to higher human merit, no word of mine can convince you of those facts. Then look at this Mock King and his legions, not specially of knee-crooking, but of *pro forma* observant slaves; whose hearts are less filled with greed for his favours than an insolent gratulation he waits on theirs, reigns merely by their suffrance. From his eye, controlling majesty must never lighten forth; from him must come no word of desolating rebuke, none of vital command in the hour of crisis, of wisdom in his nation's

long-enduring perplexities, of discretion, counsel, blame, save as Clerk of the Court may read what the Bench (or the Bar) has handed him. From him can come, in him can be, no godlike volition, no high intelligence of things human or divine; no power to cope with peril, or administer in prosperity; to better men, further his nation, or lead one life to worthy goal: he forfeited that private when he pledged his soul to a bondage too base for a dog. He performs the functions bidden him, and him none noble reveres, none ignoble fears. Poor wight! one has pity and loving sympathy enough for him as a fellow mortal in misfortune, sinned against and sinning. He got there God wist how; would have been something more than Herculean I reckon, could he have got *out*. And pity for him could only make one the more insist on the mournful predicament he stands in.

Of the *service* of such, *pro forma* wholly, who shall speak? Here who pays honour, loses his own honour. The effect on the souls of such Majesty's Ministers of their professed fealty to him they trot in blinkers, of all the farce-tragedy they play with him before high heaven, and in their own hearts to high heaven! It is unspeakably defiling, blasting; they too have forfeited their manhood and sold themselves to depravity. Their caging of their king, careful breeding of the tamest race, has recoiled upon themselves; as they have been jealous of all native royalty in him, so has every kingly quality departed from themselves. And the spontaneous eulogies, the voluntary exordiums, the universal 'loyalty,' with which he is greeted, triumphantly exalted; nature challenged to produce his equal! Sirs, all that is not to him in his proper quality, but as the belauder's masterpiece of art. Each feels he has had his share in shaping this Mock King, in teaching him his manners, training him in the way he should go. So long,

therefore, as he do come out to pattern, he glorifies his Makers, and their hearts o'erswell in happy tribute to his graces. You rage at the Real King, couple him and his peers with the Tyrant and his parasites; yet surely it is the Mock King and his artists that deserve to be so coupled, held up to universal opprobrium, till consignable to eternal oblivion.

Real, Mock, and Tyrannical, these are the three varieties, so long as the Constable does keep walking; and Republic's President can partake of the character of any of the three. The essential distinction usually found in practice between a King and a President is that the one by law holds his office for life, the other either at will of the electors or for a limited number of years. This, of course, is a distinction which carries much along with it. He who reigns but at will has so much of his faculty taken up with the tuning of his electors that he has little left over for any other purpose, and all his deeds will be more or less infected with that primary object: For none of soul above letting them be, would accept Chief Office on those terms. Neither does he whom men can dismiss at a moment's notice deserve to be reckoned their sovereign; he often is, viciously and despotically enough, but he always by one means or another, has to render that dismissal practically impossible first. And we are speaking of the lawful. *I* do not deny that the unchallengable forces of man's soul, divine and diabolic, can find their way through any statute and pocket the Constitutional Palladiums; but it is not exactly *your* argument they should . President for a term of years is, in law, a great advance on the mere at will; it is far under the for life, yet does give a certain clear and definite legal field for action. And, within it, one asks the Americans: What is your ideal of your President? Is it your wish, your prayer and endeavour, that he be a man of eminent human

worth, gifted, capable, 'the deepest heart, the highest head to scan'; one whom you can look up to for light and guidance, can trust to act in every place, in every time, with Decision, Justice, Tolerance, doing that in the nation's name which every wisest, bravest man would wish to see done; one in whose hands you feel your Country's welfare safe and its honour above suspicion? There may be a pious wish or two of that sort among you; as yet, I fear, not much of prayer and endeavour; but I do not despair of this coming. If, on the other hand, you would have him your own and your senators' plaything; a powerless entity to be bullied and breached, twitted and snubbed; made to pay dear for the 'honour' he has been so lucky as to come by, and stand cap in hand to your multitudinous lordships —Why, in that case, which has not yet been reached any more than the other, I should have to say to you also: My soul come not into your company.

Alas! the real issue here is not between different names for the chief officer, or various Forms of Government; but between a spirit of loyal subordination willingly obedient to merit, and a spirit of mutiny, jealous of authority.

The rule by which a man is chosen for chief officer, by election, birth, whatever, is of trifling import compared to the fact of whether the *Way* to *Chief Office* is foul or clean, whether it is possible or not possible for an heroical man to reach it. If the rule be by election, this is determined by who elects and in what spirit. It is not toil and difficulty or maze threading that stops a hero; nor any amount of dirt either, providing the part demanded of him be to turn the cleansing streams upon it, not to add to the accumulation. I daresay many imagine that where Birth is the rule, the above possibility or impossibility is not so dependent on the spirits of men: whoever does so imagine is totally mistaken. Ruskin talked of its being preferable to fasten in-

stitutions, such as those of Austria, down with bands of iron, to await the chance of genius being born to the throne, rather than men should come to think as they do in America —and some other places; and, though claiming and believing coincidence with Carlyle in political matters, was herein more contrary to him than the wildest Sansculotte. Unhappily, Ruskin's political faith was a thing caught up, and preached, indeed with zeal enough, till it ran into the fanciful and rushed to foolishness; yet never, like Carlyle's, rock-built on more important faiths, stable, constant and enduring, founded in the depths of man's being and one with his faith as a soul in eternity. What did Carlyle more utterly condemn than the thought to fasten down with bands of iron what has ceased to deserve to stand? Did he not declare that attempt as impious as futile, in deadly criminality unmatchable? Say that it were better to be a Nomadic Chactaw than profess obedience to the false? And assert that nowhere was there less chance of Genius being born than to a throne so upheld? Genius has been born in a manger; but you will find no instance of its being born to a Line of Kings who had for generations set their faces against heaven's light, and chosen darkness for wisdom. Such a race cannot beget it. Were it born there, it could not come to maturity and reach the throne still intelligent and potent; the conditions of its breeding would stifle it or hopelessly cripple; for, as I have said, 'such thrones are guarded from truth and insidious falsehood blasts every bud.' Only so long as the race on the throne is sincere, veracious, manfully fulfils its duties and stands open to all noble influences, free under heaven Today, is it competent to produce a successor fit to be king. Hardly anything more strikes me about the German Kaisership than this its Openness. Heir to that throne can grow

into a genuine truth-loving Man who acts as the light ray of Deity in him bids him act, seeks counsel of the Silent Oracles and the Sages; he is not from his cradle fed with medicated poisons, carefully bred to a Lie or a Pretence, sorrowfully cut off from contact with the Living Real which gives inspiration and might. The highest of men born to that throne might develop to full stature, and reach it fitter for it than not born to it he ever could. With the British Kingship the sad reverse of all this is true. No developed Man would accept the office on the terms offered. No simplest worthy human Father of a Family, or capable Manager of a Business would accept *his* post on any similar terms. And yet the British, capturing him at the birth, spell-bind their King in it and to it; with results altogether horrible to the king and to his ministers, to the parliament and people: bottomless mendacity which knows not a lie from a truth, permeating their whole thought and conduct, so that nothing which is not mendacious appears safe to them.

Our Constitutional Monarchy would be endangered should Germany grow more powerful, argued Mr. Churchill, enumerating reasons why Britain should have seized so rare a well planned opportunity for fastening on that country's throat. That Ark of the Covenant (with whom we know) is sacred to him; and every Briton should rise to save it from a breath of peril. If a substantial Party in parliament were to propose tip of the scuttle, I do not know how he would vote. The required kow-tows and intricate observances *pro forma* sit easy on so nonchalant a nature, long perfect in them, but, though service to a king not fully cooked to his ministers' liking were his soul's greatest abhorrence, he might be quite pleased to be rid of these observances. What sordidnesses are here! And who are they that make war to perpetuate *them?*

German Kaiser; British King. What other conclusion than: To the former, God speed; and of the latter, 'keep well to windward of him; be not, without necessity, partaker of his adventures in this extremely earnest Universe.' . . . The portraitures here given are true; and you know it. Yet you proclaim your attack upon Germany warranted and made holy because it is inspired with a hope of destroying the former, as own and world's bane, further exalting the latter as own and world's salvation. Are you not a People *abandoned* to Superstition and Idolatry? Sins real and grievous, sins ultimately ruinous wherever found, whereof those Political Faiths you have so long shouted on the house tops and are now storming at the cannon's throat are the modern form.

II. The Liberal Ministry

They will never be charmed: I do not dream it. No!

Assuredly I do not belong to any of the Political Parties, and in nothing that I have said or am about to say, owe bias to having ever belonged to one or another of these; yet I do not hesitate to confess that, so far as I have had sympathy with one side rather than another, it has been with the Liberal. So much so that, if demanded Liberal or Tory? the answer might have had to be: I do not love a Liberal, but a Tory I cannot abide. This non-abidance of the Tory, however, is with the spirit which believes Propriety is our salvation, and rustles angerly if virtue be not concluded where by law and custom it is supposed; not at all non-abidance of one conserving aught that deserves to be conserved. The Tory of my respect is mostly mute, contemptuous of party clamours, silently endeavouring things practicable, and refusing to range himself under Tory-banners. Which banners do often still name things vital to man's

welfare; but the noisy troops beneath them advance these no whit, bring them into greater and greater disrepute, and render their rescue ever the more difficult. And, similarly, my sympathy with the Liberal has only been as one honestly resolute not to hold by the untenable, in fact, as one still diligent in the first and easier half of the world-drama; not at all as advocate of Liberal doctrines, a believer in their efficacy, or man much meriting one's esteem. There are cases in which the choice may be merely between the damned already and the not quite yet; often, too, if a man ponder his own case, he must conceive it *so;* and, closing the profitless enquiry, proceed as he can, content with either. Tory and Liberal! The Tory has been the Defender—of the indefensible; and to Liberal, as attacker thereof, All speed could be the only word: It is quite another matter if he commence setting up instead of pulling down. Whoso is not solid for the first half of the world problem one rejects on the threshold; whoso despises the second far harder and more indispensable half, imagines that the faith and character which passed in the destroyer will suffice in the builder, is not one to go with; and, if he persist, he will cease to be solid even for the first half, as is glaringly exemplified in the present day British Liberal. Nathless, whilst caring next to nothing for either, one alway, till his resort to direct Crime, to the joy and instant heartiest co-operation of his whilom Tory foe, thought the Liberal more on the side of Light; indeed he clearly was so.

Moreover, as man is ever more than opinion, the preponderance, so very marked in recent years of the Liberal Leaders in Parliament over their adversaries in intellect and general force of character, could not but cause one's sympathies to lean to them, if put in that preference. The diminution of manhood in the Tory Leaders had been going on long. 'Dizzy' phenomena were very ominous. Party

of Law and Order, zealous for the Established, which apotheosised *such* a conjurer was evidently approaching the steeps; and had the Liberal continued on his then course, not compounded and put in his bid as Unoffending Majesty's saviour, there is little doubt Niagara had been shot. Lord Salisbury, as a man of intrinsic worth, embodying for the last time whatever of genuine a dying Aristocracy could yet exhibit, was a substantial stay in the tide, but was and could be nothing else; and since him the declension has been precipitous. Mr. Balfour was still a gentleman and had quality air; he could not and would not *lead*, knew the hopelessness, could only offer impediment to his best ability; and in his persistence in elaborate quibble, sophistry, general land of the ifs and perhapses, there was something not merely of a martyr sufferance, but of real soul's convictions. For, if life to him no great perhaps, a mass of little ones. There is now another called to this great place, but no man has seen him move in it. The Tories should have kept by their Chamberlains, if they wished to remain a united and disciplined Party: Clever knaves the only resource left to them. There are judgments of God visible in these things: the Tories have deserved them and brought them on themselves; but if, before, they were partly saved by the Liberal's voluntary compromise, we must admit that the present Liberal Ministry has partly owed its 'success' to the fact that there has been none to dispute the field with it. So far as the Kings are of the smallest proper weight, for instance, what other staff for them to lean on, not visible reed shaken in the wind? Like it or not, to a man blessed with any modicum of Discretion, there could be no choice between Asquith and the alternatives. And (no shadow of irony here), whether distasted at first or not, that man's nobly skilful steering

in this particular must have commended itself to any not hopeless as a Rehoboam.

Diminution of manhood on the Tory side! Yes. And on the Liberal? I am afraid that to me it appears all a down steep here, and the last leader almost collapse. So that one looked for nothing save lower and lower, and a clash of contraries alike futile, despicable. The greater wonder was it to me to see Faculty suddenly appear in that 'murk of imbecilities.' For there was and is no disputing *it*. The Men of this Ministry are men of will, determination, tough perseverance; they are men of high ability, expert, adroit, and their cleverness is neither of the knavish nor the reckless sorts; they are men of various gifts and character firmly united, working well together for common aim. And that Aim is one which their minds have conceived as fair; they have devoted themselves to a cause, and been at least as zealous to win it as feed counsel; neither did fee bring them to it, but humanity's imagined good. They are THE LIBERAL MINISTRY; the cactus flower, and brightest Constellation of Merit which all that has been called Liberalism in British Political circles these last hundred years has produced. I say it fearlessly. Prime Minister comparable to Asquith Britain has not had since Chatham. It is a sad comparison. For Asquith is not comparable to Chatham. Chatham, too, had opinions unrepeatable, notions which, as sincerely believed in by veracious soul, could occur only once in world-history; but Chatham likewise had convictions, insights, of a man, which the earliest and the latest repeat, know true forever; he was, in much, in league with the stars, and the more he came to know of this world's business the more saw therein the hand of divine Providence. Whereas Asquith, bred attorney, has only persuasions which he takes for convictions; he is in league with whom he can gain, and the more

he learns of business becomes in it more subtly versed; at best, he traces in Event the triumph of some Principle, or ill-chanced overset. Indeed, when one turns to the human and perennial, I find no man in this Ministry who belongs at all to that Communion of the Brave which lasts through all ages, and wherein the meanest of the mean may have his rank. None whom one could ever worship as true man and valiant, whose life's conduct is a gospel to men, whose words and deeds can be honouringly dwelt on in memory or piously emulated. Acme of our generations' Free Parliaments' Cabinets, topmost thereof, brought out and yet celebrated with shouting enough to deafen Olympus; and in the Rôle which numbers all who have in their day verily lived as men, manifested the Unchangeable under every avatar, no name entered! Alas! these men are utterly swallowed in Avatar. Their souls have never seen what is eternal; they spend themselves for and in the delusions of the hour. Not from the silent monitions but from the loud noises have they ever sought inspiration.

I hope I have no personal animosity toward any Member of Parliament; and, certainly, so far as Members of this Cabinet are concerned, inclination has ever been the other way: to them love had gone out an it might. I chanced last night to read Burn's address to his Majesty on his birthday:—

> 'Ye 've trusted 'Ministration,
> 'To chaps, wha in a *barn* or *byre*,
> 'Wad better fill'd their station.'

Now, however hideous the deeds these men have done, however great one's sorrow for each that his soul should have been sent astray by his breeding, one does not quite picture Mr. Asquith squatting happy with the milking pail between his legs; Churchill mending the thatch and ex-

changing rough, good-natured sarcasms with the passers by; Lloyd George pondering 'Every 'leven wether-tods; . . . Fifteen hundred shorn. What comes the wool to?' unable to reckon it without counters. Despite the inveterate proclivity of each to regard the churning of butter as man's highest calling, they had hardly been worthily fitted with these humble stations. There are the tribes of the sheer incompetent, whom charity would dismiss to other tasks; the tribes, too, of the malevolent and verminous, whom charity would deal even more promptly with; but then, also, sometimes men whom charity could wish had better known the task before them. You may have men with whom little could in any case be done, out of whom not much ever could have come. And, again, you may have men doing grave mischief in Sion, in whose original capacity it lay to have done enduring good there. Faculty alone will not save a man from running after false gods, to reap in himself the reward inevitable, as well as prove a curse to the world.

None of the men of this Ministry were anything more than names seen in newspapers to me till about the time of the Boer War. During that, when things were being blundered and rumours were flying rife of changes, perhaps Government to be turned out,—And C. B. come in? God help us!—there ran a passing whisper through the air Not him but *Asquith,* the quality of which struck me strangely. For, evanescent as a gleam of sheet lightning in the dusk and of no more articulate significance, it was instantly discernible a heart-breathing, such as could only have been toward a man of uncommon sort. *Real faith* was in it: Save our country: *That's* the man. Some little band already knew that there was the power, whoever might have the form. Later, when the Liberal was floundering helpless,

to a dissolution or one knows not what, and Providence suddenly withdrew the addlehead, it seemed in mercy. A death from the Gods! We waft him hence, poor wight, unequal, let the blanket of night cover him, none speak of him more in praise or in censure. We grant you instead, of our grace, a Leader in verity. One wonders now if it was in wrath, a sterner judgment yet: We are weary of your endless puddlings round and round: Go forward straight, quick march,—whither you are bent?

Contemplating Mr. Asquith as Premier, one recognises great natural endowment: a quiet and constant resolution; good fund of silent energy, for all his talk; of *politic* reserve and reticence, of course, abundance, neither cunning; of simply manful reserve, abiding in his strength, a notable degree, and, despite too many a woful rejoinder, of ditto reticence, courteous unmoved before the attacks of insolence, not out-staring, nor indebted to mere thickness of hide; a soul well-ballasted, stable of pursuit, for whose admirable wending of his way 'adroit' were too poor a word. Take him as a man of the world achieving his aim in the world as he found it with such observance of morality as custom demanded, and he ranks—how far above the generality of Successful Men! He does not wear his heart on his sleeve; but he shows his soul to the world, and is not crafty. Yet what he purposes it may be more your part to gather than his to tell; for certain, not prematurely, howsoever you urge it. True original capacity for statesmanship is in so much evident, though I can call no man who is ignorant of eternal law a statesman. Skill in parliamentary tactics, however high it go, is a small matter; but skill in threading the mazes, not *simpler* in London to-day than in Crete or Athens, has, from of old, been known to reside only in heroes. In which connexion, you will remember that Theseus needed a clue to hold by: None without this

able to give more than short-lived accidental exhibitions of that skill. For, in my estimation, Mr. Asquith has been highest in what he has least prided himself in, in what he has done in obedience to uncomfortable necessities he by no means sought. The Minotaurs he went out to slay, named Minotaurs to himself and the public—Well, I suppose some of them were very ugly monsters,—most of them bedridden time out of mind and loath of physic to shorten pain. Which, himself so careful doctor to preserve the father of in honour, how should he succeed in administering hellebore to? They seemed all sitting up in bed and raving madly, with the father inclined to patronage, when enterprise abroad stilled this brawl in hospital ward. He now names another, by no means bedridden, superlative of Minotaurs; and—has circled Theseus with an ugly brood indeed. To return: It is said and truly that this is always the case, that where a man is highest he is sure to be least aware of it. Yes; but, well remembering that, it was not so specially my meaning here. If our first question of a man be Has he an aim? the second is, What aim? and, if inadvertent virtues redeem, they do not excuse. In few things, perhaps in no thing, that Mr. Asquith has proposed, achieved as he planned, do I much admire him; it is in his conduct in what has come upon him without will of his, in unexpected straits where he appeared cornered, predicaments wherein nothing save his mother-wit can avail a man, that he has best proved of what a quality his mother-wit is, tragically given evidence how very differently he might have proposed and achieved. If any mortal imagine that these remarks refer to quickness in repartee or in matching a snap-division, he is too contemptible.

In the matter of the Kingship and a Prime Minister's relation to it, for instance: Mr. Asquith created none of that; he found it already extant, had to do with it as he

could. And it certainly is not clearness of vision for the damnability of the thing can dim our eyes to any worthiness in dealing with it. Which reflection extends far, it extends to a man's whole life's conduct in his generation; it extends beyond our ken, and teaches to leave judgment to heaven. Our part but to look at the various conducts, endeavour to see them and learn from them. Was (is) the matter so bad that no man could reach the Premiership without soaring his soul by the way? may be a first question. Which we leave. We here take him, seared or unseared, arrived at the Premiership. How is he going to comport himself in it now he is there? Assuredly there is a vast, indeed an infinite, difference between a noble man wisely steering his way in a foul element with a true understanding of what that element is, his own inspiration drawn from other sources, and a man pleased to be borne thereby and taking its lights for his loadstars: There is no comparing these; they differ not in degree but in kind. Yet is life a very inextricable, multitudinously blended affair. And, certainly, I say again, no clearness of sight for the anipolarity of these, no loving veneration of the one, sorrowful abhorrence of the other, can possibly blind us to the least trait of manhood appearing in that other. If I had to say mutely to Mr. Asquith, when, as a householder, I received his Recruiting Circular calling upon me to help in righting the 'intolerable wrongs' suffered by Britain's Allies (in the normal sanctimony, it was, of course, Allies' wrongs rather than Britain's): My soul come not into your company: it is the wrongs Britain and her Allies have *done* which are the true intolerable, there were other cases in which I had, as silently, saluted him with true respect for magnanimity and a really human dealing with foul element. Even in the Home Rule pickle, when things were openly done which under any other avatar nothing but

utter Impotence could have permitted, and Constitutional Liberty, Mutiny by Law, seemed giving the world such a spectacle of helpless absurdity as, out of Poland, it had never witnessed, was not he the only one who kept head? In his patient resolution to carry his measure, or what remnant of it could be got through, by the Principles he was pledged to, something almost great. For it was a perilous exposure of what the Principles lead to,—and, if it be one thing to keep head in the midst of imminent perdition, it is another to do it with your head's furniture turning out visible nonsense. What a welter for human talent to be engaged in! Yet still, if the talent is there! He is happier now, he and his, with Principles suspended—in a double sense; aloft indeed on the banners, but then no need to act by them in fighting with a Heretic.

May I recount here another trifling private experience? I had been reading some speech of Mr. Asquith's, had risen from it full of disgust, and an hour or two after chanced to enter the post office at Stevenage. A poor old man and a poor old woman, independent of each other, had come for their first Old Age Pension installment. Neither could speak and tears were running down the cheeks of each. The girl behind the counter was both patient and sympathetic. They were neither shamed nor had met rebuff: it was just simply that such a mercy had been beyond their hope. One left with other feelings than those with which one rose from the speech. Another old woman in the village where I then lived said she did not know who had done this for them. 'Some say it is the Liberals' (the gentry of that part had done their utmost to make out it was not) 'I don't know; but, if it is, God bless them!' Amen. This deed is 'part of the sphere harmonies of the universe, infinitesimally small, yet of them.' Let none imagine though, that this really wholesome barrel of butter churned by Asquith

& Co. is referred to as memento that in the like thereof is grace most seen, Premier's far diviner tasks not hard as steel.

Lloyd George and his Budgets, Finance, and other, faculty in general! So long one had, as it were, abandoned hope, and the black thing Deficit seemed growing on the books, when Lo! a man possessed of no Fortunatus's purse, ultra-constitutional powers, or gifts peculiarly celestial, but possessed of Common Sense, a good Business Head, a will to do and dare, and what a change! Some distinct modicum of ultra-mundane faith, too; were it only in the more equal distribution of butter. Perhaps no Joshua to lead you to the conquest of a land flowing with milk and honey; yet, at least, an alert Commissary of Subsistence, well able to spy out where milk and honey are *stored,* and, after due cudgelling of his brains, to apply suitable thumbikins sufficiently persuasive on the keepers. Yield up by law a little, for we are Legislators, what you have gathered in the name of law. The anticipatory shrieks of the to be shorn, their feebler bleats in the cold wind since, more than fifteen hundred, I doubt, were they not heart rending? And, for answer, imperturbable announcement of what the wool may be expected to come to, reckoned without the aid of counters. To all which, in its sphere, what could or can one say except Well done! Good speed! One was always right heartily thankful for these things, though constantly aware that there was a want of the primary soundness about this finance. Skill in milking the Fat Kine is all very well in its way, where you've got them to milk, but the question How they became fat? is a deeper; skill in preserving, creating, the true rich pastures *the* desideratum. I have said before of this: 'It is not by *levying toll* on the Devil, my Chancellor, that you will find the way to paradise unbarred.' We want the devils chained up while still wee

reekit imps, not left at large till big, then mulcted. In all those finance measures, too little of that intelligence which would always keep first in its eye who were the real producers, who the dissipators of wealth. The toiling peasant and the luxurious idler; he sees it so far, but this is not far; takes many a much more wholesale dissipator for a producer, and *vice versa.*

During the despicable Marconi buzz of angry swarms, I read a report of Mr. Lloyd George's examination before Committee. *Laughter,* said the report, after one of his statements. Why laughter? The words, as they stood, were of no significance; without the (*laughter*) in brackets one would, in reading, have passed them over like a remark that the day was hot. The same words were once incidentally used by Cromwell in a speech he had to make to try to clear himself from imputations malice cast upon him, though except those laughers I suppose none noticed it. I was far from laughing; hope it was an unconscious sort of thing on Mr. Lloyd George's part. Yes; you, too, fronting slanderers and revilers in integrity's simplicity, felt that there were eyes did regard you; in eternity's stillness, men who had suffered the like, with whom you could modestly claim a humble brotherhood. Such touches could make one weep for 'Soul of a Devil.'[1]

Churchill, also, endearing Winston, pugnacious enough, as the British Bull-dog is well known to be, yet, they say, very peaceable and affectionate in the house—the private house, I did not mean the Parliament, where many a cur sits whimpering on its tail; satisfied with one tussle selves two, finds bark in company the safer plan. Perhaps Bull-Terrier, still of the old fighting breed and dreadful of grip, yet more endued with moving graces and of much lovelier contour? Much righteous Magistrates and needy wretches

[1] His description of the Kaiser.

whom Want had driven to guilt should feel a difference in him, Home Secretary; and yet the iron rigour not to be forgotten there or elsewhere: Did not some *nimbus* of what *no* 'leaden-hearted, timber-headed, Right Honourable Secretary of the Home Department' might be, glitter before his eyes? Too gay and lightsome, all unequal to that strife! Apollo compounded with Exeter Hall, and the composite clay merely veined with true gold. We have chosen the faiths of the platforms, but cannot the sage's mingle therewith, his prophecy be fairer fulfilled? No, Gentlemen, it cannot. It cannot fail to beeome compounded, but it must not be sought to be. The aim after it in its purity might have redeemed all shortcoming, even, possibly, purified it; but aim to combine just what pleases in it with the follies it banned and you'll certainly never grow wiser. In the Navy, too, with heart and soul he'd strive to make that bulwark of his country yet stronger, more effieient. And all the time brooding jealous enmity, preparing for the day when his country should unite its strength with that of the neseient and mean to destroy the light-loving noble. Oh avatar, mischanee, and soul-blinding Superstition!

For Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, I cannot say that I have ever felt regard, as for these named and others not named. His intellect had beeome vulpine, whether it was so originally or not; yet it would be wholly unjust and absurd to heap blame for the war on his single pair of shoulders. The task before him was so different. He too, is a professed Liberal; but the faith and practiee which have served the Liberal in home matters, are totally inapplicable in foreign. You cannot there go begging suffrages and winning by majority, though the Bidding for Allies be very similar, and victory in this war, if got, clearly won by majority, neither justice nor own might. There you are dealing with independent powers, to whom your gods and

all the incense offered to them may chance to be naught. Variously, I know; and those who merely worship other gods can easily be brought into idolater's league; wherein likewise may be much similarity with home methods and Coalitions. At home, however, subscription to first article religious is found in all; abroad, the one common ground is, profanely, mundane interest. Hence, with no man's faith in the ever-living interests, sight for Fact, or trust in Justice, the compliances and artifices of this world were this one's sole resource; and he is no more guilty than the tens of thousands of others who have never looked beyond. He has never delighted in malice, and even the 'ice-cold egoist' is an overshot. A certain dried up barrenness and sterility of soul was inevitable, and as Britain's Representative, he has been in the full, worst, sense of the word an Egoist; but it does not follow that he has himself been a self-seeker. Nevertheless I do reckon him the black well-spot of this Cabinet, and individual through whose corrupted being world's woe has found a main sluice. He is more of a weakling than vicious to me, yet it is his activities have been of deadly quality; and with a man of more veridical character in his post, all things had been immeasurably otherwise than they are. What I think of his Policy, I have already said. That he did not of his own conscious will seek war I believe, that in humanity he sought to avert it; but all his workings wrought for war, and no deliberate plotting for it could have done more to bring it: his guilt therein is shared. Grey's face is stamped; I should know him for an Ill-doer at first sight; yet there is something of appealing in it: It was the unkind fates that made him thus. Not one compact and framed of villainy at all, but drifted into the lees. Doing ill that supposéd good might come, celestial aims lost ken of, with a thin wiry vigour

in terrestrial; pleadings still passionate and heart beating humanly.

Each member of this Ministry had had his own private climb, with toil and scathe enough, ere we of the outer public saw the Brilliant Corps emerge victorious on the heights, and fresh for the real conquest, now about to begin. They had been confusedly manœuvring about on the tops some little while. For it was not till Asquith took the lead that the enchantments dissolved. The Ministry sprung into being, and peculiar gifts of each shone out enhanced by union. Something of radiancy and exultation! Here we are, at last, on the summits; the unseen bonds which held us, mists which hid us, miraculously gone; the longed-for Opportunity before us, and we alert to make the most of it. What hitherto we've talked and dreamt of, now we'll do. In Messrs. Churchill and Lloyd George, this inner radiance was palpable; Sir Rufus [1] glanced it back. Grown men who could be boys still. And an Irrepressible which partly sprang from the light realms of eternal day, partook a little of the spirit of the sons of the gods when they have overcome obstruction and march sportfully forward to tasks more congenial, which they feel their strength easy for. Even in Sire Asquith one seemed to trace a quiet sober vein of similar kind. In those first years of his premiership, he hardly delivered an unofficial oration to voluntary audience without those walls wherein he did not make some reference to 'New Ideas': this was continually the clause in commendation of man spoken of 'He was open to New Ideas.' Well, do for God's sake, tip the scuttle containing anybody shut; neither run after Will-o'-the-wisps while the old sun remains in heaven. These things to contemplative mortal, such a one as New-Idealists denominate 'Reactive,'

[1] Sir Rufus Isaacs, subsequently Lord Chief Justice.

were beautiful, hopeful, pathetic, despairful. Still only thereabout. So very much in all that song was sung out lang syne; to stable Actives, of sum weighed and known; whilst by the Chasers of Illusion, *they* are dismissed as stale, yet never known. There was nothing there of a spirit which really knew the day and its Needs, had come forth equipt for battle therein, earnest resolved for that New, which also dates further back than geology's epochs.

It was as a United Ministry that these men emerged, and as such that they have stood. Their Chief is the worthiest among them, and their loyalty *to him* has nothing of make-believe in it. All gratefully acknowledge that Sire Asquith has verily been their Sire and Bond; without whom they had never remained one, nor come through these seas and straits unwrecked.[1] His leadership has not been nominal, very actual; and in it he has shown qualities of a real Captain, some 'king-becoming' virtues, nor lacked 'discretion.' Would it not have been better if he had been King, or President, not at will? Better for us, and better for him? Who can reckon what a difference it might have made to him, and whether he had then seen chiefest enemy of man in Kaiser Wilhelm? A ground of truth to stand on, 'stead of falsehood, and much his by assured right which he now holds casual? And without the worthy Chief, where had the Peers been? With worthy Chief, they are seldom long lacking; it was never he that loved to be sole. Subordination, co-ordination, have not these things been here? Not in any very human kind, I know; most loose, free-and-easy, nonchalant, yet honest and perfectly genuine so far as existent at all. Your oath is, you will never have them except so and casual? Then you will never have a Minis-

[1] The reader remembers that this book was written before Tory malice wrecked the Ministry, and gave first public note of Britain's collapse.—*Note of July, 1915.*

try, united or disunited, that can lead you to a blessed goal. This has owed its power and coherence to indestructible instincts at variance with what it enunciates, most *un*intelligently professes; and it, assuredly, has not led to a blessed goal.

In the Domestic Campaigns one generally wished them All speed, if constantly pained that they could never aim at anything better. Redemption by Legislative Enactments, well canvassed and voted upon in National Court of Pi-powder; it is their and the world's faith these days, but it never was or will be a Man's. Complete impotence to stir in aught moral, vital, perennial, with seldom a passing perception that this were so much as desirable. Occasionally, a leaving of the powerful unchallenged for open defiance of ordinance while the weaker were punished, in a manner which I should think even they must have felt uneasy shame for: 'King' Carson and 'The Times': paltrier rebel or less moneyed rag. But it were vain to look here for a soul bent on Justice. Framing and carrying a Measure, getting elected to do it, by the known arts all, can leave little of that in the breast. Only such 'Justice' as is shouted for, and brings garlands to the champion of. Even of the problems they did confess a need to tackle, all the more important had to be shelved. Labour, for instance. Visibly hopeless to try grappling with that: still the day's quarrel, and leave it till to-morrow. I do not blame them for not trying it: It was impossible for them; nor could they have tried it with the slightest chance of success. They were sufficiently encompassed with Futility; and are not the kind of men could ever cope with the like of that. Nevertheless, one nearly always rejoiced in what they did do there too. As composers of a Strike, active, prompt, intelligent, to the utmost of their ability; offering great contrast to the Let Alone. So that one was apt to fervently

pray, Go on, go on; do try your hand at that, even you, and you will make something of it that is *not* worse than naught. But alas! how could they? They had not the *power,* either spiritual or temporal, and every step they took only rendered their impotence in both kinds the more apparent. Safer to hold by Licensing Bills, Budgets, Iusurances, and darling Home Rule, with Parliament Acts as a necessary preliminary if you were not to be altogether a laughing stock: these were the things they had manage of, and you cannot gather grapes off a thorn.

After all, what is this brilliant talent; this energetic administration, magnificent skill in organising, and thoroughness of co-operate working? It is essentially a Business talent and no more. The change from Tory hebetude or chicane has been like the ousting of a torpid Board of Directors for the incoming of a Smart Set who can make things go. It may be much, only one stroke of human genius had surpassed the whole of it. And had ten men, with the fear of God in their hearts had our nation in keeping, we had seen happier issue.

The Opposition which this Ministry met at home was mostly too despicable for comment; yet it was notable how even their degree of sincerity raised a poisonous animosity, out-breaking instant on the hint of integrity's might. Nor were the snarling curs unbacked by all the devil's potence: whereby it was another time made obvious how utterly impossible it would be, ever to carry the least reform which went to the roots and touched men in earnest, by the voting method. One felt much sympathy with the Ministry under those attacks by baseless slander, and obstruction by entirely contemptible tactic. Now they and their slanderers have kissed, and hiss together, pouring out a flood of yet more baseless slanders; themselves are filled with a venom-

ous enmity against that nobly human, mere tinct whereof had made them momentary martyrs.

Kaiser Wilhelm raised up for something great? Sire Asquith and Company, what are they here for? No man ever knows. And certainly I did not at first at all connect the two, nor think of these as specially driving upon war upon Germany. Since no division deep as hell, if wide as human error, might rather in the early flush, have hoped approximation. It was so surprising to see *any* sort of genuine talent appear there, that perhaps one a little forgot for an instant how talent alone never saves a soul from ill course, often only speeds it the swifter thereon. Clearly, they were a Constellation of Merit: Which must produce unwonted results of some sort? Yes. But beyond that lay an inarticulate premonition, foreboding and foreshadow, which was authentic, though I am ever shy of such things, know it a perilous and inadmissible practice to dwell on them. Man's mind does forecast of what it cannot fore*tell;* yet shall only accept this as urgent to see, be alive to developments, not surrender its conscious intelligence in hope of occult revelation, put faith in a dreamer's prophecy. Later, when they seemed quite drowning in futility, or stewing in their own *melted* butter, if you prefer that description, one thought, It was only for this then? Reduction to absurdity, and a very climax of folly *proven* foolishness. Now it is too apparent for what they were raised up. To pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, confound all unity on earth; gain a fresh lease by Crime, since persuasive Nonsense would no longer serve; and declare anew into what frightful deeds a fanatical superstition and systemic mendacity forever plunge men.

Yes; they are Men of Blood these Cabinet Ministers, and the British who follow, begot them. No cannibal more so,

as much so. To take up the facts of this universe, of man's life and duties in it, as they *are not:* there is nothing so spreads desolation and havoc; the savage's ferocity is innocent beside this. All the charities and philanthropies, sanctimonious virtues, self-righteousnesses and unctuous humbugs, will not free from blood-guiltiness those who have done this, nor all the skills and ingenuities. In their religion, kingship, political faiths, life's deed and conduct generally, the British are a people *sodden* in mendacity; and none other so lay the cities in ashes, drive misery homeless. No brute, ripping up the womb, is such a doer of atrocity as the 'peacemaker' who has lied before God. How perfectly they keep the tune, and show everywhere the same! Coax Belgium into the gap; then weep for its fate. All bowels moved with compassion; money and goods shall pour out in floods, each manly sinew be strung for revenge. But never a man with valour and humanity enough to say, Suffer not destruction for us. Thus would the Church 'redeem' whom it has thrust to perdition; vends poison for salvation.

But, though I say this with most solemn emphasis, and entire conviction, it should be clear from what has gone before, that I attach no peculiar blame to the Cabinet, do not, in my heart, judge any single member of it. Of all of us, it may well be said that we have a blurr, or indeterminate aspect; would puzzle Minerva's owl, much more all Olympus to decide of any of us whether he were fundamentally good or bad.

Nathless, in more common parlance than either of the above two paragraphs are couched in, I am afraid I do very heavily reckon the Liberal Ministry among the Real Causes of this war. I believe that these, more than any other body of men we could name, are Guilty for this terrible cataclysm; and that, were there any true Britons

capable of assuming command in their Nation, they would lead these to the scaffold. As it is, who is there could have the face to do it? If any revulsion took place, of which one sees no hope, there are plenty, I know, would have the face to uproar, perhaps slay in mob tumult. But where could Court to doom them in manhood's severe equity be found? The prosecution would have abundant evidence to offer. And if, in an attorney's cunning, these flatter themselves they kept within the letter of the law, that would only damn them doubly in the eyes of the human judge. Even had the anti-German bias of these men, which led them to be everywhere opposite with her, favourable to her adversaries, not been itself vicious in origin, the whole of their policy of subtle *Entente*, no Alliance, etc.: actual cover to France, curry of favour with Russia, practical bond to fight with them and pretence of impartial free hand, was high treason against the Maker of all men. But, apart from that and on a lower ground, the giving of any manner of promise, express or implied, to support France *versus* Germany, so long as her alliance with Russia existed, was a direct betrayal of our country's interests; the secret undertaking to defend France's coasts, with public announcement, for home and German consumption, that no obligation had been entered into was thoroughly traitorous. And attorney's quibblings do not alter facts. No obligation to fight for France, only one to 'defend' a small portion of that ample territory: Which, if it amount to bond to fight tooth and nail for the whole, who shall say that we lied in our throats? God's truth, sirs, I think it was in your souls, if any *succedaneum* for salt be left among you.

Ponder that White Paper 'Case,' the moral putridity of men could propound it as justification of their ways, nation could accept it! I grant it runs smooth and seeming true. As to some minds what does not? A little reflection

is required for the ghastly horrors it shrouds to be seen; and then so many would much *rather* not see them, prefer to accept without question. You must try its soft sward, would you know what a cess pit it floats on. And, in times of national excitement, when is thought ever given, trial made, especially by men who read in a foregone conclusion concurrent, *want* nothing save a plausible show of godliness, as demanded by the Decency Principle? What else maintains our pretty manikin, the King; and is not he an Atlas to uphold the world? The Ministry judged wisely their mess would be swallowed whole without enquiry, a right British brew; yet I do not wonder their Censor has been very careful none save writers of a known tenor should be permitted to pass remarks upon it. Never seriously name Carlyle in this relation: For if there be a rock on which we might split, were it not an awakening of the nation's sense to how we are flouting his word, half felt divine by all? Take his name in vain a little, avoid it mostly, spit not openly upon him, and the sordid mob shall even liken Crown Prince to Fat Boy of Cumberland, never reflects whose *Ententes* revived bygone Infamous Projects.

It would be difficult, however, to say how far the Ministry themselves knew their 'Case' would bear no examination. I suppose, in the main, they just trusted it would bear all it would be likely to *get*. Besides, the thing done, they had to put forward what excuse they could; and, in prudence, one they would not need to go back from as other facts became known. So just tell the facts, how damned so ever; the proper way of looking askance at them being simultaneously infused into breasts gratefully recipient, we shall be canonised Saints, each subsequent revelation add to our glory. No cunning concoction could have matched this spontaneous simplicity. And, if you

will know it, this is the way the devil confesses his sins our days, as in others too, it was evident what a bishop Reynard had made. It is not probable they felt much uneasiness when they promulgated their 'Case,' or queasiness of conscience in creating it by act before; the anointed attorneyisms, there less proudly avowed than modestly left for discovery, were only such as they were well practiced in, selves took for admirable; no worse than what electioneering and party strife had made them long familiar with. A man does not feel uneasy when working in an element he has full manage of, feels himself thoroughly versed in; sees no man worth note in his nation or among his Allies to whom anointed attorneyism is *not* wisdom and the common cry of curs no voice of God.

But, behind all this of the no integrity in pursuance of aim, there is the aim itself: the fact of the jealous animus, and deadly enmity. These men were adverse to the German from Elemental Repugnance, *that* is the bottom fact. It was this native bias which coloured everything to them, and determined their acts. Their anti-German policy was voluntary; they were not driven into that course, but took it of their own initiative. It was of their own free-will that they took that side, ever entered into the Continental Combinations at all. At the promptings of their own souls it was that they abandoned neutrality to countenance the opposites of Germany; out of a fear of and animosity to Germany, with no other call, they gave cover and protection to her adversaries, zealously co-operated with them: And were thus express Causers of the war. They did not want war with the German? No, damn him; not if he'll sit quiet and conform to all our regulations for him. Fine peace-seekers! And more advantage may have been taken of the cover afforded than their so excellent wisdoms had calculated upon? Very probably! It was of old said Bet-

ter to meet a bear robbed of her whelps—. It is useless arguing that a man's native bias may be just: you never saw *that* proceed *thus*. This bias was vicious, that of men sub-conscious of self-treason; no seekers of severe truth, but gone after popular causes; resolved to uphold the palpably untrue (so long as it gives them no inconvenience) and happy in the nonchalant insolences free to the Ministers of a Mock King; pledged to superstition and saturated in mendacity;—the enmity which such men feel toward Fidelity, wherever it appear. Under the circumstances, it was natural for the evil to come to head on the Foreign. For at home what was there to excite their rage? When the counsel for each side have exhausted expletives, they sit down together, twin brethren of one communion. But in the German they saw that which they both feared and abhorred. Took counsel in earnest to circumvent, raised Combination around. Would threat but suffice, and no other member of the gracious Combine *use* the advantage secured him! Not Men of Blood, then, in your esteem? Salved guiltless by such provisos?

Concerning The Ministry's conduct since the war began, I shall only make a few merely incidental remarks.

That they are prosecuting it with vigour and determination, 'managing' it with high business ability,[1] and will not be stopped anywhere for want of resolution, is clear. And so long as their side continues to have enormous preponderance of strength, supply, and they have opportunity to injure the German, while he has next to none to injure them, this capacity to keep in order and overwhelm by weight of numbers may suffice. With wind and tide to help, and all the popularities to aid success-crowned effort, no pinch worth speaking of felt at home, however

[1] The reader, I hope, understands well that such praises are meant for the Ministry, *not* for Officialdom.

many thousand homes be ruined abroad, they may be able to ride through in triumph. Neither let the reader imagine that the skill required in these Huntsmen, to keep so huge and heterogeneous a pack in good heart and discipline, fell steady in attack on the One at bay, is a small skill. If you attempt to reckon the compass of it, you will find it a very considerable. You might prefer to be shot than to exercise it so, yet must still admit the considerableness of the skill; and the major part of it is quite invisible to you, by the general public never guessed at. Plainly incompetent men they dismiss, and choose able; are alert and prepared for emergencies, ready with manifold expedients; keen in scheme, and energetic in execution. Sagacity is not among their virtues, and their foresight is of short range, material. No Event that a man of the world could have surmised, would likely take them unawares; and none that a faithful soul had known probable, but would astonish. For they are not reverent of facts; and, beyond their counters, do not know the causes of effects. Of that deeper intuition and Œdipus skill which can make a man the saviour of his nation, there is not a vestige among them: Which is a perilous want in a Cabinet of Statesmen. But neither the course of Providence has ever been their study, nor its Births their expectation. With all that 'Ability' of theirs, they are capable of the extremity of Folly; and to them Wisdom is foolishness. Wherefore, in their choice of men, also, they have no real discernment. How many times has one seen them exalt the utterly worthless and even detestable! They are called the 'Government'; and the first quality of a Governor is that he know a man, can search out sterling merit through its every disguise. Whereas these, properly speaking, can only grant to applicants; and, so far from seeking out the veritably worthy of high trust and office, would thoroughly distaste these, if they did come across

them: But they are not likely to be troubled so, for none of that breed apply in such quarters.

Moreover, it is my deliberate estimate that, however these men may swim customarily virtuous in success, in strait, they would stop at nothing; that, were sufficient pressure to come upon them whilst in power, there is no crime, meanness or depravity they would not sink to. Whether the cloak of unctuous attorneyism would be discarded or not, I cannot say; the keeping of it would not sweeten. Having never lived in fidelity to the infinite of right and wrong, but only in acceptance of plausible substitute, necessity compelling the abandonment of their Principles, what would be left? Which leads me to the second of my incidental remarks; It struck me at once, though not surprisingly, having long seen it inevitable, how, the moment anything like a real crisis occurs, Free Parliament has to cast its cherished democratical self-government procedures overboard and drift straight toward a Convention[1] Tyranny. Nothing else for it, ever, if it is not to collapse helpless. And if acute crisis came on it at home, the Government still determined to maintain itself, you would see the Convention Tyranny arrive. We have had a slight touch of this in the Censorship; and the nation only has not found this tyrannous, because, on the whole, it has concurred, has itself been disposed to exercise a very strict censorship. I, at least, could find no British publisher, or literary agent even, who after being informed that this MS. did not account the British cause all-righteous, the German damned, would so much as read it. The Democrat perhaps imagines that the nation's concurrence in a law passed on it, prevents that law being tyrannous, but he is profoundly mistaken. Every law is just or tyrannous in its own nature,

[1] Tyranny as exercised by 'The Convention' in the French Revolution—*Jeouvre.*

irrespective of what any mortal thinks of it: which is one of the eternal truths the democrat denies. Cromwell had to interfere with Free Speech, and did it 'as a man, *not* as a hungry slave.' A thing to provoke comparisons! The Loose Tongue was loose enough before, loud and disgusting enough before; yet the Government never dreamt of exercising any humane interference with that. Nor has since. Not the foul chimneys on fire has it sought to quench. The more flames and soot these belch forth, darkening the sky and spreading delirium, the more filthy disgusting every newspaper and hoarding, the more their cause prospers: therein they delight and themselves ply the bellows. But no man shall report more of fact than they consent to, tell any *truth* they might reckon dangerous to them: lies will mostly help, and such few as do not can be denied with added credit. Is this the dealing of Man or of hungry slave?

And, along with this attempt to pass everything addressed to their own People through a sieve, you have their own practice of addressing other Peoples straight athwart the noses of *their* Governments. Lord Fisher's Letter to the American People directly in the teeth of President Wilson's express utterances! What a beautiful piece of politeness to that President! And to the People who had chosen him? You might wonder how, in the name of common prudence and the dictates of self-preservation, any Government could do these things. We have had many examples of it, far worse than that one, as in the Boer War; in fact, it is quite habitual. If a Government make a deliberate practice of treating every other Government as a thing of naught, of appealing to the Peoples not to be deceived by such a set of ill-doers, or foolish misguided persons, how does it expect to be treated itself? Mocking at all Respect for Authorities in other nations, where does

it expect to find that Respect in its own? Apart from the morality of it, the thing looks like suicidal mania; and assuredly is suicidal. When British Governing Persons propose conquering a foreign nation, they say to the inhabitants of it:—We come not as enemies O People! but as deliverers. Those who have hitherto ruled over you have been your oppressors. Them we will now oust; and, we taking the country for our pains, you shall see what a difference you get in us.—They are a kind of Divine Missionaries, then? Such is much their own persuasion, and very loudly their own assertion. From the earliest days, men have lived under all manner of Governments, and the records tell of many an heroical, Prince and People. But never till late was the true Eureka found: WE are the Angels of Light can heal all your woes. They answer: Not unto us, but our Principle. How apply it so to America? And in Germany, as yet, you seem rather shy of trying it. Not much chance of a hearing there? No Teuton apt to look twice at you, put in comparison with whom he has got already? Take a lower key: It is just the game. It was so we won our elections here at home; and, if we can persuade the foreign People, we win; if their Governors persuade ours, they win. Each must have his wits about him; try all arts to gain over the other's following, be 'live to circumvent his similar tricks. And between Confessors of one Faith no offence taken? For the playing of this game is no breach of the Principles; a thing done in fullest conformity therewith. The world has seen many queer Missionaries, confident of their own divinity, but surely these are among the strangest. When will they be put in the Museums, known only to the learned?

And it is for the profession of these Democratical Faiths by the Allies (how Russia came to be numbered among them, better not enquire), that America must sympathise

with them, ban the German as an excommunicant? Terrible forever is the Giant Superstition, with body powerless, shadow omnipotent.[1] You Americans and you Britons what is it save that Shadow which has made you and keeps you blind to substance and essence? Certainly, you will never see the Temple or the King [1] till the giant has got his quietus.

I spoke of the all-importance of the Way to power, and it is sadly exemplified here. Had there been a clean road to world's honour open to them, Sire Asquith and most of his company had undoubtedly travelled on it; and it is not of many you can say so much. They climbed to eminence by the ways there were, and could not Reform After: none ever can. Wisdom and all nobleness of character, sincerity and sterling manhood, had departed from them, not augmented in them, ere they came to power, by their practices in reaching power. From early days they trafficked in votes, and truth cannot be balloted for. It was by professing allegiance to the People's Will, and not by obedience to the Almighty's laws, that they rose in this world; and, the faith they took up having entered their souls, in it have they culminated; no more waiting consent of the People, but running fast on before them, to *lead* indeed,—into deeds very horrible. Faculty! My friends, we have gone far, if this is to excuse. Time was when, the higher the gifts, the more severe the condemnation. But it is the greatest of tragedies, this of the capable of the good sinking to evil; and, sinking more by suction of foul element, than any native proclivity to vice. To quote myself:—'These 'men whom you know, as you know the sun is light, to be 'noble and pure, capable, it may be of the very highest, 'many hundreds of lives of true sterling worth and sim-

[1] *Viele,* 'The Tale' by Goethe. Translated end of Vol. 4, Carlyle's Miscellanies.

'plicity, little by little the foul popular stream sucks them 'in; they are not conscious of their peril, they know not 'they do ill. Man cannot live passive, who grows, not rots; 'without the constant, collected, and most earnest effort, 'where were he? They go down; folly, insincerity, systemic 'unveracity, *ignavia,* creep in; the good plants wither, the 'foul weeds grow apace. Lovely were they as the angels 'and the sons of heaven. Surely God will redeem them! 'Where is their sin; how could they have known? See 'them in a ten-year space, and where is the soul you wor- 'shipped? Gone, and left but a wrack behind! the impos- 'sible horror is done. You cannot love them now; your 'sorrow turns you away; your holiest pity would lead you 'to smite, that the spirit be released ere the hideous meta- 'morphosis go further.

'If a man did not believe in Justice, he would revolt, 'even hopelessly. But it is unfathomable, though the voices 'ever monish that all is love and justice. Thou knowest 'not what He doth with them or with thee; yet trustest 'absolutely. All mortal is clay and the Potter is wise. 'Little one, quiet thy thought.'

This is a worse thing than death; and let no man gratulate himself he has escaped it. Cromwell, dying, thought it a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God, could only trust in His mercy. But why should one sorrow for a Kaiser slain by these? Not for him, though for them. Because such deeds are hideous, and the Race of Man is accountable if it lets them be done; shall suffer, even as they have suffered, in the following generations; victorious mendacity blighting souls which the banished integrity had led forward in severe fidelity.

They will never be charmed: I do not dream it. No! Yet is it not our hope that others, inclined to similar drift,

may bethink themselves in time? Yea, be saved from all inclination to drift, and never put in such jeopardy.

III Carlyle

If any complain that the War is going out of sight in the latter part of this book, my answer is: Not out of sight. But, if your study of its Real Causes be faithful, the War itself must more or less recede into the distance, perhaps even assume the character of a mere Episode in world-drama. On the other hand, in so far as the war is really found to be a crisis in world-drama, the thing fought for verily of vital interest to mankind, it must rise in importance. If it be a pitting of Government by such men as can gain the Mob's vote, gone into league with those who sway by the Jesuit's subtlety, against Government by men of a human Volition, determined to take on this earth the rank due to the Intelligent and perform the duties of these in stern fact, alone truly merciful, then it is indeed a Great Struggle, and one for the gods to watch, for men to do or die in. Yet more so, if it be a pitting of Mendacity with its Mock-Kings and Make-Believe Religions against Veracity with its Real Kings and Faith in All that is True, naught that is false. But, indeed, it can hardly be the one without being the other. If it be a pitting of Mendacious Democracy against Brutality and Ambition's Lusts, there is nothing Great in it, howsoever many thousands die; and I, for my part, would never wittingly have wasted time in speaking of it, nor cared *which* way the victory went.

In all that matter, Carlyle long ago spoke to you far better than I can; and, had you heeded his words, this War could never have been. But, in this little section headed with his name, I propose to refer only to two points: Namely: 1st. How you are not now living and fighting in

Ignorance of the truth, but in Defiance of it. 2nd. The significance of the fact that so much of Carlyle's life was devoted to the portrayal of German Men and German History.

1st. Not in Ignorance, either Nation or Cabinet, or, if so, then wilfully. This was no unknown writer, but one whose name is familiar to all the Teutonic Races, at least; whereof the British is one, though there have been some among them who have claimed descent from the 'Aboriginal Savage'[1] more glorious. Perhaps might now wish, on example of the Slav, to change their cities' names, own him for parent stock? Carlyle was unchallengably the wisest and noblest of all recent Britons, and one of the Inspired Sages whose words live through all time. Yet, by the Nation and the Cabinet, those words have just been uneasily *shuffled past;* dumbly known unanswerable, the safe course is, keep on and hope they'll be, if not absolutely forgotten, at least never acted on. Several Members of that Ministry are directly aware of him,—and of the shuffle, national and particular. He is the One whom they know does stand, unremovable as Teneriffe, in irreconcilable contradiction to the Unanimities they worship; before whose revelation of manhood's majesty all the gods of their idolatry are visibly dirt,—even when moulded by the most consummate artists and so polished that the flies do *not* stick to them. Marry, he has *all* the other inspired with him; from Adam down, every one. But then they all lived before our new apocalypse, so can be plausibly pretended no disbelievers in it. Whilst he—; what he thought of it is too indisputably left on record. He is thus the Sole Opposer of their Superstition whom they cannot pass over in contempt or explain away. Accordingly, they have simply to let him stand, no

[1] *Smelfungus'* description of the Celt.

other shift, and trust in providence no harm may come to them from so unwelcome a Presence not to be got rid of. And yet it is precisely from him that they have mostly drawn whatever is true in their own inspiration. Unconsciously, who can say how much? Consciously, just so much as they could contrive to combine with the popular delusions they dare not and would not abandon, queasily aware how uncombinable it was. Wherein is the misery and the sin; that, with the living truth before them, they strove either to give it the go-by altogether, or to strike a profitable bargain with it. Through Carlyle men like Lloyd George and Churchill might have found what their souls needed to make them in all points Men. They had the Capacity; and, had they had the Courage and Fidelity likewise necessary, they had come out fully Equipt, clear in heroic insight, nobly resolved, and clothed in a grace had silently taught the due of man to man. None of the good things they have spent their lives to further, but they had then known the good of twice as well, and *not* been lacking in knowledge of those far weightier matters of the law without which all these are as naught. It is miserable! thrice miserable! From the depth of my heart, I say to you: *You do not know Carlyle.* By your own and others' sins, his face has remained hidden from you. You have *mis*read him, written word and life's deed. Else had *your* souls owned him. Yourselves, each true victor in private, been fit to lead Domestic Campaign of another aim; wherein the appointing of one just man a Judge on circuit had shown itself to you more than the carrying of a whole train load of Bills Labour Problem not a thing to be left till to-morrow, but entered upon instantly with the sternest call on all the intelligence and manhood at your command. Britons able to front Principalities and Powers, a world in arms if need be, instead of huddling up with Slav and

Celt in dread of one Lonesome Teuton stalking large through the vacant chambers of a timid imagination.

But, alas, if the Ignorance do, in a sense remain, it is no longer innocent. It is by sin that it remains. By whose sin, there is no reckoning; yet certainly by sin. And the wages of sin are always paid. If the living truth had not been before these men, there for them to read if they would, their guiltiness had not been near as great, *and neither had they run near as far in guilt:* they owed part of that bad speed to *antagonism,* to a Defiance of the truth, nor was even a conscious Defiance entirely absent. To shuffle past, to persist in an impious delusion, after the truth of the matter has been declared, itself is an acting in defiance of that truth even though there be at first no ill-will toward the declarer to the truth. I should have said 'after a while,' for all we know there was plenty of both 'at first'; and the shuffling tack not resorted to till the unremovability had become indisputable. But the enmity, if it ever really went out, was always certain to come in again; and in a worse form than before. I said 'Despite—perhaps *to spite'*! Such is the fact. In the whole of the men, in or out of Parliament, in the general soul of the British who are not mere self-seekers, but who would in some sort live by faith, there is a more or less distinct consciousness that, unless they can get round Carlyle, they must come to grief. In the silence, they have flattered themselves they had done it, or were accomplishing it; whilst, in fact, only proceeding in the greater confidence, in that completely vain endeavour. Their aim has been and is to conclude that he in the main was wrong, whatever items be accepted, themselves in the right; the Faith he shattered still sound, invincible (though Churchill had trepidations) for further conquest, mankind's sacred light and guidance. For that he lived in, they have no eye; yet are rootedly opposed to it. At this mo-

ment, could they but, by hugeness of Combination, weight of gun and tonnage of ship, prove that that man lied, then, think they, they were whole founded as the rock, Dreadnoughts superlative, without one foe left on the globe. Yet I would warn the Gentlemen that, though many a Banquo may be blood-boltered there is ever some Fleance 'scapes: No true victory to be come by in that manner of warfare.

It is this change from Ignorance of the true to Defiance of it, to determined hostility to it, which chiefly characterises present day Democracy. It has been long brooding, but Britain's atrocious onslaught on Germany, sequent upon long course of policy leading up to that onslaught, is the first great public outbreak of it. In other forms, which of us is there has not met it sufficiently, seen it daily in every quarter? Democracy, born of Revolt, did for a time rebel against what it was very needful to rebel against. But it is not now rebelling against any *earthly* power. It has set up its own gods, and endeavours to enforce the worship of them; excommunicates who will not bow the knee to them, hates none so much as the true worshipper who will not, and bands itself with *any* to cut down him.

2nd. It was merely in that search after Saint's wells, which in some epochs, is so forced upon a man, that Carlyle first went to Germany,—not in the body—and, finding such his fortune, something more than a wet rope with cobwebs sticking to it, began to linger, to sojourn, and to draw up the buckets, wherefrom he drank Waters of Life. For the words of THE GERMAN came upon him with the force of Revelation; and it was through the aid of Goethe that the Open Secret first became Open to Carlyle also.—To Churchill & Co. it remains *shut,* with the Devil's Head flaming on the door. And the Americans, I understand, not

finding that adornment sufficient, have, since 'Piracy' began, painted up the Skull and Cross Bones underneath. Cheered by which phenomenon again, Churchill & Co. are doubly resolved to keep the door shut, starve the Devil *within*. Possibly they may manage it. But the door I began with is described as having 'no locks or latches to be lifted.' Pity Churchill & Co. could never find their way through so easy a wicket: which had so saved them and us all this tremendous to-do. It has, indeed, invisible guards, and, if easy of passage, is not of discovery; the Flaming Head and Gruesome Sign themselves great obstacles,—especially the painting of them.—And it was not Goethe only whom Carlyle found, found mildly regnant and reverently loved, in Germany. He knew Goethe 'Alone in his generation', as the like of him have ever been. The world has never seen two such suns in simultaneous meridian: very rarely has the rising, as was there the case, been so far up as to be able to exchange mutually recognising salutation with the setting; more commonly several generations intervene, sometimes whole ages. No: he found many other men whose workings were part of the Eternal Concord, strikingly in contrast with the jar found elsewhere. In some few, a deep true perception of Man's Whereabouts in the Time flood, and a general trend toward a victorious solution of the sphinx enigmas, which made him hope the world would *soon* 'grow green and young again.' Later, he knew it would not be soon; and did himself put in the grandest of all the contributions toward solution. The commencement of that Contribution was his deliberate endeavour to make those Germans known to his own countrymen, even as they had become known to himself; and the last great item in it was his History of Prussia: his Spirit, brooding in the deeps, produced that for the crown of his life's toil. It is very certain these things were done through a divine

leading on, sprang out of the Great Unconscious, were done in obedience to the Unfathomable Premonitions as well as the Intelligent Perceptions, and I think it is a fact of much Significance that he was led to do them.

In which, as I think, there are the two things. That he consciously chose these tasks as what his soul told him needed to be done: That the Power, which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may, shaped his *so*. The more so, that to him, as a Briton, those writings on German matters were rather out of his course than in it. It was the Bible of English History which Carlyle wanted, and he grumbled always to his German friends, 'What had *I* to do with your Friedrich?' Yet the ever ruling Providence insisted, It is of him you must write. Merciful God!—to liken little things to great, and if I be suffered the interruption,—what remotest thought had I seven months ago that I should ever write a word for German *versus* Briton? What an utter recoil to overcome before I could make a beginning, and for some time after it was made! But it had to be done; should the leaves be used in a jakes, or left to moulder unnoticed. Carlyle's conscious purposes were of very wide range, the deepest ken. As records of the Past and then Present, his writings on Germany and Germans were alone priceless; full all of the ever-living wisdom. He had many thoughts of Germany in the Future also, which he did not utter, which only a seeming chance word here and there gives any hint of. But all deed done by a man, in a really high intelligence of what he is doing and why, is likewise done in a simultaneous consciousness he neither knows what he is doing nor why. Was it just to leave an indestructible record, before her overthrow, of what Germany had been and was to his day? Whereby, it may be added, every earnest thinker of the days to come would be perfectly certain to doubt the overthrowers' ac-

counts of their triumph, be led to search the facts, and—Leave his record of the Blot of Infamy from which the Briton never recovered; 'bondman with and to his allies, confessed no more a self-sufficient, and with soul bound in sin,' went down, as the perpetrators of such deeds have ever done? Is it a prophecy of what Germany is yet to be in the Future; a record of sterling foundation, and testimony to new inspiration well competent to build much more thereon; a thing done as in obedience to divine mandate that men might know in which Land and Race it is that the spirit which can go forth conquering and to conquer is now most present? I confess I have always leant to this latter; and hoped against hope, that the Briton would meet Brother, not turn to foe. Of his clapping up a league with All and Sundry, and wantonly attacking, Proud Leader of a Pack, I never dreamt till he did it.

Prophecy of Germany in the Future? That was a thing dark to Carlyle, as to us. He saw in her grounds for hope and for fear, as is always the case. During one of his last visits, in the body, he met examples of 'Four Hundred Quack-power, Portentous to behold!' Ere long he saw her united beyond hope; victor over vain insolent neighbour; and Protagonist in world-drama. How far he foresaw that the Bad Neighbour would try her accursed machinations again, with all the world to back her and Britain leading, I do not know. Maybe, that, perceiving well what course those two nations (France and Britain) were pursuing, he did deem some such thing probable. If so, could only have hoped for Germany that her strength might not be wanting to her, nor her wisdom be far from her, in the day of her trial. I said, in Proem, that it was not for us to say what Carlyle would have thought of to-day's events; but of this we need have no shadow of a doubt: That he would have utterly condemned the conduct of Britain and her

Allies. The British, Nation and Cabinet, are *there,* at least, acting in a very express and conscious Defiance of him and the facts he left clear and certain. But beyond all surmises of machinations, Combinations for or against were the deeper prophecy, the intuition granted only to the pure and just, that in Germany, if she kept true to herself, was the Promise of Man. For the *If,* it remains while man is mortal. Neither was it Carlyle who ever thought that One, however just, must always prove earthly mightier than all opposites: The answer to that is, as every *Christian* should know, You may destroy him, *yet* he conquers.

III

MENDACITY VERSUS VERACITY

In its Preliminary, I fore-explained the course of this Chapter thus:

'Opposition to Germany, innate in the British, the Real 'Cause of their going to war with that nation: Which we 'may divide into three: British Jealousy of Germany's 'increasing power: *Trial of Strength No. 1.* British con- 'stitutional abhorrence of all actual Sovereignty, existent 'in Germany alone of nations: *Democracy versus Autocracy* '*No. 2.* British saturation with Make-believe, faith only in 'Transparent Humbug, fearing and detesting an unequiv- 'ocal Manhood that does *not* believe truth dangerous, dares 'by what it knows: Which Manhood, if not found in 'Germany, where found? *Mendacity* versus *Veracity No.* '*3.*'

And also wrote: 'Witness *Entente,* witness Royal Will, '*per order,* witness that black pool of horrors, THEIR

'RELIGION.' Yes, it is there you approach nighest to origin. Poor Grey may have been a bit of a sluice, Asquith and Co. put vigorous hand to the levers, but this is the flood of Hell-waters itself, the great lake and bottomless from which the rivers of vicious contention, the sordid delusions, deeds vain and impious, flow. The Mock Kings and subtle *Ententes* are mere practices of the Rotten Within.

I have elsewhere written of this, as I cannot here: made such Confession of Faith as able. And, if you care to know aught of that, must refer you thereto. Confession of Faith is sometimes right, most needful; but, once made, it is another sort of Confession that is wanted, namely deed in it, and no more talk of it. Emerson much mistook in supposing it desirable to do nothing save continually reword *it*. God *is* great, my dear Waldo,—Let us, whether highest Seraph of the Morn, or doomed dog in unwholesome pits, accept that fact; and discuss it no further. Vain forever is the attempt to announce Nature's Apocalypse. Thus is the reader warned that if he do have curiosity enough to search out my Confession, he will not find it a revelation from Patmos; nor any sort of catechetical answer to What am I to believe? supplied to him. I have there said: 'Man in Society springs out of Man in the Universe and repeats him in every lineament.' As your soul is toward God, so will your conduct to your fellow men be. Which, you see, is no very novel conclusion. At the same time, till Faith be got, I fully admit, it is the one thing needful—To *insist* on? Perhaps; only How? There will never more be a Credo, and subscription to article is a thing of the Past. Carlyle made his express Confession in his *Sartor;* and believed for long, if not exactly that 'all men had understood it,' which he well knew they had not, yet 'at least that they had,' in a

sense, 'understood it in him.' But no *Spiritual Optics* could have revealed it to eyes which would not see it without, nor a tithe as well helped those with eyes to see it to greater clearness as his after deeds in it, *sans* further exposition of the Highest which cannot be uttered in words. Those who would not leave their Jewish Old Clothes with Teufelsdröchk in Monmouth Street would not have disrobed had the *Au revoir* of *Latter Day*[1] *Pamphlets* not remained final word.

The Religion, the professed and indeed the actual Religion of the present day British, who can describe it? A century ago the general honest trend was toward an oven and declared Atheism, with, of course, ditto Anarchy in civil polity. Carlyle taught a different. But the British neither came through with him, nor have proceeded in the *honest* trend. In their terrene obliviousness to things celestial, they have arrived at such a professed Religious Faith as quite beggars description. We have just been studying their Mock-King procedures; but nothing they do there equals in sorriness and 'blasphemous mendacity' the solemn farce they play in and with their Churches: What they do there is only the more or less *in*complete realisation of the Unholy Idea their souls live in bondage to. One cannot call it a compound, this Religious Faith of theirs; time was when it was called 'an Amalgam of "Christian verities" and modern critical philosophies, which was and could be nothing else than a poisonous insincerity'[2]; it is a Collection of known Incompatibilities set up alongside each other, to be simultaneously believed in, in a common consent not to quarrel about them; remains a poisonous

[1] '*Latter Days*,' 'Penultimate Ages; the days *before* the last.' What a meaning in these words to the earnest Briton who looks on the Britain of to-day!

[2] Froude.

insincerity, perhaps surpassing the Jesuit's in damnability. If you were to ask me to point out a Briton who, like Kaiser Wilhelm, felt the need of firm ground to stand on, I might be at a loss; but I could name many who busy themselves in endeavours to mould the unshapeable muck into some sort of Presentability, such as the Decency Principle demands for Soul's Apex as well as Constitution's. Presentability is, in truth, here, as in that White Paper 'Case' and elsewhere, about all they seem to feel the least need of; and their Services, etc., are normally, quite serenely decorous. In which view too, the élite do not regard those attempts at new moulding with favour: Be but perfect enough in your deportment while aworshipping and the beauty of the god shall so shine through you that none dare question his divinity. The god of one ancient nation is described as resembling three whale-cubs combining by boiling, set up, whether on its head or its tail difficult to determine, as the Supreme of this Universe for the time being. Similarly, the modern British have a pleased persuasion that, by much boiling and kneading, a combination has somehow or other been effected aloft; does now look down with blessing from its father-throne on the earthly one they have made in its image. And, if you assert the achievement of Compound in this sense, I in no wise deny it; but if you ask me to accept it for a Living Unity—!

Religion an incoherent jumble of incredibilities persistently accredited can never be anything except a fountain of death. Look at any of those Cabinet Ministers, for instance, individually; it was in their passive acceptance, instead of active rejection, of that unspeakable mess, they, like the rest of us, were fed with by way of soul's light, that their perversion began. Without that original breeding in falsehood, begun at the mother's knee, when they were still pliable saplings, they had never as Men taken

up with *Vox populi,* so plainly as much *Vox Dei* as they ever heard from a Minister of Religion. Can you, can you, my most earnest of readers, can you in your soul and conscience now, blame them for finding the Stump-Orator as excellently discoursing a mouth-piece as he in the Pulpit? The one led them to the other; and, as they outgrew the effeminacies of the Nursery, they were promoted to the more masculine exercises of the Forum. The pulpit, however, still retained an uncertain claim to ascendancy, and, in any case, hardy pupils shot up into spheres which more tax stamina, would not be haughty contemptuous of early pedagogues, gratefully paid tribute. Lloyd George has frequently done more, exhorted these humble helps to do their duty: Great furtherers you, of our high schemes for mankind's progress; an you will but do your holy mission rightly, there's none on whom we set a higher value. Burly Churchill I do not, at the moment, recollect addressing surplice—Lloyd George found most favour with the cassock, but that is nothing to the point—; just performed the kow-tows when necessary and with the proper subdue of nonchalance. Would hardly find a Dreadnought there, I think, should he search never so devoutly; might a Brow of Brass that would pass for such with him, though even this is extremely rare now-a-days, a mighty tame race, no gelding better schooled in the mincing paces befitting station. There are some among the surplice squadrons who can capriole very prettily, and of the dog distract we need not speak; some who wear the cassock have so approximated to the once noisier brother of the forum that nothing save the uniform or plain civilian dress denotes which beats the drum; but still it is, in the main, just as befits various station. Mr Asquith, of course, smoothly pays what honour custom prescribes, and from his soul. Never a Mock King lacked Holy Churchmen for his saintly props;

neither have Premier and Primate any quarrel, or none in public unbecoming. Indecent Exposure is the rarest of misdemeanours, not to say cardinal sins, in British Supporters of the Church and Throne. One half may cry *Vox Dei,* the other *Vox Populi;* but, these cries being known synonymous, there is no cause for serious discrepance. Only those earthly frictions natural where the party which gets its inspiration at second hand claims precedence; the directly inspired fashed with waitings for the other to translate their oracles, delivered now in the vulgar tongue, into that sacred dubious which gives them double force. But indeed they are learning to do this for themselves now: No Synod of Bishops could have brought out a 'Case' more *sacred dubious* than their White Paper one.

For this accursed primary falsehood, adherence to a Lying Religion, vitiates a man's whole being, turns all his deeds to evil. And the hardier pupils, who have burgeoned out in rougher airs political, have, in a way, become more adept in the Church's black-arts, than if they had entered her orders. They have retained the soul of Cant, yet utter it in a new dialect of their own, not yet become foisonless to masculine vigour; and Faculty quickened the Rotheap's moulder into crime. This last was inevitable, if Faculty did re-appear *there,* as one little expected it to do. The source of the sin of that Liberal Ministry lies in the fact that they were never individually, man by man, bred up in a heavenly Faith, nor ever cleared to such by own strength. To none among them has the eternal salvation or damnation of man's soul become the Great Fact of human existence; they have never aspired to the infinite; no ideal of heroic manhood has ever glowed before them; and of them again it must be said, What they have is but inherited. *They* are merely Remnants of the Past, in that sense; and, cast wholly in the Fashion of the Hour,

have of the vital faith, could lead themselves or us through life's perplexities in true honour, nothing. All zeal for mobs' gospel, hustings morality in home campaigns, specific enmity and jealous-fearful plottings in foreign policy, are but corollaries. God is great, and these are *not* of the School of the Prophets.

If the British have misread Carlyle in matter political, it is because they first misread him in matter religious, and have continued to do so. It is strange what a blindness afflicts them. 'I thought all understood this, or at least understood it in me.'[1] Who would not have done so? It was clearly enough declared for ear that would hear But none did. Not Emerson; much less Ruskin; Froude, *yes,* at his best, but with such a fitfulness, wavering and weakness. And the failures of these gave sanction to baser conceptions; left them undenied, partly endorsed, free to grow. What ridiculous and sordid conclusion has thus become current! He, who had as clear, whole-founded and ethereal a faith as ever man had before he addressed his fellows at all, is supposed to have lacked this; to have been—I know not what. Those secondaries with their followings would have 'explained his errors,' thanked God He had given wisdom to babes while He left the Mighty unprovided, etc., etc.; and propounded their restricted pure, their feeble no and half-solutions, their continued endless peddling makeshift nonsenses, in lieu of that Revelation for Man long before them, Unseen, unseeable by them, and growing ever more so; he silent, diligent in works, before such inevitable sequel to early pass over unkenned.

Mendacity. We do use this word in its proper dictionary meaning; but, through the constant use of it by Carlyle

[1] Carlyle in letter to Emerson.

in describing *post*-Jesuit phenomena, it has come for us to have an intensity of meaning which, without contradicting the dictionary one, has so carried that to the full limit of its force, that we have become shy of using the word to describe anything less horrible. We see the thing, and Mendacity has chanced to become the name for it, the only word which satisfies. Carlyle said of the black-militia of Unsaint Ignatius: 'They have given a new substantive to modern languages. The word "Jesuitism" now, in all countries expresses an idea for which there was in Nature no prototype before. Not till these later centuries had the human soul generated that abomination, or needed to name it.' So is it here; an old substantive has been used by him to designate a state of soul unknown till after the Jesuits had done their deadly execution. Habit of lying, deceit, untruth, falsehood, none of these are of equal force; Mendacity goes beyond them all. A man may be a rogue, a deceitful knave, a lying bloody-minded villain, a miscreant full of all subtilty and malignity, and yet one shrink from branding him 'mendacious.' Use the word in its full compass so, and Shakespeare, for instance, gives no example of a mendacious person. Not, among all his characters, one, I think. Iago is not thus mendacious; for when he lies he knows he lies, and he calls his villainy villainy. The nearest approach which Shakespeare makes is in the Catholic Prelates of *Henry V* and *Richard III;* but even these only faintly prophesy of a thing which has since become like a life atmosphere, for a while. A mendacious person is a person who lies in his soul, and differently to his father the Jesuit, whose practice rather was to lie *to* his; for he eschews diabolical doctrines and does not believe in secrecy, that is, experiences no need of it in the common consent necessary to his existence. He believes, and sure enough, in the 'salutary nature of falsehoods, and the divine'

efficacy we must write, not 'authority' as Carlyle did of the Jesuit, 'of things doubtful'; but the falsehood and the doubtfulness must be quite well known, all the gods of his worship, *Transparent* Humbugs, and he is thus never haunted with the least dread of being found out. If any murmur Humbug! rise, he answers, not quite in plain English, Why, my dear sir, we all know that; but, etc. Did you say you had not your proper share in it? If you can make that out, the injustice shall be righted on the earliest opportunity. Sorry that the pressure of other important business prevents me from being able to fix a day for hearing of your case. He is no hypocrite, does not seek to disguise his doings, to hide his soul from his fellows, or pass himself off for what he is not. He is thoroughly persuaded that he *is*—what men desire him to be, untroubled with a misgiving that Heaven's King can any more exercise veto upon majority than the Vice Regent he has so well in hand. Of 'the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation' you will not find much in him, unless you add, 'corrupted into self-conceit and presumption,' but then such a confidence in the power of the Decency Principle to convert the foulest whore into the chastest of goddesses as was seldom seen before. The whore is not required to put away her sins, only to wear some regulation gauze and learn decorum.

A life atmosphere, I said. For the thing we call Mendacity can scarcely be in any unless in all but all. It is entirely devoid of self-sufficiency and never took a resolution to stop at nothing, though so long as with the drift, there is nothing it will stop at. It is a Spiritual Plague; long endemic, which has infected high blood as well as low, not a pravity peculiar to individuals. And there is, I believe, no nation upon earth in which it is so terribly prevalent as in the British of our time. I shall not

attempt defining it further; it is a thing to be seen of the spirit. Those Mock-King procedures, and White Paper 'Cases' are good examples of its practice, but the all-damning fact of the British is, that they have put their *faith* in Mendacity, become mendacious in their very beings. So the Sultan's suzerainty of Egypt is at an end! How many souls did it send to perdition whilst maintained by them, not him, the impotent, with Khedive British approved for *in*capacity? Wherever you turn it is the same. And they are so smooth and virtuous about it all, perform their iniquities with such an unction, that half the world admires as at some godhead, strives to copy. Each citizen, with too few exceptions, bred in Mendacity from infancy, I do not know what Truth the British, as a nation, would to-day unitedly live and die for; but what a zeal they can have for an Evident Falsehood, properly apparelled and suitably presented, this hour witnesses. Had the Falsehood not been evident, they would have been suspicious, much too worldly-wise to stir at any call of knight-errantry; had it not been so arrayed that the first sight ravished their fancy, they would never have kindled. But such a glorious Transparency as Grey and Asquith presented them with was wholly irresistible. They cried at once, Out other selves, our oracles, our prophets! Now have ye, Teuton. For we do both know why and have a Tale to tell must gain us more than absolution.

Veracity means accordance with fact, as Mendacity discordance. A veracious man is simply a man who endeavours to live in truth as his one salvation; who when he does unwittingly depart from fact, makes all speed to get back into contact, so soon as he discovers himself to be out; who, when he wittingly errs, repents: in either case, he never loses instinct that in truth alone is salvation possible

for him. Whereas a mendacious man is precisely he in whom this instinct has become entirely obscured: he shuns contact with fact, as if it would be death to him, and puts his whole trust in a made-up righteousness; under no circumstances can he do without a Buffer State between himself and Deity. No doubt this too is a genuine indestructible instinct for self-preservation,—considering who his deity is. There is war without discharge between these two: Veracity has an implacable abhorrence of Mendacity; and Mendacity a deadly enmity to and fearful dread of Veracity, which, also, almost always leads it to provoke battle.

The British, as a nation, are mendacious; they have long lain asleep in the Devil's Pickle, and have by no means yet got out. Are the Germans, as a nation, veracious? Who could answer with complete confidence? One thing is certain, that they have not undergone a two or three centuries soak, to saturation to the marrow. The question, therefore, with them, is not Have they *got* out, but have they *kept* out? And this alone is an immense distinction in their favour. Neither have we at all forgotten that there are many other ways of sinning besides that unreserved relinquishment of march for soak,—sometimes succeeded by a certain vigour in swimming; nor that it is with Ambition's lusts, no wallow in company, the British charge the Germans. For the British charges, I care nothing; and of the other ways of sinning can only say the while, They may be very serious, but they are one and all venial in comparison; and, as the world stands this day, *there* is the cardinal whereon all minor do hinge. The German may have drunk of the damned brew, till, with all his wit, he could not tell whether the moon had three horns or four; but this is a long way off permanent saturation. We shall never be free from diseases.

'While man's desires and aspirations stir
'We cannot choose but err.'

—*Goethe.*

And the question is of that unwearied aspiration which has never said to evil, Thou art good, forever gives promise of redemption.

The British were, and continue, very heedless of that German literature of the latter eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which Carlyle so recommended to them. They are ready now to say, Oh yes, that was very grand indeed; but it has all gone out, and left no successor. To which one might reply: Firstly: It has no more *gone out* than the sun has, and you show a sorry notion of its quality in imagining that it could. Nor do I merely mean by this that a true star remains in the firmament. No; I also mean that the virtue of the men who made that literature remains in the German nation. For they were accepted of it, not rejected; and, accordingly, the truth they taught has become the inalienable inheritance of the People they addressed. The German may be familiar with Goethe from his childhood, go to him as to an acknowledged Seer and his nation's proudest name, just as certainly as the Briton is seldom familiar with Carlyle at any age, reads him mostly as a singular phenomenon, much of a Curmudgeon, and not half so wise as he might have been had he taken counsel. Certainly, on the whole, rather an entity to glory in; 'struck by the lightning,'[1] and 'for a purpose.'[2] Oh, doubt it not; the Deity's ways are inscrutable, very praiseworthy, in this instance, too, the scarred condition affording such a wholesome warning. Perhaps it was for our sins, surely for his own; and, with divine punishment visibly meted, men can have no unchar-

[1] Ruskin. [2] Cook.

itableness toward him. Secondly: In regard to the no successor assertion, one might ask the British, Where is your own successor then? What man is there among *you* who has a True Word for his fellows at all, whose voice rises in any wise as one more in the Eternal Concordance? Learned Professors and successful Journalists, these are they whom you can number by the score. And some Lord Morley, by the bye, giving dinner in honour of one of the latter, recently knighted, could speak of their demagogue power, express pious wish they would use it for Peace. He did not, of course, call it *demagogue* power, and one does not quite know whether he looked to the Concert for maintenance of peace. But we do know that he knew the drift of things and the share which knight he was dining had therein; that he resigned his seat in the Cabinet when war was declared, and that the new-dubbed knight was Sir E. T. Cook. Perhaps that little post-prandial incident, accidentally remembered by me here, might better put you on the trace of *Why Britain Is at War* than the knight's zealous propaganda since. Merely a straw floating on the surface of the stream, I know, yet indicative which way the current was flowing. We must leave that of the successor a moment.

The German literature referred to was contemporaneous with the French Revolution and Napoleonic convulsions, with British hebetude, hide-bound formalism and Byronic protests: It is not without an effort nowadays that you can realise that fact. It silently appeared and flourished in a still strength, unbenighted by the Effete Dominions, undisturbed by the Brawling Uproars which shattered them. Seldom, I think, were there so many genuine Philosophers in a nation, who, during a time of world-throe and international crisis, possessed their souls in patience and modestly pursued their high callings in peace. They under-

stood their French and British contemporaries, though these had not the slightest ken of them. They were stable in a sincere faith, lived in the perennial, and quietly exhibited a Reverent Inexpugnability of soul, which was their own and their nation's salvation in that hour, and of boundless promise for the future. For these were thoroughly awake to their Whereabout, knew their own day, its perils and perplexities, freely gave their lives toward the conquest and solution of these; they foresaw the New-birth of all things and in spirit lived in its day-spring, as well as journeyed through that twelfth hour of the right they knew themselves abroad in. Far ahead of the British and French, who went a-gadding in vanity or sat lazily a-dozing in worse till convulsion struck them, these had half gained the inner victory before the outer shock came. Since it came, the delirious political faiths of those whom it struck into a confused earthly activity, wherein the very consciousness of any need of a spiritual has been obliterated, have gone round the globe, and infected the numerical majorities of all nations; but it is an immense fact for the Germans that they, as a nation, had made a commencement before these delusions swept over mankind, such a commencement as cannot well have stopped, howsoever temporarily obscured. For those men were not examples of what merit could still reside in the Old; they were clear-sighted Leaders in the Van.

The Reception which Goethe and Carlyle respectively met with, has always been a thing of profound significance to me. Goethe came and lived no upholder of Orthodoxy in any shape or province, a most fearless speaker of the very truth, severe and entire; his serene Beauty that which only crowns a soul of the deepest Earnestness, collectedness for duty and most unshakeable Fidelity. Yet he reigned, through a long life, the gratefully Accepted of his country-

men, who sought to learn from him as from one to whom the Inspiration of the Highest had certainly given understanding. Carlyle, as supremely endowed with Wisdom by the Almighty, and of as wide a compass, could not be denied 'intellectual supremacy' after every effort had been made to deny it in him; lived, through a long life, the mark of every obscene projectile and opprobrious epithet which could be hurled at him; in all deepest essentials Rejected of his countrymen, who only accepted what they could no more deny and found convenient, always under protest. If you have any understanding of eternal law, of virtuous or vicious disposition in men, their innate affinities with good, or proclivities to ill, you will find the significance of these two Receptions inexhaustible; the *determine,* as nothing else could do, what manner of men the respective countrymen addressed were, whither they were tending, Godward or Devilward.

Unless, indeed, the Manner of the Address itself go deeper still. The British, I am very well aware, make it their excuse; but, in fact, it is it that damns them doubly. They say (when it pleases them, for in general they speak of Goethe, also, in quite another key than this) the German Poet's address was sunny mild, gentle and sweet, persuasively recommended the True and gave offence to nobody's susceptibilities; Carlyle's fiercely denunciatory, unwarrantably severe, outrageous, arrogant, etc., etc. Neither statement is true: Goethe was severe enough whenever he found cause to be so. And to speak of Carlyle as chiefly given to blasting the false, instead of recommending the true in the widest and most loving humanity, is to talk nonsense. The fact is that both Addresses were delivered in a spirit of Equitable Justice, and the several Manners suited to the Peoples addressed: the sooner the British take that fact home to themselves the better for them. No noble man

ever chose Rebuke as a sort of dictum best becoming to his mightiness; and Carlyle's nature was loving ethereal as any poet's, 'easy to be entreated' as any Apostle could require. The British plea is very much as if a set of miscreants should blame a Judge for passing remark upon *them* in tone and word other than that with which he would lift up his voice in choral symphony with saints to the praise of his Creator.

And now I will add the remaining word anent successor. Those Britons, who assert that the Great German Literature of Goethe's Epoch has not been worthily maintained since, do not in the least know, are no judges of such a matter. But, granting the assertion true, my own reflection would be, Does not that lie very much in the nature of things? If, by worthily maintained, you mean maintained at an equal level, or anything approaching thereto, you are suggesting such a miracle as the world has never witnessed, and is never likely to witness. But beyond that: In the nation, as in the individual, a Right Word is only uttered after long silence, and is ever again succeeded by long silence. Progressive assimilation of the uttered Wisdom and steady diligence in worthy deed conformable is not to be concluded absent upon that account. Very far from it! Similarly, is it not in precisely the same reflection that I yet have hope for Britain? Of Carlyle's Word I have written: 'If the new force be unable to arrest the sordid tide, it goes out of sight again; falls silent for a season, till the crop of its sowing in virgin soil begin to show. Moreover, it is now writ down as a thing known, to be dismissed with a word; its ulterior issues foreseen, it is decreed felonious; sure only that it is at all moments increasing, and will reappear in might when the days are accomplished!' Yes; in the English-Speaking Races, if not in Britain; if not in them, then in others: Die that

cannot; it is henceforth part of the inheritance of all the Just, and can only disappear from the earth when there are none of these left.

Verily the vital question of Germany is, How is she in her Religious Faith? Complete clearness from all Fabled Revelations and heroic piety in the pure fact of Man in Nature must be attained and forever maintained. Without the endeavour toward this there is, as it were, nothing. Germany, as a nation, has not attained it. We heard of four hundred Quack-power, very portentous; likewise of a Kaiser sometimes reduced to pile-driving, not satisfied, he, with the ware offered in the shops about, though the British possess not a doubt that their horrid stews are amply sufficient to secure salvation, by affording cover for all sin *they* may have a mind to commit. But are the Germans honestly struggling toward it? that is the question. For, as their own Schiller said, Truth never is, always is a being.

As the world stands, it is not possible for Germany to be veracious anywhere unless she is honestly progressing in that inner conquest. It is because of their mendacity in their religion that the British are mendacious in all other things. And we do find the Germans veracious. Consider the things I have described a little under head of German Kaiser: British King. Is there not a difference there between the German and the British deep as the foundations of, at least *social* being, a difference strictly infinite? And I have not disguised the failings, or the counter-activities; know that, with a nation, it is the net sum which tells. Again, is not that our hope for Britain, that there are counter-activities in her also? But, as the two confront so, it is not *there* 'a plague o' both your houses.' In the one, truth is a' being; in the other truth is non extant, and a horrible composed and unctuous Mendacity supplants

her. Consider those White Paper Despatches: The German ones are not those of a Cromwell, or even a Friedrich, but they are true, so far as they go; and the more you study them, in the light, not of the British Mock Interpretation, but of the Facts, the greater will your admiration of them be. Whereas the British despatches are Anointed Humbug from one end to the other; a sanctimonious persistence in their self-created 'Case,' unvisited by a thought that their all righteous mightiness may not create and insist on just whatever 'Case' it pleases, let the truth of the matter be what it may. Look at German word and deed since the War began—But it is hardly possible to do so through such a dust cloud of rumours, lies, and angry mutual recriminations as prevails at present. So far as one does catch a credible glimpse, however, the same thing strikes one: Namely that German word and deed correspond tolerably. Whether you esteem the deeds right or wrong,—and, for my part, I suspend judgment almost wholly,—there is no lie, no general lie; whilst, in the British, the substratum of sacred falsehood is rarely absent. It is these things which draw my sympathy, in which I see hope. The British breathe 'unconscious mendacity,'—which is something conscious too, only resolved not to be; but the German ring true, gentle or savage, *True*. If the 'Modern Hun,' dubbed before his deeds were committed, in order that nobody might make a mistake about them, were a reality, instead of a creature of imagination, one could almost welcome him as an answer of the just gods to subtle *Entente* no Alliance and the soddenness of soul which generated that Conspiracy. Grant the brutalities, the lust and ambition charged against the Germans true, these would not brand them irredeemable. Many a right noble man and nation has been guilty that way: but none noble ever breathed Mendacity as their soul's sustenance,

or went out to war under such Transparent pretences as the British have to-day done; one could rejoice to see the victory of any Genuine over that; *it* is the true World-Ogre.

You perceive, then, that when I say I find the German veracious, I by no means necessarily mean that I find them a Nation of Saints. Charges of ferocity and deeds actually terrible, would be no manner of hindrance to their being Saints. British outcry at the German for 'brutality,' is after all, a feeble weke, weke, compared to what they raised at Cromwell, would raise again were the like of him once more among them. But, to be direct, I do not find them a Nation of Saints. And it may be that the attentive and receptive reader is a little perplexed at my simultaneous insistence on the need of progress toward a pure religious faith for veracity, and examples of what he probably reckons a very low form of veracity. I will advise him to meditate the matter, for I do know what I mean. Perchance the road to that Faith, for a Nation, is a longer and rougher one than the reader wots of. So accustomed as the majority are to believe it spread with butter. Men, in their eyes a Nation of Brutes, might be further advanced along it than many of a more pleasing exterior. I grant completely that the British appear everywhere clothed in the Decency Principle; and they little know, that is, never will look at, what it covers, holds together better or worse, how utterly it owes its maintenance to concurrence in falsehood, and is in no sort a vital force,—which a brute's lusts still are. Let me take another example chance-offered: My newspaper yesterday quoted a German paper as saying, in regard to some friction between Austria and Italy, 'Moral considerations and complaints must give way to political necessities!' Shocking! You would sooner have torn your tongue out than got

up in Parliament and made so plain a statement of your opinion? That moral considerations and complaints must give way to political necessities was a clear rule to Britain interfering in the Balkans, but the Concert had to be proclaimed a Sacred Court of Equity for the Distribution of Justice and Maintenance of Peace, else Grey had not dared to announce the interference, nor would the Public have sung his and the Concert's praises;—neither unless the rule had shone through the transparency. That moral considerations and complaints must give way to British jealousies and animosities was a clear rule to the *Entente;* but, without Belgium coaxed into the gap and made a holy martyr of, Grey and Asquith could not have called on Britain to draw the sword in righteous vengeance; neither without the Transparency. In view of these things I can imagine many a man devoutly eschewing all claim of righteousness in his cause, preferring any dialect to that of such sodden abomination; and could welcome the lowest form of veracity as a blessed change. Know, moreover, that the lowest and the highest forms of Veracity are indissolubly united; that wherever the one is, the other is not far off.

I have before given my own express denial to the statements that Brutality is a characteristic of the Germans. May here add that I perceive with joy that there is in them a grimness which may yet deliver Europe from much deadly twaddle. Rheims! I am sorry. But I would rather all Rheims were rased from the earth than one of them were continued to be worshipped in. 'Catholic priests shot in Belgium,' I hope not, without good cause; know of few likelier to *give it;* from personal experience can say I have seldom set eyes on carrion fitter for the gallows than even those same. Apart altogether from the question of the German's good or ill administering of the Lord's jus-

tice, this is sure: Leave those 'thrice deleterious torpid blasphemies' judicially unpunished. Nature has means yet to bring the blood of the guilty thereof on their own heads—and yours.

Veracity: Mendacity: Are not all quarrels which are of vital concern to Man between these two? And can there ever be any doubt which will have the ultimate victory? There can be none. Neither is there any doubt that Mendacity may often have much temporary victory and can do enormous evil before it reach those Pits of Destruction it is always speeding to. It is the part of every veracious man to endeavour to shorten its date and prevent its ill deeds. Moreover, always: 'Our Hope is not built on the fact that injustice cannot live, but in the faith that justice shall: the former is a foregone certainty; *the latter only proven as the men which bear it in their hearts are forthcoming:* They must be here, and they must be here in number and power *sufficient;* otherwise the law of Justice for Man in Society gives the victory to the evil, as what the Society, on the whole, merited.

If there be in Germany as a nation, a seed of divine faith born direct of the soul's own consciousness, not relying on any manner of Report, but verifiable by each worthy in the Here and Now, or honestly progressing toward this, then, though she may be defeated, punished for sins none mortal is without, or for reasons known only to heaven, and by the far less worthy, yet she can hardly be destroyed. No; in that case, Wisdom will be in her, her Strength will remain to her, and her Power will spring again, more than recovering all loss. Yea; and in that case, I fear it is probable she will have to fight Britain again, and perhaps again, but she is not likely to another time have to front such a Combination as now. Britain, having superciliously

refused, and even rejected all Peer's welcome, covertly gone into feud, and made most wanton onslaught, backed by all the Legions she could contrive to make common cause with, or wheedle to her aid, has now so declared herself the jealous-fearful Foe of Germany that, unless she and her pack can verily cripple that nation beyond recovery, she will have to suffer the penalties. She will have to suffer the penalties in any case: But I mean that, this foul mendacity and jealous enmity having now broken out into such Overt Act as we are witness to, Britain will sooner or later be as Mr. Churchill phrased it, ' swept into the Past' by Germany. It is a sort of arbitrament, often long protracted, which has been tried many times, yet I know no instance in which the ultimate decision went other than one way. Neither do I know of any instance of Repentance, of return to veracity and brotherly equity, once things had gone thus far. Is there any faint glimmer of hope remaining that the British will give such instance? At present they seem bent only to do the cripplement to their satisfaction. Apparently in some perverted imitation of the Psalmist, who, when given his choice of Penalties replied: The Pestilence then: Is it not better to receive evil from God than man?

I. Common Guilt of the People

There has not, I think, been many a wrongful war the Guilt of which was shared by the People, by the whole mass of the nation, in a degree at all comparable with that in which the guilt of this war is shared by the British People. I reckon the British People far more blameworthy than the People of France or Russia. Nay, I am even inclined to say that the Guilt is, if not by any means restricted to the *English,* yet greatly the worst in the habitants of that part

of the little island of Britain which lies south of the Tweed. If you twit me with being of the race which inhabits north, I cannot help it. There, I say, is the Focus of Iniquity; and, at every remove from it, both the intensity of the evil itself is less, and more palliating circumstances come in. From south to north of Tweed is so small a remove that the difference is little noteworthy, perhaps; yet even there it may be that the spirit of Malignant Mendacity is less, that of Support the Empire more, in evidence; whilst when you cross the oceans—! Nothing can absolutely excuse concurrence in evil, yet, where there is any worthier spirit in the concurrer, palliating circumstances do extenuate. The Scotch, as a race, were for long nothing like as mendacious as the English, though I do not know that they now fall much short of them in that bad particular; and, certainly, they cannot; in the present instance, plead that the truth was more hidden from them than from a Londoner. Colonials can better plead that it was. The Mother country has got into quarrel: We accept her account of the complicated, and to us distant, half-intelligible, Why and Wherefor; determine to support her zealously. Obviously, the farther you are from the centre the more possible it becomes to be honest, or partially honest, in this attitude. The same applies with equal force to that distance, half-intelligence which is due, not to miles of space, but to social status and undevelopment of intellect. Mark well, however, that, though many an honest may thus have decided to support his country, fight for her, die for her, not one could take up the Why and Wherefor supplied him as a thing satisfying to his conscience, much less preach it abroad as a gospel truth. No; one and all of the honest who have decided so, have done so dumbly, in a mere hope or trust that their country's cause was just. And, truly, except it were the quite unlettered peasant boy, I do not know how any honest

could have such hope or trust; how it could be possible for an earnest Briton to go out to this war in a whole founded assurance devoid of misgivings. Britain does not to-day appeal to the earnest of her sons, nor so much as ask these to fight for her; not all Recruiting Campaigners have uttered a word could move the souls of these, unless to abhorrence.

The guilt is always shared by the People; it is only the degree in which it is shared that varies, the how, and directness or indirectness. If a nation is led and commanded by bad men, it is forever its sins, sins of omission if not of commission, which have brought that curse upon it. But the degree is obviously affected by what proportion of the total number of the People it is that concurred with these mischievous Persons in Power. And thus there are the questions: How far did they concur in the evils, knowing them to be evils; how far were they deceived, and guilty for being deceivable? Frequently, large part of a viciously governed People has not been concerned in their governor's misdeeds, has entirely abhorred them: the nation, as a whole, has not been reverent enough of worth to get better; yet a respectable and resolved minority has been present, who knew what abomination they suffered under, refused to partake in it, wrought constantly for its removal and thus still gave promise of national redemption. Even in times of the worst Jesuit ascendency, this has been true; the nation's hope not ended till the persecution of the minority, their difficult extirpation, has been 'successfully' carried through; they released from sorrow, and that nation's fate finally sealed. Those minorities had faith and flinched not. There are minorities now. I have said that I have hope in Britons still could tell yon Ministry, there's *your* home, pointing to kennel the while. This minority has faith, but *it* is a minority in such a minority as never

was; and I never said I have hope it would have present power to speak so with effect. There is also another minority much larger, I am convinced very much larger, than the unanimous millions suspect, but it is without faith and is not resolved; therefore so impotent, utterly overridden.

So much then, for the direct Guilt, and the noble not guilty, however suffering. The Indirect is twofold: That which is due to a whole life's conduct, such as raised the Unworthy to power, though his ill deed be still seen ill and detested: That which is due to deceivability; and deceivability is also a thing which is determined by soundness or unsoundness of very soul. Both these run very deep; and the degree of guilt, in that unconscious raising of the Unworthy power, may be very great, though, as long as his ill deeds are still seen to be ill, it is not damning; but persistence in a life's conduct which has that result soon obliterates such perception, and then the guilt has wrought damnation in you. Similarly, the degree of guilt in deceivability may be anything, from almost nil, down to that same bottomless mendacity which lives wholly in deception, as its one means of safety, solacement, and self-approbation, creates its own transparencies and worships these as veiled Deity's face.

The British People share the guilt of this war with their Government to a terrible extent in all three forms, run to the height in both the latter. As, indeed, the indirect method is everywhere that of their choice. Saturation in Mendacity is spread through every rank; and, except it were, the White Paper 'Case' could never have found acceptance; rather, could never have been brought into existence. By a nation of men bred in integrity, it would have been met by as instant overwhelming an indignant a repudiation, as it was met by unanimous applause. None living in uprightness, veracious of soul, but would have utterly

eschewed that palpable Mockery of Faith and visible Subterfuge of vile jealous Enmity. I have scarcely found a man of articulate intelligence who has questioned it; neither one humblest honest who has given it credence. A poor woman of my acquaintance, one of whose sons was already in the army (another she would neither urge to go, nor say a word to in dissuasion), could not believe what she was demanded to; she was staggered, perplexed; endeavoured to 'do her work as usual' but found 'it often came over her, as a thing she knew not how to endure'; she has arrived at, no clearness, but all the huge Proclamation, which the 'educated' of the district have swallowed whole and poured out again as ungainsayable proof of the righteousness of Britain's cause, remains to her an Incredibility. She knows not how to deny it, but it is not conceivable to her that that could be true. So is it bound to be everywhere and forever. Simplicity cannot answer the doctors, but it has an alchemy against damned falsehood. *I,* by the by, have never said a word to that woman concerning the right or wrong of the war. A Literary Agent, whom I did address anent this present M. S., replied, that he hoped I would excuse him; 'it was only after very considerable thought that he could bring himself to realise the wickedness of the German attitude.' Cook, too, concluding his Life of Ruskin, remarks, that for his part 'he prefers to believe' so and so. There you have it. Who prefers to believe will believe—nothing, and be persuaded by what pleases him. Who brings himself to believe wickedness will—undoubtedly do so.

Yet despite this complete Incredibility to honesty, I never had a doubt that the notorious 'Case' would be accepted as it has been. We have not here a nation deceived by cunning men in power, worthy people imposed upon, zealous in honest mistake of the facts. One knew at once, how it

would be swallowed whole with pious unction; a morsel superlatively suited to British digestion; knew who would be zealous and how far, as they felt the warm glow spread in their inwards; who would stand passive, murmur concurrence, and in solitude chew the cud with dubitations many. The active man of business, the clever professional, the shopkeeper, and the day-labourer, the solid paterfamilias, and the grey-haired widow full of Church; one never had a moment's doubt how each would variously take it, and in their several manners, join the chorus. For the British commit these iniquities *morally,* in accordance with their regular customs and daily habit of life. Their patronisation of France, and snub of Germany, covert machinations under a smooth show of virtue; their lordly righteous Infamous Dictation of Terms, and Dastardly Onslaught in pretence of Holy Avenger of Wrong, when those Terms were not conformed to; were all done in precisely the same spirit as their Religious Worships, Mock-king Loyaltics and Social Reformations: These things emanate from them spontaneously, as the natural expression of their being; in such works it is that they think to justify their wisdom. And in such spirit, not of grace, it is they have so cultivated Decorous Mendacity that it is now bred in their bone; in it do they rear their children, to know God in nothing.

Where Peoples in whole are thus guilty, one cannot but feel that the Punishment the Peoples merit will come upon them. The Punishment is sure to come sooner or later, in one form or another; but I have a more particular drift just now. When I hear of a Scarborough bombarded, of unarmed merchantmen sunk,—But be clear first that I am not arguing in favour of such deeds, though, to be candid, I do not know how I should have acted, if in the same

predicament as the German.[1] But I am not here speaking of admirable or unadmirable, pardonable or unpardonable, *German* methods of warfare. No; only partly of methods of warfare I too much fear probably in *any* genuine Protagonist in present act of world-drama, partly of results all too likely to follow from present conditions—Well, when I hear of a Scarborough bombarded, of unarmed merchantmen sunk, and the like, my reflection is not,—alas! no, it is *not* Poor cattle of Nineveh! It rather is: Probably there was no man or woman among them who was not guilty. And, in some moods, my sorrow is *less* for such 'innocents' than for the brave soldier slain on the battle-field. These fates do not fall by individual's merit; Providence is very vicarious that way; they fall by the broad general, and *there*, I say, my reflection is often as written. As of Cabinet Ministers one could say, They deserve to be sent to the scaffold, so of the 'innocent' People, They deserve to be shot without mercy. It is a terrible truth, but it is one. No Friedrich could to-day commiserate populations suffering for the 'Ambitions of Persons in Power'—It is not that Avatar we live under; it is the Peoples themselves who plunge headlong into wars, 'led' by such demagogues as are eager to do their bidding. A demi-god would not to-day see the guilt only, or even chiefly, in Westminsters, have heart full of pity for the populations. He would have heart full of pity for both, but his countenance would also be stern to both, and his terrible judgments would fall on both. What then of sinful, fallible mortals; and the instinct of fact without intelligence? Is it not awful? And

[1] No certainty. Moreover, when I wrote, I had heard of German submarine warfare, etc., solely through British report of it—misreport, as was always evident enough from the frantic character of it. I have since come to regard that warfare as forced upon Germany, and justified in the main.—*Note of July, 1915.*

does it not better become us to endeavour to learn the meaning of a thing than to shriek over it?

Carlyle wrote to Emerson that the New Age was not to be of *Butter;* that he fancied it would be harder than steel for a long time to come. He saw, with the eye of prophecy, men fiercer than the old Buccaneers descending on Emancipated Populations, of various complexion, and dealing with them in a very savage manner; men who in their savage greed would know no mercy. Spoke of the Scavenger Age to come; of the depraved condition of the Populaces, of Nobilities that were only Washed Populaces; of the wrath of the gods towards sothood and mendacity; of the supreme strength of the clear shining Sunlight, and of the twinship therewith of the Lightning descending in torrent which desolates.

There are these three things, which it would be well for us to know thoroughly and be able to distinguish; for they are simultaneously existent, very intermingled, and much liable to be confounded one with another.

1st. World-wide Populace essentially lawless, mutinous of spirit, full of a vicious Wantonness; faithless, inconstant, uncommanded, disobedient; anon furiously storming in some Bedlam Faith; lying chronically in a state of torpid beastiality and sodden godlessness, dyked in, or spell-bound by the mystical power of still-enduring Custom, but which on opportunity would gambol forth at once in deeds of atrocity could vie with anything in the world's history. And the similar spirit of vicious Wantonness in the Washed portion, whose delight is to act the oldest sins in newest ways; equally fit for open atrocity, if the bonds of Custom be slacked. 2nd. The ferocities which are not aimless; the savageries committed by men with a resolute, stable purpose, whether just or lustful. The deeds of men not careful

what means they use to gain their ends; more visibly cruel in war than in peace, yet not more damnably so. And the acts of men who are intelligent of diviner quest, whose souls do seek the good, yet have not been purified to chivalry in all prosecutions of it; with those which all but all commit in the heat of action, or under continued strain. Also the ruthlessnesses which are strictly justified by the circumstances. 3rd. The grimness of temper in men going out against Principalities and Powers, fronting solitary a World-in-arms. And the terrible severities of men doing battle with those Populaces, with bottomless mendacity, and the spirit of mutiny. Very stern will their souls be; their laying on of the whip verily such as Cromwell's was a small matter to.

The corruption of the ancient Roman time was redeemed by the all suffering Christian. It is true, of course, that the Christians were only passively all-suffering till grown in number and power sufficient to use force. After that, they did conquer by force of arms as well as force of soul; and their methods of doing it were severe enough. Nevertheless, there is a vital difference to-day. The evil to be conquered both within and without is totally different, and the power which can cope with it is different. The Roman sank in brutality and venality, wallowed in every description of Lust, gave unrestrained vent to all Violence of Passion. And the Christian, thus particularly contrasted, taught meek continence, soul contemplative, fixed on things not of this world; his subsequent outer conquests were made more instinctly in fidelity to wider facts than he could give account of, than intelligently at the command of his faith and philosophy. The Modern has sunk in Mendaciousness of Soul; he is frightfully encumbered with the dead and rotting Body of Christianity, his vital forces poisoned therewith; he holds by decency of behaviour, as if his salvation lay in it, yet the evil propensities, and lawless animalisms

are not mastered in his State, and the veils grow daily thinner; he is thoroughly insubordinate, and much that is basest in man's nature is by him sanctified into a Principle, to be zealously promulgated and fought for. And the men who can redeem and conquer this, foreknow that they have got to do both; they do not by word or act preach retirement from the world, but the most strenuous activity in it. Reverent, veracious, and of a *compass* beyond what was ever known before.

The true 'all sufferance' of the Christian is imperishable, will be found always henceforth in the noble of the earth; and the Christian Religion, as Goethe defines it, can indeed, be subject to no dissolution, must remain forever the strength of man, whereby he can rise again from any abasement. But it will merge, and lose name. I do not look with favour upon attempts to continue the name. Christendom was.

A spirit terribly severe, which will visit the sins of the People on the People; yet measured, high, and truly merciful, seeking to redeem rather than destroy; full of that self-reverence, from which reverence for all others is instantly unfolded.—For precisely as you see your own soul, must you see the souls of one and all; and as you see, instead of mis-see, must needs reverse. The lowest wretch is then loved, and divine brotherhood seeks to help him to himself; concerned for his defilement, not the poor slur he casts on you. Since, even as the majesty of your own soul is known to you, so must your sympathy be quick for the defacement of any other.—A spirit fully resolved, in the name of the Most High, to take such intelligent charge as it can of this earth and its Populaces, well aware that the authority of true god-made superiors can never be re-established without fearful struggle, long-protracted, fluctuating, most bloody; but which is sick of the abomination of all abominations, and one life's evil worth complaining of, the

rule of the Baser over the Nobler, determined that wherever it has power to make this cease, it shall cease. Alas, sirs, such a spirit is but a being. It has been, and now is in individuals; but it is a very long and rough road to it in Nations, where its deeds will be confounded and intermingled with the lawless horrors. The smallest, crudest, incipience were more than welcome. It is thither we must strive; there, and not in Democracy's Ba'spels, lies our and the world's salvation; and all that is even unintelligently, or half intelligently, forwarding progress thither, is blest in comparison with all that withstands. 'German Doctrines of Violence,' etc. They may be very crude, but they are not the unmitigated savageries the British name them. As I said, they are something as mere antidotes; but I believe there is a germ of living truth in them, which will yet purify. The Germans likewise have better Doctrines and Practices, such as it were the height of insolence in me to speak of as crude. Remember too, that no Christian came up to his prophet, and many of the Saints were very infirm, little saintly, in the modern acceptation: but they all bore the great Prototype in their mind's eye, strove to assimilate his revelation, and this it was which gave them such a saving grace, made their lives more profitable than those of many of native worth superior who lacked that grace. They were narrow, and excluded from their communion many who would have partaken had not the truths they stood for been denied. Do you suppose, that if those Christians had not consciously had any Prototype, yet still tended in the same direction, exhibited the same conduct, this would have altered the fact, prevented them from being the world's redeemers? It would have greatly modified the fact, but not reversed it. Deification also, and all attribution of more than human inspiration is of the Past: Reverent recognition of the supremely noble of men as supremely

noble, a worshipful emulation of them, gratefully endeavouring to make the manhood which they have realised our own also, is of the Eternal. How many Germans perceive, with the religious fervour and devout all-suffering, all-daring resolution, inseparable from the genuine perception, that in Goethe and Carlyle the world has already had the Concrete Exemplars necessary for its redemption; that these men won the Open Secret, led the way into the boundless kingdoms of the future, and have now made it possible for every earnest man to have the Faith he needs to make him in all points a Man;—how many Germans are completely aware of this, diligent in deed in that Faith, I do not know at all. But I believe very thoroughly, that the German Nation is eminent above every other for advance toward that Faith and deed in it; that the present world's war upon Germany is due, in its central essence, to the fact that she is so; that this enormous Combination against her is the perennial attempt of the Infidel Legions to crush the One in whom their instinct warns them the rising Might of Man most dwells.

O ye British, who believe in butter, see how your churn runs blood to-day! You hope that, after this last great effort to destroy the believer in steel, it shall henceforth drip only with the cream of all kindness? So say the devils ever. Salvation lies not in smooth mendacity, damnation does. Pity it is you would not consider what a boiling chaos and true Medea cauldron it actually is, which the brave have to shape into a cosmos, the nations emerge from new made. You might then have been one to help shape, instead of one to plunge all nations in, to whirl the madder, in furious united oath no shaping shall be, but Triglaph worshipped in his proper ugliness. To you, *he is* the Supreme of this Universe, to be adored with upturned eyes, and psalmody from all the swineries.

I will close this section on the Common Guilt of the People with a word of Goethe's, in Bayard Taylor's rendering, which may a little voice the feelings of many troubled at the Penalties which fall upon the People for that guilt.

PATER PROFUNDUS

'Around me sounds a savage roaring,
As rocks and forests heaved and swayed.
Yet plunges, bounteous in its pourings,
The wealth of waters down the glade,
Appointed, then, the vales to brighten;
The bolt, that flaming struck and burst,
The atmosphere to cleanse and lighten,
Which pestilence in its bosom nursed,—
Love's heralds both, the powers proclaiming,
Which, aye creative, us enfold.
May they, within my bosom flaming,
Inspire the mind, confused and cold,
Which frets itself, through blunted senses,
As by the sharpest fetter-smart!
O God, soothe Thou my thoughts bewildered,
Enlighten Thou my needy heart.'
—*Last scene of Faust, second part.*

II. Dubieties and Certainties

I spoke of these in the opening paragraph of the Proem; and what I meant, ought by now be as clear to the Reader as I can make it, without special word thereon. There is, also, the next chapter. I have made no statement of the truth of which I am not convinced; and wherever I have doubt, I have shown that I have it.

In the main, but not without large exception in both cases, I have Certainty in regard to the British, Dubiety in regard to the Germans. Necessarily: By the Circumstance that, being myself a Briton, I have far greater knowledge

of the British: By the Fact that Dubiety is quite inevitable in whoever has such hopes of the German as I have. We *know* the doom of the false; we have *faith* in the true. None can say what the Living will grow to, or what his fate will be.

The utter wrongfulness of Britain's action in going into this war, is a thing perfectly certain to me. She has made her own confession openly before the world, and is damned on her own evidence. There is not one word in this book, which I have written, of *German* justification of Germany, of *German* condemnation of Britain: it is a Briton's assurance you have here, that of one who has never asked the German for his Defence; nor experienced the smallest need to have it; to him the British Prosecution has been abundantly satisfying, and he has never thought the 'Case' worth sending to a Jury. British Juries, also, in another sort, never thought the Defence worth asking for; gave the verdict the Judge-Prosecutor demanded instantly, waived decision. All that I have said of British Mendacity, spirit in making the war, etc. etc.; I am likewise perfectly certain of. And though most Britons make it their glory at present, to charge iniquity on the German and sanctify themselves, there is a minority who think our own sin the more profitable enquiry.

As for that possible just basis for Britain's action, instinctive, not intelligent, I meant many things by this; far more than I can think, much less speak. Net sum of virtue in a nation certainly is a thing which no mortal can tell; and, if the triumph of the German were not, on the whole for good, Britain could, conceivably, have been therefore drawn into opposition: Such a problem as that is entirely beyond human ken; and, were the answer affirmative, it would not one jot lessen the guilt of the wrongfulness in the opposition made. Neither do we know at all what the

purposes of Eternal Providence are: and you cannot plead Innocent! because your iniquities fulfilled them. In the first weeks of the war, before I had begun writing this, I wrote in a private letter, 'yet one has the feeling that there is that in the British Genius which surpasses the German.' Now in saying this, I know that that very Democracy matter was uppermost in my mind at the moment. I meant that I thought the Best of the British could rule in a wider, juster spirit. But I do not know that the facts justify such a thought; and, if true, I am afraid it is only, as it was with the passing Romans, *when abroad, and over a different race.* Moreover, I am bound to add, that the more I meditate the whole, the more fatefully evil does Britain's action show itself to me. Whether there is that in her could ever effect her redemption is a Dubiety indeed: on some things one should not utter one's full thought.

The entire rightfulness of Germany's conduct is not a thing that one has ever dreamt of asserting. The Germans, I should think, know themselves to be fallible mortals; and I, as a Briton of another quality than those whose soul's workings have wrought this war, naturally prefer to leave it to the German writer to speak of his nation's sins, shortcomings and perversions. I do not know the interior mysteries of German statesmanship, etc.; am not competent to speak of that. Much less are Asquith & Co. competent; who have never tried to know the truth of Germany past or present, but persisted in exposed misconception, and built in vicious fancy. In many and many a point, I know neither what the truth was, nor what spirit was at work; nor, in present time and circumstance, were it often possible to know. The British have their lying prophets by the thousand, who have professed to declare all that, and, in fact, declared quite another thing. *Their* word is not worth a rush. Even where one is certain of the presence of great

nobleness, there is always the question of its sufficiency for the task before it; and, in Nations, the further supreme Dubiety of the amount of it, the degree in which it has the mastery of the baser, the whole in discipline.

There is one sort of Dubiety, in this regard, which ought not to be in us: That which is due to Vertigo produced by the sounding of Ram's Horns. I do not know that there is any man wholly devoid of tendency to be so affected, the stablest have freely confessed it. There *is* always 'something magical about it; as if Pan, or some god, were in it, and one's Jericho is the apter to fall.' Jericho, I believe, was honestly got by that method; its inhabitants struck with dread by the choral song of a People united in the name of Jehovah. *Hence* the magic influence. But it is a sorry thing if the unholy apery of his shake us at all. *It* is by much the more common, and there are many ancient fables upon it. Perie-zadeh had to wear cotton wool to escape the fate of her brothers; a wholesome practice. Truly there should be no difficulty in distinguishing an Unanimous Babel from such a Choral Song; yet it is strange what an influence it has on those who live in the midst of it. A sort of recurring misgiving, as if the Babel must be right; the smallest straw which seems to confirm it, producing doubts, and scarcely all the overwhelming facts *per contra* able to afford support against temptation to go with the stream. It is so with too many; yet surely the effect, if *any* effect were right, ought to be directly the reverse; the Babel's assurance, as a thing normally against the truth, strengthen ours. In the present case, I have not known *one* person accordant with the stream, whose accordance therewith was not to me visibly the result of evil affinity, would not have been a foregone conclusion.

Certainties and Dubieties! I have Certainty of the guilt

of those whose guilt is open and self-evident, whose soul's mendacity is palpable. Round the path of Man through this world Dubieties forever hover: He is still encompassed with Time, rests not yet in the stillness of Eternity.

CHAPTER VII

ISSUES

VII

ISSUES

The Issues of the War and The Things at Issue in it must needs all be results of the Real Causes, and as boundless, unfathomable. Our part but to continue consideration of a few elements, to hold by what we know, look at some of the forces at work, and reflect a little how it may be if the Event falls this way, and if it falls that. Briefly too; for, where there is an If of this description, it is better to wait the decision. So far as possible, however, we shall stick by things in which there is no if.

Of course the grand immediate Issue is, Who is going to win? The British profess to have no doubt, nor do I think they really have [1] any worth speaking of, that the Numbers, vast resources of that Combination, they are so proud to be a member of, must win. They are truly thankful that their Cause has been painted presentably righteous by Asquith, Grey & Co: but their *trust* is in the Magnitude of the Combination they so glory to belong to. It is for the present happy Issue of their Subtle *Entente*, grown Alliance, when the already Begotten, not of the Lord, had to be acknowledged, to save the charge of whoredom, imperatively needed to be christened a Messiah,—that they chiefly bless themselves. The more observant had for sometime, marked the condition of the *Entente*, but Asquith, Grey & Co. took God to witness they had never come near her, and the Doc-

[1] At the time I wrote. I think considerable doubt is spreading among them now.—*Note of July, 1915.*

tors gave their evidence it was merely tympanitic, these growing armaments and naval demonstrations just bluff; which, in view of the known prevalence of wind and blue vapour, artistically arranged, in some quarters, might have seemed possible, had not too many other medical symptoms combined to give assurance there would be a Birth. Then, when the Birth came, what a gratulation for Immaculate Conception by Politicians bred in mendacity, and song not of Angels, nor promising Peace or Good-will upon earth! And how the British do glory in the Triple Whale-Cub of their boiling! Every motor-car you meet upon their roads has the various flags fluttering madly on its snout. It is the universal Coat of Arms to-day in Britain;—the Union Jack with vertical and horizontal Tricolour on either side, Japs and minors interwoven in the richer designs. They paint it on their dinner services, blazon it on their coaches, jugs and dishes, perhaps their very chamber pots. Wherever you go it meets you; one church [1] near where I live is hung with all the flags, decorated for the Harvest Festival of Blood, the German execrated from the pulpit and Holy War proclaimed with all the zeal of Turk. Each farmer and his labourers wears a medallion pinned on his coat-lappet, usually with the motto, 'United We Stand' round the top. Without the Slav and Celtic props, where were we? God could hardly help us lonesome; that mightier German devil would prong us out of our island. But, with the Nescient and Atheistic to help us, we will call loudly on His name, can dispense with his aid, and hurl the Lucent Believer down. Could British fathers, mothers, but realise a little what it is that they glory in, are teaching their children to worship, they might strike a bar sinister through all that blazonry, tear the medallions from off their

[1] Church of Thaxted, in Essex. Visited about the time of Harvest Festival, 1914.

breasts and weep that these symbolised had ever found place in their hearts

The British may be correct in their assumption that the Combination will win; their talk of Britain winning is too fulsome. But I can tell them it was never other, and can never be other then Woe to those who put their trust in numbers, vast resources, win *by these.* Yea, even where these are their own, tenfold more so when the far larger proportion is foreign aid. Britain won her supremacy, as every other has, against odds, and without aiming at supremacy. A great Empire can often last long by numbers, etc.: yet from the day it wins by these, has come to put its faith in these, it is sinking, nor can all the millions, and the whole earth for resource save it. No 'two-power standard' was ever dreamt of in the days when Britain won her dominion of the seas; she shattered great fleets with few ships and small. To-day she can only besiege the German with half the world at her back, pen him by huge preponderance of fleet. No chanticleer crows louder than the Britain of to-day over Germany; and it is only by swamp of numbers, advantage of circumstance, that she and her Allies have been able to—keep Germany penned and snatch unprotected colonies. Little of decisive may yet have been tried at sea, but what little has been tried goes rather to show that with equality of ship and gun the German is a match for the Briton;—which could never be said of any before. Whilst on land—Is there any doubt where the German would by now have been had he only had France and Britain to contend with west, no Russia hanging on him east? Hapless Belgium too was a priceless Buffer to stuff in the gap; kept in good fit and suitable humour for that object. How the Briton weeps to see her after! He can do it better than the crocodile, for his tears are warm

as well as wet. Besides, he would so fain restore her, lest wanted for the same again.

Undoubtedly the Combination may win, what you call winning, so far as we can tell. But, if so, how will it have won? By subtlety, by foul conspiracy, under name of blessed *Entente,* meaning ill to no creature, a true Soapy Sam, in whose mouth butter would scarce melt. (My wife often twits me with bearing such an exterior and deceiving simple persons who little know.) By weight of number and size of purse. (O my friends, I hope Redemption still is in store for some of us. It is much needed.) The European Nations have proclaimed the superiority of Germany in the completest way they could. No two able to confront her; their one hope that she may not prove too strong for them all. This is not, one would think, a consummation such as Messrs. Asquith & Co. would have devoutly prayed for, however zealously they wrought for it. And as for that Confidence in Numbers, what are we to make of it, when we reflect on many a Bannockburn, Leuthen, and Marathon, a Seven Years' War and its final result?

Such Confidence does commonly augur the defeat of those who go out to battle in it, and is normally found in those opposed to heroic few. But we cannot from the presence of *it* in the one party, conclude the presence of heroic spirit in the other, nor that able captaincy so vitally necessary. Very early in the war, when the newspapers were all clamouring of German arrogance, imagination of flaming conquests etc., etc.: I noticed report of an accidental conversation with a quite private and civilian German. The imagination of flaming conquests! Who doubts there was plenty of it in the heads of Editors, and Populace of all ranks? It is always to be found there in such circumstances. And great hopes, as well as anxieties in other heads, which never made war for conquest. The private

German's reply to his interrogator was given as: They (the Allies) may reduce us to a condition of stalemate; but they will never subject us. Or, if so, there will be none of us remaining here (i.e. not fighting). That is the temper to build hope on, if hope be needed. The temper which can scorn hope, or do better than scorn it, be above the need of it and resolute to die first, at least to front death fighting while means of fighting are left. What spirit is in the German armies and their leaders I have no means of knowing this instant. But I do know and again assert that all heroism of which man is capable is open to the German if he can rise to it; whilst the utmost that is possible in the Allies is limited. The German is fighting for his country's existence as a nation, and for more than we can reckon; to him the fullest resolution is possible, if he can but constantly rise to it, one in a thousand to leaven the whole; to the highest of all spirits there is no bar for him. The Allies are fighting against One whom they have, for their purposes, labelled a Common Enemy, done all they could to make out deserving of destruction, for divers reasons of State and Humanity's Progress; to them is possible mess-room honour, exploit, hardihood, with the vindictive and the lying zeals; virtues of the soldier by trade, who had to fight irrespective of cause, and those of honest ignorance. Limited and illimitable, finite and infinite; spontaneous convictions, which need no proof, and inculcated accepted of hearsay; veracious intelligence and mendacious persuasions; the Volition of man, which is immortal, and the self wills which are, in a double sense, mortal: If there be any such contrast as that, what are all human calculations?

When we turn to Confidences, if you still call them Confidences, which are not based on number and are in nothing quasi, my own deepest are, confessedly, centred here in that clear sight and knowledge of true German character

and history which Carlyle eminently laid open for us. This is not faith in another's Report, though in such case, that also we may rightly have; it is what I have just called it, clear sight of the facts. For, to whoso has ear to hear, and eye to see, there is no possible doubt about them. These things certainly were so; and the Report bears its own evidence of its truth in its own substance; we are there asked to believe no fable or miraculous occurrence, to put our faith in anything we cannot ourselves find true: there are some men who cannot lie, and there are some things which cannot be imagined. One knows very well that the Present is not the same as the Past, but one also knows very well that it is the child of the Past. The British, French, Russian and Austrian actions, present existences, are all visibly of known parentage; and so are the German. The contrast between the German and those others was very great before, nor do I believe it to be less to-day. It is only those who have gained a little insight into the perennial in man, into the eternal laws of his being, become able to distinguish all forms of the genuine from all forms of the spurious, who can see this and know this, but they do both see it and know it. The present generations are not the same, but they are spherical descendents; and who denies the Fatherhood knows nought of the Sonship. That virtue of the German, Carlyle revealed to us, was of the vital, growing sort, not of the decadent, of the prime or past prime; and no question it has continued to grow, has new perils to overcome within and without. All turns on its power to cope with these; of its existence there is no doubt. When I reflect, as I constantly do, on that veracity of character, fidelity of soul, veridical piety; that indomitable valour, indefatigable energy, with placidity and profoundest contemplation, solidity of the earth and aerial lightness of the realms of faery; that wide openness of intellect, and vigor-

ous forward march in all provinces of true human endeavour, rootedness with boundless expansibility; that free vitality resolute to live in the Whole, the Good, the True, instead of the Reputable, Plausible, Half;—O Britain! Briton! Why could you not shake hands with this, instead of bosoming with Bears and Light Wenches? When I reflect on these things, I say, there is in the background of my mind, always an Incredibility that Germany's day is over; that she will not in one way or another come through, and still have a great Future before her. For one sees in her that which, and which alone, is the enduring strength of a nation. A desirable Kultur indeed, very different from faith in Bedlam's Axiom and the Zeals of Mendacity! —And owns the inmost feeling that if she is true to herself she must survive to brighter destinies than this stern present. This Confidence does not imply confidence in her proving palpable victor: it is enough if she can withstand the shock of the onslaught made upon her. And, in spite of all anxieties, in spite of all desolations and horrors, I have a sort of Restfulness that this Issue has been put to the sword; a certain inward peace and thankfulness that here is no tongue-fence, but a more determining. There may be much crowing after too; yet the dust-clouds will fly off in the wind, the facts remain. At the worst, let her die fighting, and she will have done worthily. Profitable victory is not possible to such a Combination.

Nevertheless, there can be no just 'Confidence' which does not submit itself wholly to the will of heaven. To do our utmost in that submission, yet never make it an excuse for shirk or cowardly relinquishment. And I am bound to acknowledge a great counter impression, or one which may at first seem counter. Namely, that the Law of Providence is that, at present, the Better shall be everywhere defeated, what you call defeated; so far as possible, frustrated, and

reduced to a minimum of effectuality in Society. On the small scale, in the private instances, this is pretty well universally the rule. In Britain, it is, practically, completely so; there that godless leaven of mendacity, and serene assurance of validity in faith which are baseless and sordid, has so infected the whole mass, reached such a height of assurance, that none, who is not an Equivocator, and has not accepted those nonsensical doctrines as a gospel, is admitted into any species of communion, from Church and Senate to Trades Union and Social Circle. The British may rage in fear at aught of the god-like threatening to grow to power abroad, but at home they have no wrath toward this; secure in a composed Exclusion, and satisfied that nothing of that nature could ever come to majority among them. Mammon is their one solid god, and all theme beyond must go with one or other of the popularities. They have the greatest shamelessness and freedom even from misgiving that I have ever witnessed, in simultaneously acknowledging that wisdom is wisdom and passing over it as a thing of no account. You would say that their soul's conviction is: God certainly is God, and we know better. Or, if not better, which, to be just to them, they would usually scruple to say, yet well enough for this world, where it is our law and not His that prevails. Quite softly, as a rule, and even with a tone of regret that such is the necessity of things; but with what a venom of Shall Prevail! if the prevalence seem to be imperilled, all men may know this hour. Now, though it may never have been seen before, I have all along admitted that it is possible for the World to do with One Nation, precisely as a Nation can with an Individual. Germany once satisfactorily burnt at the stake, the composed Exclusion is to follow, and no wrath to come: That is the Blest Land of Promise we are told to reckon no cost too great to reach. Personally, I do

not rejoice in the prospect, nor much believe in the attainment. But the truth is that, where the world is sufficiently evil, the like of this can be done, in modified form; is, in fact, bound to be done, if the evil be sufficiently intense and widespread. Because no man prospers or fails socially by his own merit or demerit alone, but by that of the whole Society he is a member of; and the same is becoming increasingly true of nations, as they come to live and move in one sphere, inhabit a known globe with interests and activities everywhere interwoven, instead of being separate centres, little communicating. That, I repeat again and again, is *Justice* for Society; that the Good shall only prosper socially as the Whole deserves that it should. Where the vital force is, and can continue to maintain itself, there is no doubt of its ultimate victory, for all the powers of Increase are with it; but its immediate conquest or defeat, the degree of either, is always determined by more than its own powers. Ill-doers, still equipt with a great inherited possession remain very strong for a season: Enmity and Fanatical Superstition can unite and inspire their Legions. Whilst, in Beginnings, the true who have faith are few in number; neither without faith can there be any Host of the Just. I have deliberately written: Our hope is not in Reformation, but in Regeneration beyond death. It is in Germany alone that I still see possibility of a victorious solution, without discontinuity; and present world's anathema of her due to a determination to extinguish that possibility: Sometimes it seems too much to hope, that so complete a consensus will be unable to bear down all opposites for a time. I can assure Germany of one thing: That it is only by the amount of following that Consensus may have within herself, that the possibility can go out in her.

This is no Doctrine of Despair. It is the admittance of a spirit without Hope, as without Fear, resolved to persist,

to endure to the end, and leave the Issue to Him in whose hands it alone can be.

Of territorial changes, it were mere foolishness to forecast. The British, in their impious way, still continue to talk of the 'recovery' by France, or the 'restoration' to France, of Alsace-Lorraine, perfectly well knowing that, if this be achieved, they will have assisted to 'restore' recovered stolen goods to the one time thief of them. They know this quite well, but you need not speak to them about it. Truth and fact may be as they may; it is their law shall prevail. Conformable Russia gives promise of Autonomy to Poland; ready enough, if she can keep and get the substance, to hang out what picture will please. Utter collapse, disintegration, Partition by the Fates, and as merited an erasure from national existence as ever was.—You need not speak of it to the British. That has already been done; we see with what effect. They have ceased endeavour to deny it: Let it stand: doubtless that fact was so, but it is not accordant with our law, and we prefer to continue by our lying fancies; it was only after considerable thought, that we brought ourselves to realise the wickedness, and it is not now our pleasure to believe anything else! This of 'after considerable thought,' by the by, is like that other well-known formula, 'after very careful consideration': Since this should have been given, it of course was; let the verdict and the promptitude of it give the lie as they may. The British never gave any more thought to the Polish question than to the Silesian or the present German; their verdicts 'came in like the Atlantic Tide unanimous, under the influence of the Moon itself.' And if now some new godless mockery can be set up, no matter what a mockery, what a palpable, and mischief-working farce, how hideously hollow as ever, they will sing its praises; will flat-

ter themselves they have restored the irrestorable, be thankful that at least the Image of *their* godhead has been once more erected, Invisible Deity's worship driven back a little, and the reign of Old Night extended. It will rejoice their hearts to think of countries, once full of Teutonic life, flourishing in the sunlight, or which might have come to this, being swallowed up, or retained, in the belly of Russian Darkness. I observe they do not sit quite still under these remarks. A certain shuffle, wriggle, and uneasiness noticeable. They would protest if they knew how; and the chief object of the promise of Autonomy is to assuage this uneasiness, give the ill deed as much Presentability as possible under the circumstances. It was the exigencies of their position which forced them to this. They could not save their own skins, wreak the vengeance of jealousy, which, of course, is, for them, only another way of saying serve God, without making compact with the devil. And better it were half the world were desolated than *he* should prosper,—meaning another and confounding the two, as their wont is.

What a suggestion, that Belgium should become part of the German Empire! It were the fairest fate now open to her. The sole thing which could raise a doubt in me of the beneficence of this fate for Belgium, is the difference of Race. But the great difficulties, which necessarily exist there, could, with a noble wisdom, be overcome entirely in time; nor do I believe the German would make of Belgium a second Ireland. No vital nationality either has been, is, or is likely to be in modern Belgium. That was a made-up State, with supplied Kings and Constitution: Irreconcilables allowed separate existence under approved forms. What is great in past Belgian history belongs to the time when she was part of the Netherlands, and sprang from that part of the Race which is allied to the German. For her

to become an integral part of the German Empire now, were just simply rescue from the hapless condition of a Buffer State; than which there are few fates more hapless. The doctrine and practice of maintaining small States as Buffers between mighty is completely damned; a thing the soul of every just man abhors. Reinstate Belgium in a nominal independence, and she will be still more a mere Buffer than she was before. Not love for Belgium would ever counsel this,—and it never was love for Belgium that inspired British condonments, reluctant Congo protests, and cocker to stand firm in the gap. As Grey so candidly expressed it: Had you been as far off as Servia, you should have been pounded in a mortar, and the walls of a jakes striped with the pottage before we would have stirred a finger. Now all the world sees you are pounded in a mortar. Your fate afflicts us, honestly, since it was for us alone you suffered; and, our resolution remaining constant that the German shall not have that bit of ground, we are doubly determined to restore you. Then, in gratitude for all the good done, you will fill the gap again, as well or better next time; for the pounding and the restoration taken together will have so made you our debtor, that you won't have much will of your own left in the matter. The German offer here was, Let live, on conditions which were reasonable in the circumstances. But the British promptly interfered, saying: *We* won't believe you. For form's sake, we offer you conditions which you would be some stranger animal than a Goose to accept; but our spleens would forgive us never if we let slip such an opportunity of striking at your hated power. To Belgium they said: Die you for us, as your duty is, and we'll resurrect you to our mind after. Stript of Mendacity's colourings, such are the facts. Nervous British Politicians argued, If Belgium become German, now or hereafter that country would be too formidable. To whom

one answers only here, If she do, never will there have been a clearer case of those who dreaded a thing, bringing that thing upon them.

German Aggression! War for Conquest! Militarism! These were the cries which Britain raised, to the drowning of all voice of Reason, when she voluntarily went into this, for her quite extraneous war. And ever since she has been egging on other states, Italy, Greece, etc., to join in for the sake of conquest. Now's your chance to snatch what you have a mind to. You'll never have such another opportunity. For God's sake, make the most of it, while time is. Aggression! War for Conquest! Militarism! it would appear, are only 'Infamous' when unpleasing to British jealousies and cupidities, 'Holy' when pleasing to these. Not that I suppose their Government addresses others, when egging them on to such enterprises. Do thus and thus for the love of God. No, it is only when explaining the matter to their own People that they say, you see how it was all done for the love of God. Don't we just! reply they; *thank* God and you for so safe-guarding our interests, and making paths to our will. You know both our real desires and our susceptibilities of conscience as no other has ever done; find ways for satisfying the first with a skill beyond praise, whilst you calm the fears of the second, nay, convert these into sacred assurances, with an art which is matchless. You are clearly the true gifted of heaven, for it is evident to us when, how, why, and where you lie; that your own souls believe what you preach even as ours do now.—My friends, I know that this egging on of outside parties, this fomenting of discords which may prove troublesome to a foe, is always done; that the right and wrong of it is a bottomless sort of question; neither, however much I detest much in it, am I superstitious on the subject. It is the face put on it that I cannot away with; this sancti-

monious pretence of all-righteousness, with such actualities glaring through the Transparencies, is the thing one utterly revolts from, abhors as more damned than the foulest lust which goes openly to work. Cromwell fomented discord, so did Friedrich, so does Kaiser Wilhelm, so probably, at one time or another, did every Just Statesman in his day. You may wish they had not, if you think yourself holy enough. The thing to observe is, that the Cromwell remained Cromwell, Friedrich Friedrich, and Belleisle Belleisle, Asquith & Co. Asquith & Co.—; neither is there any bridging of the gulf between.

One of the mournfulest things is the way in which other nations copy this British Mendacity. *There* is the way to glory, think they nearly all, and emulously follow suit. *Entente* is becoming the regular name for nations which would subtly reach their private ends, with the blessing of humanity on their disinterested loving kindness for each other, and dove-like intentions to third parties, to work under. Quite a beatific vision to them of the proper way of going about it. To some of us, the outcome has given such a surfeit of the name as we shall not soon recover from, but then we abominated the thing from the day of its generation; whilst to them it is the prosperous outcome which almost excels belief, redoubles zeal to appropriate the British Evangel. When will the spell of that be broken; whither it verily leads seen, and nations, horror-struck, recoil; some Veracious Examplar be in first rank, lesser Peoples take after it?

Carlyle asked, of the Austrian Succession War, Who was to blame for it? And answered France: 'That is the 'notable point in regard to this War: That France is to be 'called the author of it, who, alone of all the parties, had 'no business there whatever. . . . We have often said, the 'Spanish-English War was itself likely to have kindled

'Europe; and again Friedrich's Silesian War was itself 'likely,—France being nearly sure to interfere. But if 'both these Wars were necessary ones, and if France inter- 'fered in either of them on the wrong side, the blame will 'be to France, not to the necessary Wars. France could 'in no way have interfered in a more barefacedly unjust 'and gratuitous manner than she did; nor, on any terms, 'have so palpably made herself the author of the conflagra- 'tion of deliriums that ensued for above Twenty years 'henceforth, (*Friedrich. Bk.: 12. Chap.: 11*). Now, with the exception that you have to couple Britain with France (and she the worse of the pair) this is as true of to-day's War. It may well be that Balkan affairs, Austro-Russian, Russo-German, disagreements were ground for wars; but France had absolutely no sort of call to interfere, and certainly did not interfere on the right side, or with any care at all of the Justice of the dispute. Whilst Britain founded her pretended right to interfere on the preconcluded assumption that France had the right to interfere. It is amazing how these pleas could pass, with outsiders, at least, such as America. Soul-blinding Superstition is the only explanation. France again and again proclaimed that she would not remain Neutral in a quarrel which was no concern of hers; yet the world has answered, Then damned is Germany, since she would not hold her hand in face of such a threat; instead of the clear truth, Then damned are you, France, for not remaining neutral. And doubly damned are you, Britain, for giving France cover whilst she made her threats, then joining in, in pretence of justice, because your united threats proved unavailing. Wars are very apt to kindle other wars; but, if they do, the blame of the spread lies on those who caused the spread, not upon those who made the necessary wars. And, in this present instance, the blame of all the war in the West of Europe

lies wholly upon France and Britain; neither of which nations had any title whatever to interfere in the Eastern, which were unavoidable. Their own ambitions, vanities, cupidities, jealousies and enmities, and nothing else, led France and Britain in, caused them to assure the Russ beforehand he should have their support: By that assurance, they are largely, perhaps mainly, guilty of the war in the East too; just as Britain, by her secret cover of France, is as much or more guilty of the war West as France herself. Britain's jealous dread of Germany was the Mother in whose warmth the whole accursed policy was hatched, even as it is her might which lends strength and sinew to the outrage. No nation ought to withhold its hand from a necessary war because others are too malicious or inflammable to keep out. If they join in, it is their vice which made them do so, and the sin is on their own heads. Grey's Concert pleadings are an unspeakable morass. But of all this I have written enough.

When the French ate their Covenant to support Pragmatic Sanction, they put forth the excuse, *Salvo jure tertii*, Saving the rights of Third Parties. The manner of the thing is a little different to-day. Experience teaches: and Subtlety will do a deeper stroke. That of bringing out Covenants at the proper moment, and swearing that you are, in your soul and conscience, bound to keep them in the teeth of heaven. But the substance is much the same. It is for the Rights of Third Parties that each of the Allies professes to be fighting: they are all too godly to fight for their own. Greece must lick her old wounds, be careful of her health,—and *fulfil her treaty obligations.* What are they? Whisht! The time's not ripe to tell. Perchance, she scarce knows herself till it be. Give France her due, she made no secret of those she had made; and, of course, it was a plain point of honour and modesty to breathe no

whisper of those granted to her. 'Tis an excellent device, that of the Rights of Third Parties. By means of it you can open a gate anywhere and anywhen you have a mind; through which the biggest teams on the highway (whole British Empire) can drive freely, and the paltriest cadger's ass (Jap, Portugal) can step in for a bellyful? Greece has not risen at the bait of Smyrna, but it is hoped she yet will rise to that, on some daintier. No cadger's ass need lack a bellyful, while the Master drives such a team and pockets Colonies galore.

These are the sort of things which Britain cherishes today, some of the Issues she hopes for. 'Restoration' to the thief of goods he had to yield back to the true owner. Re-establishment (in name) of nations which Providence suppressed as totally unworthy. Wider realm to Barbaric Nescience, narrower to Veracious Manhood. Maintenance of Buffer States, to keep whom she dreads at the greater distance from her shores. And every that has a team to drive to take what he can get, each cadger's ass in for a bellyful. Things all hideous in themselves, and rendered a hundred times the more so by the horrible Mendacity in which they are gone about by Britain. Moreover, the most hopeless fact for Britain is, that it is the Better Intellects in her which have led her into this war, now lead her in it. Had it been the Effete, one would have thought much less of it; neither would they have expended all energies to win. That it should be these Lloyd Georges, Churchills, Asquiths, there is the greatest sin and misery. This is not what Carlyle spoke of as probable; till quite recently, no man could have prophesied it, though it is easy now to see it perfectly accordant, a clear sequel. That, instead of Impotence and Moulder, continued slow Rot, and Clash of Factions, we should see the Potent, Energetic, the brilliant in Gift and Faculty, who had in so much seized the Gospel

of the New, plunge our nation into Crime, and consummate in a few years iniquities we expected would maunder on noteless an indefinite time. If they rejected the Deeper, the Eternal, persisted in the Bedlam Faiths and so compounded with Mendacity that their own souls became as completely mendacious, it was inevitable. The bitterest of the Effete could not then have half their enmity toward the Living True; and, in them, the activity, will and daring to do as their soul's perversion prompted. The Event ever comes upon us with something of surprise, and the most watchful have to reproach themselves, Why were we not more awake!

It is upon such few of the innumerable Things at Issue as it behooves me to speak of, that the preceding chapter is written. I hope no reader is so foolish as to imagine that, because a thing is at issue in this war, therefore, it is going to be finally decided by the war's result. Some will be, some will not, hardly any that we have seen looking at together are likely to be so at all; and how far a decision will be advanced toward or receded from, in regard to any of these latter, there is yet no know.

Britain or Germany? is one of the things you can with greatest certainty know to have been put to trial; be it in preliminary skirmish or now mortal—I can't say *duel.* That lawsuit has been openly commenced: How long it will last before the final verdict is arrived at, God only knows. Britain gratuitously entered into this Arbitrament; and in the manner in which she has done so the finger of Fate writes visibly. A great and long fully established nation, secure in immense possession, a mighty Empire of inexhaustible resource, which if true to itself, veracious, pious, working well to-day for worthy things, could, most composedly have said, Come on then, to All and Sundry who wished to try its strength, observes another kindred nation

growing wholesomely, in the evident blessing of heaven, a light centre daily conquering somewhat from the powers of darkness and spreading the realm of intelligence; refuses that nation all welcome, flouts its offers, eyes its increase with jealous fear; truckles for favour with that nation's foes, smiles sweetly on whom it hopes but half its friends; shows those they need not fear, whispers turncoats need only name their fee; makes compact secretly with these, to protect itself, lends cover to their mischief-working wills; and, when those wills have brought the Opportunity it wrought for, yet swears it never wanted, leaps, cat o'mountainwise, upon that nation's throat. Its Ministers proclaiming too, It was all for the love of God that we had to do thus to save your skins. One last time I call your attention to this. Look at the Fact, and not at the colours put on it,—though, in truth, those colours are part of the fact, reveal it in a way they were never meant to; they are very well worth your study *so*. Is it not fateful, more ominous than anything in War itself can be? Does it not give a preconclusion which almost renders insignificant any conclusion reached in the war? So far as Britain is concerned, it undoubtedly does. What a hollowness is there exposed! what an evilness of spirit! As if the British had become conscious of their state, of their departure from integrity and sequent need to prop themselves by every means attainable. As if they could no longer hope to disguise from themselves or the world their weakness or their dread. Those ministers shouted from the housetops; without the aid of others, Britain dare not hope to live: All differences must be sunk to damn the German. And have proved that this was verily their faith by their deeds. Then *such* a seeking, *such* an acquiring of aid, and *such* a process of bedamning. It is the thousand times repeated story: By the cunning of our will and the strength of our hands, we will

defeat the Lord. Put aside the rest, look directly at this Brito-German Arbitrament, and, if you cannot see, in Britain's entry into it all the elements which have ever been in Old Iniquity seeking to suppress New Power, you have not much vision, much understanding of the Heart of Man or of his History on this Planet.

What *can* the Issue of this be for Britain? If her Pack win, what manner of further Lease of Power, of continued existence as a Nation of *Men,* is she going to gain *so?* There may be many other elements in Britain; but, unless Britons of another quality can effectively say and prove by their very counter deeds that their nation has been most foully belied by those who have wrought and conducted this war, there is no more doubt of the Issue for Britain, whichever way the immediate victory go, than of the fall of a stone. Asquith & Co. have not the slightest understanding of such things; Churchill's trepidations are the nearest approach to an inkling of them I have met with there. In him, one could almost believe the existence of an actual, veridical, inward impression that, *if,* with all the weight of armament and Combination—not to speak of blackballing—he, with others, has been zealous to prepare, Britain cannot overwhelm Germany, *then* she really will have been fighting against the Lord all along in the endeavour to. Let us be thankful for small mercies; you will not be able to find (or imagine) even this much in any of the others; and for my part, I dare not say our nation has been belied by them. Neither do I know, in the least, what the strength of the minority, which abhors this war, and all that brought it, may be. For Germany, one cannot tell what the Issue will be. The most just on earth may be destroyed on earth. And, if not, for all his further course, it depends on what strength and wisdom really is in him: Never well knowable till proven.

It is strange that the world is more confident that the

further triumph of Democracy (with Russia to help it triumph) or its imperilment, is a thing At-Issue than that almost anything else is, whilst I am most doubtful of that, in a way, and in a way not doubtful either. We mean different things, the World and I; and, if the comparison afflict you, you can remember Tristram Shandy's reflection on the matter. At least the world fancies it means a different thing; but, of course, that is a delusion on its part, and yet again it is not. The World means that it believes Democracy to be in danger of being over-ridden by what it calls 'Militarism'; whilst I only hope that it may be in the way of getting honourably wedded to what can husband its priceless virtues and control its whims a little. The World shrieks at such a notion, prefers *Union Libre* in all things. And thus you may see how it does and does not mean the same thing. The courtship is like to be long, and rough at the commencement; one is only too thankful to see it begun, if begun it in verity be. No hardy Militant Wooer will lightly take a negative; but will himself grow in grace; and that wedding be accomplished in the time appointed.

My own hope that such a thing is At Issue grows more and more toward assurance that it is; that this unexampled animosity toward the One at bay, springs largely from the fact that it is, is a true instinct of Protagonist in the field. And, certainly, this World-sympathy with the Allies is almost entirely due to the real or supposed imperilment of Democracy. Especially is this the case with America. Doubtless the blood-tie between American and Briton comes first there, in a sense; but this would have been quite inadequate to excite such enthusiasm for that Blessed Trinity of an *Entente* as America exhibits. It is the notion that the Allies (Russia among them, I don't let you forget it) are fighting for Democratical Principles against German—Despotism, I suppose I must write, however absurdly, that so

fills the American with zeal, and amazingly blinds him. Except for this, he would have coolly considered the matter first, I think, instead of blazing off into such a spontaneous concurrence as almost outran the Briton himself. One, set upon by half the world might, at the outset, I should have thought, have rendered America *in*disposed to add to his burden, unite in wild anathema; if she did not feel called upon to hasten to his aid—which I have in no wise ever said she ought—might have given her leisure to hear both sides deliberately. Democracy, O my Beloved Brothers of the Stars and Stripes! Is not the soul of all good in that *Equal Justice between man and man?* Has this been less established in Germany than in America or Britain? And when has it ever been seen in France or Russia? If you, too, become the slave of Names, eyeless for Substance, bless all who profess like Article, and ban who can find his way to heaven without subscribing to it! There has long been a genuine, unspoken *Entente* between America and Britain; if a Triple were necessary, might not Germany with these, have made a better than the present proclaimed? And is that subtle and so loudly proclaimed Entente of similar spirit at all? Is it Equal Justice between man and man, nation and nation, that British jealousy, French envy and Russian greed is endeavouring to enforce against the German this instant? Bejesuited Czardom, Tricky Bureaucracy, Mock King and Artists, are lovelier in your eyes than Hohenzollern Kaiser, worthy Peerage, and free People? The *Names,* Kaiser, Peerage, are such red rags to you, that you cannot look at Substance, will cheer on any bison herd which aims to tread their wearers in the mire? If it be so, it is a pity that it should be. British acceptance of White Paper 'Case' *was* a foregone conclusion; but I should not have said that that particular damned stuff was suited to your digestion. It is this other thing, this soul-blinding Su-

perstition, which has led you to give it and so much else, credence. In the name of Truth and Equity, open your eyes and look at it, at the actual Substance of the Whole dispute.

Mendacity and Veracity are At Issue in this war. And that is the central essence, the supremely important thing, whereof all else is but various manifestation. Grant the German guilty of everything charged against him, he would be a very sinful creature, such a monster as never was,—indeed, I believe you, such a monster as never was, except in dreams,—yet he still were not mendacious. He is not even charged with being so. However many lies may be triumphantly nailed on the counter against him—chiefly by the coiners—there is no breath of this charge. On the contrary, the burden of the whole indictment sounds to some ears too like, Damn you, you're *not*. Whereas the British are utterly mendacious; and have infected the whole with that abominable leaven, which it were a divine mercy to see their and the world's confidence in shaken by whomsoever.

All human interest in this War centres in the German or nowhere. If it be a pitting of Mendacity against Ambition's Lusts, then it is just an enormous Suicidal Zero. If a Veracious Manhood is once more in death-wrestle with the Devil's Legions, then, the highest interests of Man are again at stake.

Concerning the effect of the War's result upon the Things at Issue, but a word.

With Germany visibly victorious, Mendacity's *spell* on the world were probably broken at once, though Mendacity itself a long way from extirpated; and, similarly it would probably rapidly become apparent that Democracy is not the complete Gospel of Man's Welfare for all time. This hideous mendaciousness of soul, in which the British are

sodden, which is the source of all their misdeed, is a curse utter on the world, and on themselves first and foremost. Can they never come out of it, then? It, one does pray, may be exorcised, utterly expelled. War upon it without mercy wherever you meet it, in yourselves or in others, all ye crave of all nations. No cost is too great to gain that exorcism. If total defeat in this war put the British in the way of gaining it, then such defeat were the purest mercy that could be granted to them. But Democracy is not going to be extirpated; Democracy need not have the smallest misgiving that any 'mailed fist' can destroy her. What is true in Democracy, is ours once and for always, it can never again be lost to mankind. And, just as certainly as this is true, is it true that Democracy is *not* the Complete Gospel; that those who insist she is our one salvation, subscribe to Article, and make a Superstition of her worship, excommunicating all who will not bow the knee to their Idol, are enemies to Human Progress. Enemies so inspired themselves with a spirit allied to the Tyrant's and the Jesuit's, that it is little wonder they have leagued with these to damn whom their fanaticism names Infidel. Democracy *has* got to be subdued to the quality of her Lord. And, truly, Sirs, when he once verily appears, and she comes to see, instead of mis-see him a little, I think the courtship will go forward in another fashion than the stormy overtures we witness may seem to give promise of.

With anything like a draw, Germany simply not defeated, her future ought to be equally assured; and much the same effects follow later. With the Combination successful, to any high degree, just the further indefinite prolonging of what was before the war. The life's battle of the noble made more difficult than ever, their victory further removed. Further removed; but, if they continue present, in a constant persistence, entirely assured. Men-

dacity is at all moments growing weaker, rotting away: Veracity stands to increase. A clear Religious Faith and august Manhood, a State founded on Reverence of Human Worth, must again evolve. In all such regards, this huge War is no more than an Episode, the intrinsic importance of which no man can at present in the least measure.

Finally, let us not only remember that there are innumerable other Issues, besides these few we have touched upon, but also, confess from our hearts, that there are deeper Causes and higher Issues than any we can articulately speak of, or have even the faintest perception of. Causes and Issues, which, even without invalidating the truth of our perceptions of what we do perceive, may well so wholly transcend all we know as to make this of small weight in the determination. The true Real Causes are known to God alone, and the Issues are with Him alone. O troubled souls, who look on things, yea, live in the midst of things, whereat the imaginations of all mortal are apt to run wild, that Power which created us, endowed us with Intellect, Moral Emotion, is—not *less* endowed with these: Our tenderest pity, our truest love, and noblest sympathy, our Justice at its justest,—What are they to those of Him whose path is in the Great Deep for evermore?

* * *

Conclusion

To be written, if at all, after the War is over.

SUMMARIES

SUMMARIES

PROEM

The war is in defiance of Carlyle's teaching. Modern Hun! Carlyle's testimony to Germany. Notion of Democracy *versus* Autocracy, 1–4; Solidarity of Empire. Churchill notions. Proclamation of Magnitude, 5–8; Rights instinctive and intelligent. Solidarities, good and bad. Peace? 9–11.

I. CONCERT OF EUROPE

Belief in Concert as a sacred thing. *Sacred* Concert! 13–15. The Kaunitz text. Conclaves of the Powerful, and Courts of Arbitration convened for—peace among the Arbiters! 15–18. Honest Conferences? Mere grandiose disposers. And all for Peace's sake. What answer give the heavens to this? 18–21.

II. OSTENSIBLE CAUSES

Preliminary, 25–28; Austro-Servian: Britain on, 28–31; ditto Germany on, 31–33; ditto Russia on (Russian intervention), 33–34; German intervention, 34–36; France, 36; Pleadings for peace between Austria and Russia, 36–37; ditto that Germany should not support Austria. Menace? 37–42; French intervention; also, eleventh hour Treble,

42–43; Sincerity (?) of British wish war should remain in East, 44–45; British Intervention: Grey's offer no future hostility, 45–47; The "infamous" German "Bid," 47–51; Figment of Free Hand, 51–53; Belgian Neutrality. Championship of, 53–55; Sum up, 55.

III. BALANCE OF POWER

Balance of Power as actual aim: As a Nation: Carlyle on, 57–63; Unjust Encroachments and Precautions against, Natural Growth and Jealous Forbiddal of it, In general, 63–67; In present case, 67–73.

IV. SYSTEMS OF ALLIANCES

1. Systems of Alliances 77–81
2. Alliances as Engagements generally, etc. . . 81–85
3. Distinction of Alliances and Conspiracies . . 86–87
4. Alliances are by Elective Affinities, etc. . . 87–91
5. Each of the Alliances in Present Case . . 91–95

V. THE COMBINATION AGAINST GERMANY

1. Magnitude of the Combine. Overwhelming Odds, etc. 99–103
2. Combination's own account of itself: Its true character. It is directly descended from prior Combinations 103–116
3. What evidence does character of this Combination afford of character of the ONE combined against? 116–117
4. Problem before Germany is essentially one of defence, not conquest 117–120
5. Alone against the world 120–121

VI. REAL CAUSES

Preliminary

Of Ostensible and Real Causes, with a word on Actual Aims, 125–127; Wars of Lust and through Enmity, 127–129; This War one of Enmity, 129–131.

1. *Trial of Strength*

The primitive which of us two is the stronger? Spirit of the actual fighters, etc., 131–133; Germany or Britain? 133–134; World supremacy? For the primitive, conditions of combat must be fair, present are not, 135–136; Germany's increasing power: If by Britain eyed with jealousy, War inevitable, 137; Fact of increase, 137–138; Charges of Aggression: Their worthlessness, 138–141; Present anti-Germanism repeats Past, 142–144; British humour toward German, 144–146; German toward Britain, 146–147; ditto, ditto, Kaiser and British, 147–148; German and British desires for peace, views of inevitability of war and preparations for it, 148–152; British Ignorance of Germany: Political Ignorance, past and present, 152–155; Our Writers first in Blame, Literature as eye, Our Writers: their salute of Teneriffe a sidle by, What they have taught of Germany, But what have they known? 155–158; British sympathy with France in 1870, Acme of Trial by Strength, 158; No simple, primitive, ever possible, only this very compound, 158–159.

1a. *Militarism*

Militarism, 159; Conquering Hordes, Likenings of Kaiser to Napoleon, 160; Genuine Military Powers, 160–162; Ger-

many's army a necessity of existence to her, and nobly used hitherto, 162–163; Military Power as a menace to Democracy, Its need to whoever should cope with Democracy, Church Militant, 163–166; Anarchies incurable by force but force used in their cure, Neutralising antidotes, 166; Word on alleged German Atrocities, 166–170; Definition of the "Ism," 170.

2. *Democracy Versus Autocracy*

Is the war a struggle for supremacy between these? 171; British notions of Autocracy, 171–172; Ditto of Democracy, Fixed Ideas, 172–175; Meaning of Autocracy in human speech: its preferability *sans* all fanaticisms for it, 175–176; Ditto of Democracy, Officers to be chosen from all ranks, 176–177; Carlyle on Democracy and Autocracy, Word on Sir E. T. Cook again, 177–179; Modern Democracy born of revolt against Bankrupt Imposture: there true, As assertive faith, a madness and diabolism, The two halves of World-drama, German race to be Protagonist in second, harder half, 180–182; Sovereignty, actual and veracious, exists in Germany alone, What is its character? 182–183.

2a. *German Kaiser: British King*

Sovereignty which can live and grow must be able to cope with Democracy, 183–184; Kaiser sole real amid the nominal, 184–186; rage at him because real. Democracy's vicious forbiddal of sovereignty. Private antipathies of nominal to real, 186–188; of the Hohenzollern Race: Public's conduct to authors. Lying prophet's conception of the Hohenzollerns, 188–189; Long duration of Race. Nothing magical has gathered round it. Never lived in a vain

show. Stable growth. Constantly equal to present time. Simplicity and veracity. Not forgotten they are stewards, or Whose, 189–191; Of Kaiser Wilhelm II: Have not attempted to take his measures. Own conception still in growth, 192; Child-portrait of him. Author first heard of him when a boy at school; later, more distinct notions and experiences, 193–196; Raised up by Providence for something great? 196–197; Personal qualities: Equipment . . . Religion, 197–201; Difficulties of his post, 201–203; British opposition to him, 203–204; Still fronting manlike with his People, 204–205; German loyalty to Kaiser, Kaiser-ship, 205–206; German and British Kaiser-a-King-*ships*. Constitutional Monarchy, 206–207; Is the lot of a British King easy? Virtues needed in a British King? The quality which is needed: Discretion, 207–210; The Unoffending Majesty of Britain, 210–211; What his Discretion saves him from, 211–213; Necessity of Sovereignty in a Nation, 213–215; Divine subordination and world's opposition to it, 215–218; Real and Mock Kings, Their Peers and their Artists, etc., 218–220; King: President. American President, 220–221; All importance of the Way to Power, 221–224.

2b. *The Liberal Ministry*

Author belongs to no Party. Comparisons of Liberal and Tory, 224–227; *The* Liberal Ministry: Faculty without True Faith, 227–230; Asquith, 230–234; Lloyd-George, 234–235; Churchill, 235; Sir E. Grey, 236–238; Emergence as United Ministry: Asquith Chief, 238–240; Domestic Campaigns, 240–241; Opposition they met, 241–242; Raised up by Providence? and for what? 242; They were Causers of the War, 242–247; Incidental remarks *re* conduct in War: Energetic prosecution of it. Would stop at

nothing in a pinch. Free Parliament's drift toward a Convention of Tyranny. Censorship, 247–250; Practice of flouting other countries' Governments. Superstition, 250–252; How these Men rose to Power. Greatest of Tragedies, this, of Worthy Turning to folly and crime, 252–254.

2c. *Carlyle*

Democracy issue in War, 254; The British not now acting in Ignorance but in Defiance, 255–258; Significance of Carlyle's having written so much upon Germany, 258–262.

3. *Mendacity Versus Veracity*

British Religion: Elsewhere written of. Author's confession of faith, Carlyle's ditto, 262–265; British Religion beggars description. A fountain of death. Cabinet Ministers' primary perversion, 265–268; Misreading of Carlyle, 268; *Mendacity:* Defined. British saturation with, 268–271; *Veracity:* Defined. Are the Germans veracious? 271–273; German Literature of Goethe's epoch, 273–275; Receptions Goethe and Carlyle met, 275–278; Vital question for Germany: How is it with her religious faith? German veracity. No nation of Saints, 278–282; Veracity: Mendacity: The eternal quarrel. Brito-German arbitrament, 282–283.

3a. *Common Guilt of People*

How completely guilt is shared by British People with their government. Always is, but especially so here, 283–288; Where this is true the Punishment will fall on the

People, 288–290; New Age not to be of. Butter, harder than Steel, 290–295.

3b. *Dubieties and Certainties*

In the main, Certainty in regard to British, Dubiety in regard to German; how and why, 295–299.

VII. ISSUES

Issue of War in Sense of Who Wins

British confidence of winning, 303–307; Other Confidences, 307–309; Effect of a Consensus in rendering the Better comparatively ineffectual, 309–312; Territorial changes hoped for by British, etc. Alsace-Lorraine. Poland, 312–313; Belgium, 313–315; German Aggression! And the egging on others to wars of conquest. Face on it, 315–316; World's copy of British Mendacity, 316; Who was to blame for the War? 316–318; *Salvo jure tertii,* 318; The things Britain cherishes, Issues she desires, 319–320.

Things at Issue in the War

Brito-German Arbitrament, 320–322; Democracy, 323–325; Mendacity *versus* Veracity, 325.

The Effect of War's Results Upon the Things at Issue

With Germany victorious. With a draw. With combination successful, 325–327; Last word, 327.